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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

World's most down-to-earth music weekly

SLY & ROBBIE

THE EXPLOITED

IGGY POP

TERRY GILLIAM

JUMPING JIVE

MILES DAVIS

SUMMER '81 — THE RIOTS & THE WRONGS

ABC

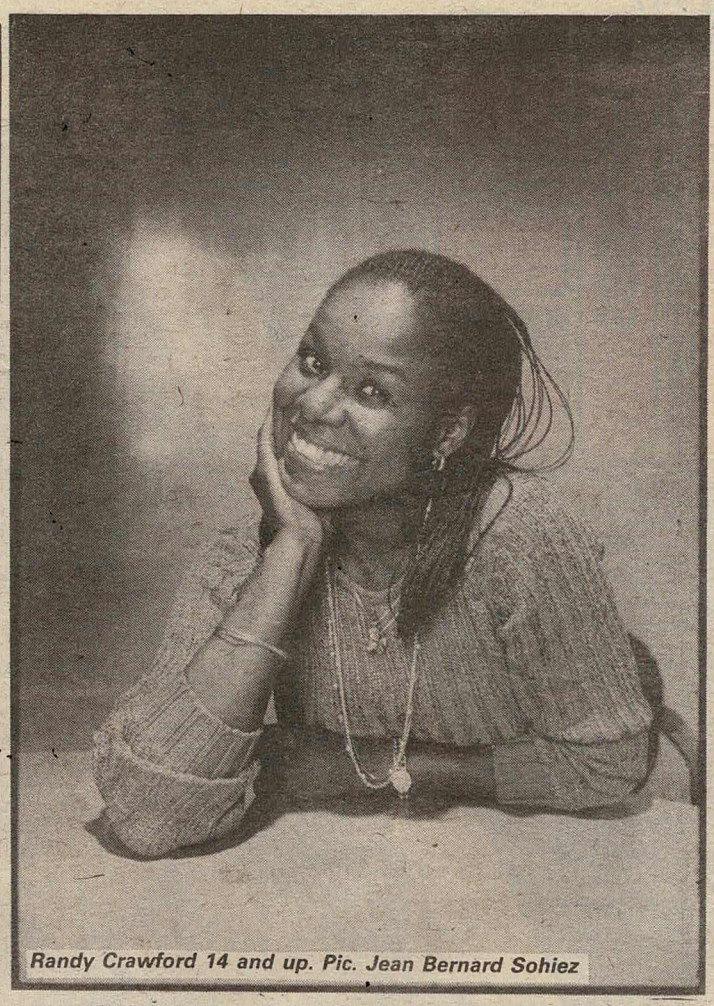
RHYTHMETIC FOR BEGINNERS

366 29 1050 Incl. mono

ABC hit the floor/Pic: Kevin Cummins

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**GHOST TOWN**	**Specials (2-Tone)**	4	1
2	3	CAN CAN	Bad Manners (Magnet)	3	2
3	1	ONE DAY IN YOUR LIFE	Michael Jackson (Motown)	7	1
4	9	STARS ON 45 Vol. 2	Starsound (CBS)	2	4
5	5	BODY TALK	Imagination (R&B)	4	5
6	15	WORDY RAPPINGHOOD	Tom Tom Club (Island)	3	6
7	—	MOTORHEAD (LIVE)	Motorhead (Bronze)	1	7
8	4	GOING BACK TO MY ROOTS	Odyssey (RCA)	7	4
9	7	NO WOMAN NO CRY	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	4	7
10	6	MEMORY	Elaine Page (Polydor)	5	6
11	10	RAZZAMATAZZ	Quincy Jones (A&M)	3	10
12	22	DANCING ON THE FLOOR	Third World (CBS)	4	12
13	8	BEING WITH YOU	Smokey Robinson (Motown)	9	1
14	17	YOU MIGHT NEED SOMEBODY	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	2	14
15	—	SAT IN YOUR LAP	Kate Bush (EMI)	1	15
16	19	THERE'S A GUY WORKS DOWN THE CHIP SHOP SWEARS HE'S ELVIS	Kirsty McColl (Polydor)	2	16
17	23	NEW LIFE	Depeche Mode (Mute)	2	17
18	30	CAN'T HAPPEN HERE	Rainbow (Polydor)	1	19
19	—	VISAGE	Visage (Polydor)	1	19
20	18	PIECE OF THE ACTION	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	5	12
21	20	THROW AWAY THE KEY	Linx (Chrysalis)	7	14
22	12	MORE THAN IN LOVE	Kate Robbins (RCA)	7	2
23	14	HOW 'BOUT US	Champaigne (CBS)	8	5
24	13	ALL STOOD STILL	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	6	4
25	24	FOR YOUR EYES ONLY	Sheena Easton (EMI)	2	24
26	11	TEDDY BEAR	Red Sovine (Starday)	5	5
27	21	TAKE IT TO THE TOP	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	5	17
28	16	WIKKA WRAPP	Evasions (Groove)	3	16
29	25	BEACH BOY GOLD	Gidea Park (Sonet)	2	25
30	—	ME NO POP I	Kid Creole/Coati Mundi (Ze)	1	30



Randy Crawford 14 and up. Pic. Jean Bernard Sohiez

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**NO SLEEP 'TIL HAMMERSMITH**	**Motorhead (Bronze)**	4	1
2	4	DISCO DAZE & DISCO NITES	Various (Ronco)	8	2
3	6	LOVE SONGS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	2	3
4	2	PRESENT ARMS	UB40 (Dep Int)	6	1
5	19	KIM WILDE	Kim Wilde (Rak)	2	5
6	6	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (EMI)	3	6
7	3	STARS ON 45	Starsound (CBS)	9	1
8	12	SECRET COMBINATION	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	7	8
9	5	ANTHEM	Toyah (Safari)	7	1
10	8	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	34	1
11	10	JUJU	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	4	10
12	9	CHARIOTS OF FIRE	Vangelis (Polydor)	11	6
13	—	PENIS ENVY	Crass (Crass)	1	13
14	25	HOTTER THAN JULY	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	33	1
15	11	MAGNETIC FIELDS	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	6	8
16	—	NAH POO THE ART OF BLUFF	Wah! (Eternal)	1	16
17	17	MADE IN AMERICA	Carpenters (A&M)	3	17
18	18	BAD FOR GOOD	Jim Steinman (Epic)	8	9
19	28	HI INFIDELITY	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	11	9
20	22	JUMPIN' JIVE	Joe Jackson (A&M)	2	20
21	19	THIS OLE HOUSE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	13	3
22	23	VIENNA	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	19	2
23	—	BEST OF MICHAEL JACKSON	Michael Jackson (Motown)	1	23
24	—	THE PARTY MIX ALBUM	B52's (Island)	1	24
25	—	HEAVEN UP HERE	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	4	4
26	—	MAGIC MURDER & THE WEATHER	Magazine (Virgin)	1	26
27	—	WHAT'S THIS FOR	Killing Joke (Malicious Damage)	4	21
28	26	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic/Cleveland Int)	2	26
29	16	THEMES	Various (K-Tel)	7	10
30	15	THE RIVER	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	16	4

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**New Life**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	(5)	**Neu Smell**	Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
3	(3)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag**	Pigbag (Y)
4	(2)	**Too Drunk To Fuck**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
5	(4)	**Forget The Dawn**	Wah! (Eternal)
6	(14)	**Q Quarters**	The Associates (Situation 2)
7	(6)	**Wikka Wrap**	The Evasions (Groove)
8	(17)	**Puppets Of War EP**	Chron-Gen (Gargoyle)
9	(9)	**Don't Let It Pass**	UB40 (Dep Int)
10	(24)	**Another One Bites The Dust**	General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
11	(10)	**The Resurrection EP.**	Vice Squad (Riot City)
12	(8)	**Our Swimmer**	Wire (Rough Trade)
13	(20)	**Why**	Discharge (Clay)
14	(22)	**Survival**	Red Beat (Manic Machine)
15	(13)	**I Want To Be Free**	Toyah (Safari)
16	(18)	**Demystification**	Zounds (Rough Trade)
17	(—)	**Nagasaki Nightmare**	Crass (Crass)
18	(11)	**Dole Age**	Talisman (Recreational)
19	(27)	**Candy Skin**	Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
20	(7)	**Go For Gold**	Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
21	(23)	**Storage Case**	Drowning Craze (Situation)
22	(21)	**Things That Go Boom**	Bush Tetras (Fetish)
23	(—)	**Fish Needs A Bike**	Blurt (Armageddon)
24	(—)	**In The Greylight EP**	Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
25	(19)	**Hobby For The Day**	The Wall (Fresh)
26	(26)	**Teddy Bear**	Red Sovine (Starday)
27	(29)	**Born To Be Cheap**	Divine (Situation)
28	(—)	**Bristol Rock**	Black Roots (Nubian)
29	(28)	**Dreaming Of Me**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
30	(—)	**Holiday In Cambodia**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Penis Envy**	Crass (Crass)
2	(2)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dep International)
3	(3)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
4	(4)	**Playing With A Different Sex**	Au Pairs (Human)
5	(21)	**Best Fun In Town**	Josef K (Postcard)
6	(6)	**Punks Not Dead**	The Exploited (Secret)
7	(5)	**Odyshape**	Raincoats (Rough Trade)
8	(9)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
9	(8)	**Provisionally Titled**	Colin Newman (4AD)
10	(10)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)
11	(16)	**Live**	Misty (People Unite)
12	(11)	**Heart of Darkness**	Positive Noise (Statik)
13	(7)	**Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
14	(27)	**Dirk Wears White Sox**	Adam Ants (Do-it)
15	(14)	**Lubricate Your Living Room**	Fire Engines (Accessory)
16	(18)	**Firehouse Rock**	Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)
17	(12)	**He Who Dares Wins**	Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
18	(—)	**Inflammable Material**	Stiff Little Fingers (Rough Trade)
19	(28)	**How The West Was Won**	Toyan (Greensleeves)
20	(17)	**Prayers On Fire**	Birthday Party (4AD)
21	(15)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Factory)
22	(26)	**Stations Of The Crass**	Crass (Crass)
23	(—)	**Document And Eye-Witness**	Wire (Rough Trade)
24	(20)	**Live At The Lyceum**	Cabaret Voltaire Tape (Rough Tapes)
25	(25)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
26	(13)	**To Each**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
27	(—)	**Live Tape**	James Chance (Roir)
28	(—)	**Concrete**	999 (Albion)
29	(24)	**C-81 Tape**	Various Artists (Rough Tapes)
30	(19)	**Kangeroo?**	Red Crayola (Rough Trade)

REGGAE

1	**It's True**	Donna Roden (Santique)
2	**Take Care of Yourself**	Junior English (Form)
3	**Saturday Night's Here Again**	Conchita Latouche (Nature)
4	**Making Up**	Junior English (Form)
5	**To The Foundation**	Dennis Brown (Music Works)
6	**One Of These Days**	Vivian Jones (Cha Cha)
7	**So In Love**	Paulette Walker (Arrow)
8	**Another One Bits The Dust**	General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
9	**Love A Dub**	Ranking Dread (Greensleeves)
10	**Light Of My Life**	Donna Carr (Student)

Chart by Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2.

FUNK

12" singles

2	**On The Beat**	BB&Q (Capitol)
2	**Nice & Soft***	Wish (Perspective)
3	**Can You Handle It (remix*)**	Sharon Redd (Prelude)
4	**Here I Am**	Dynasty (Solar)
5	**Chant Number One**	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)
6	**Razzamatazz**	Quincy Jones (A&M)
7	**Roberto Who?**	Kayenne (Groove)
8	**I'm In Love**	Evelyn King (RCA)
9	**Try It Out**	Gino Soccio (Atlantic)
10	**Shake It Up Tonight***	Cheryl Lynn (Columbia)

*Denotes import.

Chart by Tim Palmer, Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, London W1.

INTERNATIONAL

CANADA

SINGLES

1	**Stars On 45**	(Quality)
2	**Bette Davis Eyes**	(Kim Carnes (EMI)
3	**All Those Years Ago**	George Harrison (Dark Horse)
4	**The One That You Love**	Air Supply (Big Time)
5	**Sukiyaki**	A Taste Of Honey (Capitol)
6	**Jessie's Girl**	Rick Springfield (RCA)
7	**This Little Girl**	Gary U.S. Bonds (EMI)
8	**The Waiting**	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (Backstreet)
9	**You Make My Dreams**	Hall & Oates (RCA)
10	**Nobody Wins**	Elton John (Geffen)

Courtesy Canadian Broadcasting Corp./Billboard

HOLLAND

SINGLES

1	**Klap Maar In Je Handen**	Peter Koelwijn (Philips)
2	**How 'Bout Us**	Champagne (CBS)
3	**Chequered Love**	Kim Wilde (Rak)
4	**Ma Quale Idea**	Pino D'Angio (Telstar)
5	**Don't Stop**	KID (Ariola)
6	**Stand And Deliver**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)
7	**I've Seen That Face Before**	Grace Jones (Island)
8	**Dance On**	Doris D & Pins (Philips)
9	**Hopeloos**	Will Tura (Telstar)
10	**Only Crying**	Keith Marshall (CNR)

Courtesy BUMA/STEMRA/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**The Roussos Phenomenon**	Demis Roussos (Philips)
2	**A Little Bit More**	Dr Hook (Capitol)
3	**Young Hearts Run Free**	Candi Staton (Warner Bros)
4	**Don't Go Breaking My Heart**	Elton John & Kiki Dee (Rocket)
5	**You To Me Are Everything**	Real Thing (Pye International)
6	**Kiss And Say Goodbye**	Manhattans (CBS)
7	**Let's Stick Together**	Bryan Ferry (Island)
8	**Misty Blue**	Dorothy Moore (Contempo)
9	**Tonight's The Night**	Rod Stewart (Riva)
10	**You Just Might See Me Cry**	Our Kid (Polydor)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep**	Middle Of The Road (RCA)
2	**Get It On**	T. Rex (Fly)
3	**Co-Co**	Sweet (RCA)
4	**Me And You And A Dog Named Boo**	Lobo (Philips)
5	**Black And White**	Greyhound (Trojan)
6	**Don't Let It Die**	Hurricane Smith (Columbia)
7	**Monkey Spanner**	Dave & Ansell Collins (Technique)
8	**Tom Tom Turnaround**	New World (Rak)
9	**Banner Man**	Blue Mink (Regal Zonophone)
10	**Just My Imagination**	Temptations (Tamla Motown)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Out Of Time**	Chris Farlowe (Immediate)
2	**Sunny Afternoon**	Kinks (Pye)
3	**Get Away**	Georgie Fame (Columbia)
4	**Black Is Black**	Los Bravos (Decca)
5	**River Deep — Mountain High**	Ike and Tina Turner (London)
6	**Nobody Needs Your Love**	Gene Pitney (Stateside)
7	**I Couldn't Live Without Your Love**	Petula Clark (Pye)
8	**A Girl Like You**	Troggs (Fontana)
9	**The More I See You**	Chris Montez (Pye International)
10	**Bus Stop**	The Hollies (Parlophone)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Well I Ask You**	Eden Kane (Decca)
2	**Temptation**	Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
3	**Runaway**	Del Shannon (London)
4	**Hello Mary Lou**	Ricky Nelson (London)
5	**A Girl Like You**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	**Pasadena**	Temperance Seven (Parlophone)
7	**Half Way To Paradise**	Billy Fury (Decca)
8	**You Don't Know**	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
9	**You Always Hurt The One You Love**	Clarence Henry (Pye)
10	**But I Do**	Clarence Henry (Pye)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
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FROM ABC TO ZE

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NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Jerry Lee Lewis critically ill

HAVING UNDERGONE extensive abdominal surgery for the second time in ten days, Jerry Lee Lewis was said on Monday to have a 50-50 chance of survival.

After complaining about severe pains, the 45-year-old singer was originally operated on for a stomach perforation on Tuesday, June 30, but Lewis' condition deteriorated and on Friday doctors again performed a five-hour operation to remove abscesses.

A spokesperson for the Memphis Methodist Hospital, where Lewis is being treated, told *NME* that the patient was still "in an extremely critical condition".

Jerry Lee Lewis remains the only surviving pioneering rock 'n' roll star who refused to be tamed. Ever since he first outraged the public in 1957 with his second Sun single, 'Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On', the barbaric piano-pumper's career has been a succession of hedonistic hits and lurid headlines.

In 1958, Jerry Lee was kicked out of Britain by the authorities when it was disclosed that he'd taken as his third bride, his 13-year-old third cousin.

A self-confessed hard-drinking womaniser, Jerry Lee's personal life has been scarred by the deaths of two of his children plus divorce, frequent runs-in with the police and the tax man and, more recently, drug problems.

Indeed, Jerry Lee Lewis' current condition could be construed as being as a direct result of over two decades of hard, fast living.

— ROY CARR

Specials blow Eire

THE SPECIALS have cancelled a projected concert in Dublin's Dalymount Park on Sunday, July 26 — because they've been advised that they would be liable to prosecution and arrest if they set foot in the Irish Republic.

The trouble stems from their charity shows with The Beat in Eire earlier this year, when they are alleged to have infringed the country's currency laws. Following those gigs, their entire £8,000 takings were confiscated by airport officials before their departure, on the grounds that they were breaking currency export controls — but they, their managers and even the Irish promoters claim to have been unaware of this legislation.

Since then, the money has been held by the Irish Government and has been unavailable — either to benefit the various charities or to cover the band's expenses. Now The Specials' lawyers have warned them of the arrest threat should they re-enter the Irish Republic, and they've been unable to secure a guarantee of immunity for the July 26 date.

Meanwhile, **Ian Dury & The Blockheads** and **The Pretenders** co-headline a two-day open-air festival at Castlebar, Co Mayo, on Saturday and Sunday, August 1-2 (Ireland's Bank Holiday weekend). Also set are **The Undertones, Kate & Anna McGarrigle, Otway & Barrett** and **Loudon Wainwright III,** plus eight Irish rock bands. It's the first of what is intended to be an annual event, and tickets are £8 (daily) and £12 (weekend.)

GLC goes live

THE GREATER London Council, often criticised in the past for its puritanical attitudes towards rock, promises to be much more sympathetic and indulgent now that Labour has taken control. And one of its first moves in this direction is to finance and co-promote a free open-air festival at the Crystal Palace Bowl on Royal Wedding Day, July 29.

Billed as "It's Only Rock'n'Royal", it will run from 1.30 to 8pm. And to ensure a family day out, plans are being made for on-site entertainment for children — with clowns, fire-eaters, jugglers and theatre. The full rock bill is being announced next week.

- ***Oi mascot Nick Crane revealed as convicted racist***
- ***4-Skins manager Gary Hitchcock a former British Movement Leaderguard***
- ***Rejects and Upstarts cancel gigs***
- ***Sounds accused in national press***
- ***Oi 'convention' planned***

Daily Mail, Thursday, July 9, 1981 PAGE 19

A DAILY MAIL INVESTIGATION INTO A DISTURBING PUBLICITY VENTURE

The skinhead bible of hate from an establishment stable

By SIMON KINNERSLEY

EVERY week up to half a million youngsters read the pop music paper Sounds, which is on sale at almost every newsagent in Britain.

What many of the readers, and certainly their parents, do not know is that Sounds is not merely a pop paper but a vehicle for viciously extremist and fascist views.

And what is even more astonishing is that the paper, which has a circulation far outstripping rivals, leads a campaign of the weirdest cult, is not an underground publication, is owned by one of Britain's most illustrious companies, Trafalgar House (Trafalgar House—Chairman: Nigel Broackes—Owns Cunard, Ritz Hotel, Holidays—owns the Sun, Daily Star, QE2 and Express Newspapers. It also owns Morgan-Grampian, whose non-political publications include Motor, Farmers Guardian, Construction News, Electrical Review, Process Engineering, Packaging Review, etc.)

But Sounds is very different. It is the magazine which has constantly plugged and promoted virtually the only pop paper to go out the 4-Skins, Skrewdriver, Peter and the Test Tube Babies, the most extremist and unpleasant of the skinhead groups whose show in Southall last month led to a riot in which a police van was damaged and which engulfed the area and shocked Britain. Readers who think Sounds has any right to be surprised at what is happening...

Sounds is the bible of the skinhead Oi. Oi. Oi. music. It is responsible for at least an LP (also through Pinnacle) a name you rarely see on the paper's pages, but which is the label that released Hate and Glory's tirade:

Spend your time at school and join the Territorial Army
Learn to reach hope for me and you,
But we can fight back and we can win,
Always get fire for price of a meal.

In one issue of the magazine, the leader of a skinhead group boasts that he has been in prison for violence and that the Ku Klux Klan's Klansmen, NF, can know are more compared to the KKK.

Weapons

A review of a six magenta apparently approximately, that the sound reminds the writer of "the sound of a boot smashing on a human face. Poor Peter Pan". Sounds, we are told, is the only paper to see you to be found in any publication in Britain.

A few weeks ago in a Fulham pub a skinhead group called Red Alert, which has links with the paper, boasted:

Skins we pour boots for a fight,
Let's go and smash the Brixton monster tonight.
Red Alert is the job is done,
Now I'm in love to be a pest,
Be a dumb-ignorant.

The Oi Oi Oi skinheads they get their name from the Oi Oi Oi chant which is used by soccer hooligans and has anti-establishment politics of skinhead Cult, other groups are more "political". They are a strident throwback to the days of Mosley and the marchers of Nazi Germany in the Twenties and Thirties.

Like the Nazis Sounds is one of their rhetoric and a keen grip for that of the Jews. Its editor, Garry Bushell, is fond of writing that himself.

There is the politics of street warfare material like this, some of the most overtly violent and politically inflammatory articles published in Britain.

The most shocking and dangerous article in Sounds, which perhaps best sums up the content of what outwardly appears to be yet another pop story about a young group. But most of the groups that appear in Sounds have links with the extreme right wing and for the matter setting records. Instead, they are dedicated to extremist fighting cult.

Skinhead views are featured in many articles in Sounds. Letters from readers which glorify violence and urge listeners to take to the streets to "smash the system".

Alarmingly, there has been no condemnation of highly provocative statement but distinctly reminiscent the words of what can only be called Sounds' resident Nazi columnist.

Garry Bushell, Sounds features editor, who writes the vast majority of articles about Oi bands, admits that he regards the Nazis as "just another political platform, and we invite people to get across his own views."

But he is careful to tell the readers that he doesn't support either left or right views. You should go and smash the Conservatives and destroy Thatcherism. It is the politicians who are ruining your lives. It's time to fight them.

Anarchy

"It is the system that is ruining their lives. It's time for the working classes to take over and smash the middle classes. Anarchy is the only way to destroy the system, not the people.

I believe in mass demonstrations of strength. Kids are aggressive and violent and if change can only be achieved in this way then that is the way it has to be done. It is, I suppose, a bit like the Nazi Party in Germany before the Nazi Brown Shirts battled the way, if they were to succeed and set up Utopia that Bushell wishes his readers. Sounds has also been accused of publishing articles which encourage their half-baked ideology, would be considered racist and which could be more appropriately at the hands of the police courts.

According to Bushell, the average age of his readers is 15. It is an age when they are impressionable, searching for values, and are highly impressionable. They can be easily influenced by the ideas of the more outrageous writers in the paper.

Against a backdrop of unemployment, the skinheads are drawn to Oi. Against a breathing that violence and racism are the only way out. Many have been in a sad surprise that skinhead gangs on the rampage last Friday in Southall, even though few of them really understood what they were fighting for or what they were fighting against.

In the past few months, I have attended concerts where the behaviour of skinheads has been so violent that it has been terrifying. I have seen them making the Nazi salute while dressed in clothes that are obviously the skinhead uniform.

Bushell, who meets a Union Jack tattoo on his arm, says he is not a political manipulator, nor does he support any kind of fascist or neo-Nazi organisation. He says that he is very much opposed to the National Front and British Movement.

Nevertheless, his writings, and in particular his glowing notes on the pro-Strength Thru Oi! concerts by the Four Skins, have undoubtedly helped to create the grim vigilante days of Hitler's Germany.

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Flashback to the Southall riots, sparked by skinheads

Worrying words

Daily Mail, Thursday

Oi — The Backlash

By PAUL DU NOYER

FROM ITS obscure cult status of two weeks ago — ignored, unloved and largely unheard of — so-called Oi music has shot to national prominence and overnight notoriety.

When word reached Fleet Street that The 4-Skins, whose Southall gig helped set off the riot there, belonged to this mysterious 'Oi' movement, reporters could rejoice at the discovery of yet another sinister cult supposedly sweeping the nation's pop-kids. Excitement climaxed with a centre-spread in Thursday's *Daily Mail,* devoted to the music and its mouthpiece, a music paper called *Sounds*.

Headlined *"The skinhead bible of hate from an establishment stable"*, the *Mail* article lambasted *Sounds* for its role in promoting Oi, describing the magazine as "Not merely a pop paper but a vehicle for viciously extremist and fascist views".

Claiming to have been contacted by an un-named *Sounds* staffer, the *Mail's* investigator Simon Kinnersley quotes instances of the paper appearing to condone the worst excesses of Oi-dom: *Sounds,* it is alleged, "glories in and glorifies the mindless racist hooliganism of the skinhead cult".

The piece points to the irony of such material ("four letter words are everywhere") emanating from a Morgan-Grampian publication. M-G is owned by Lord Matthews' Trafalgar House company, whose other interests include the Ritz Hotel, the QE2 and — surprise surprise — the *Mail's* own rival, the *Daily Express.* Asked for his reaction to these revelations, Lord Matthews expresses horror: "I am very concerned about this sort of thing . . . This kind of thing is not on for me at all and I'm going to deal with it immediately."

Taken to task by the *Mail* reporter, *Sounds* Editor Alan Lewis and Features Editor/Oi correspondent Garry Bushell were unrepentant. While Lewis adopts the All-we're-saying-is-it-happens line, Bushell counters with: "I believe in mass demonstrations of strength. Kids are aggressive and violent and if change can only be achieved in this way then that is the way it has to be done."

Of course, *NME* itself has been critical of Oi. Our own "Oi — The Disgrace" editorial of last week was extensively quoted in further Oi-exposes appearing in *The Times* and Friday's *Mail.* That said, the tone of Thursday's *Mail* seemed somewhat overstated. And such moral outrage sounds peculiar coming from the paper which distinguished itself by kicking off its riot coverage with the headline *"BLACK WAR ON POLICE".*

Alan Lewis, Garry Bushell and Morgan-Grampian have now issued a writ against the *Daily Mail* demanding heavy damages for what they regard as grossly unfair accusations. Contacted for comment, Oi the journalist Bushell was uncharacteristically tight-lipped, preferring to wait until the legal position has been resolved.

OI'S ROLE in the instigation of recent riots might be slight, but the national press have scrutinised it keenly, seizing on it as a sensational symptom of the country's moral and economic decline. The coverage has ranged from *"Oi! Oi! is the battle cry"* in the *News Of The World* to the more serious *"4-Skins manager boasted of being a thug for Nazis"* in Sunday's *Observer*.

According to the *Observer,* The 4-Skins' singer Gary Hodges and manager Gary Hitchcock claimed to be British Movement members in an interview with the paper last November.

■ *Continues over*

THE SKOLARS

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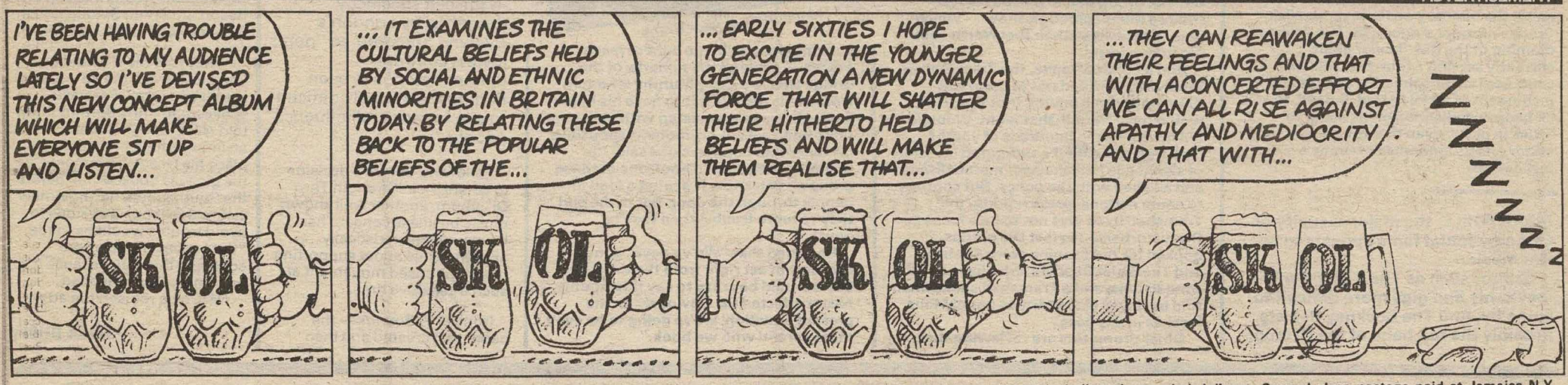

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MOSS SIDE
Report: RAY LOWRY

NME writers look at two of Britain's

ANARCHY IN THE UK:

IT'S ALL QUIET in Moss Side on a debilitatingly hot Friday afternoon two days after the most intense night of rioting, halfway through the week of nationwide youth riots.

If the initial Southall outburst was racial in character, instigated by white skinhead provocation of Asian youth, what followed up and down the country — and certainly in Manchester's Moss Side — involved youth of all colours and persuasions in confrontation with the most obvious, ever-present symbols of authority: the police.

Away from the fear and excitement and uncertainties, the lootin' and burnin' of the night's rioting, the actual property damage to Moss Side doesn't amount to much more than a couple of streets' worth of shop windows put through and one hardware store gutted and eventually bulldozed flat.

Princess Road and Claremont Road were a couple of rows of dusty, run-down shops and houses with flaking paint and rotting window frames — now they're run-down shops with boarded-over, barricaded windows behind which business seems to be going on much as usual. "RIOTOUS BARGAINS", reads a home made poster stuck on the boarding of a general store cum haberdashery.

It's all too callous and smug sounding to report but, as so often, the violence has only damaged the rioters' own local facilities, further shredded their own battered patch. Shitting on your own doorstep is the operative phrase.

There's little or no evident tension in the air, no edge, on this balmy afternoon. The atmosphere is laid back and lazy in the shopping crowds on Princess Road and in the nearby precinct, rather than the terrified and bewildered citizenry of local popular journalistic imagination.

A crowd of black youths is hanging out on the corner of Princess Road and Moss Lane East, becoming voluble and derisory as the occasional police van cruises past, back doors open and bulging with watchful coppers wearing the now familiar visored riot helmets. In the shopping centre further down Moss Lane East, a couple of policemen with batons drawn speed through the indoor market looking for somebody, to the obvious scorn of the groups of mainly black youths moving through the shopping complex.

References to the previous two or three nights' events and the likelihood of further street action punctuate the grocery lists and orders in the supermarket. "Is it going off tonight? Hey, Lenny say's it's going off tonight! It's the Arndale (Manchester's central indoor shopping complex) tonight? Oh, shit!" — in the tone of one anticipating a good time to be had, a superior wheeze.

Over the road, black youngsters, many favouring red, green and gold on some bit of their clothing, congregate in and around the Youth Project building, goofing around on bikes and playing ball games, but mostly just leaning on the fence — hanging out and talking, watching. There's an obvious sense of something having been achieved, however limited and transitory. They've hit back and it feels good for the moment on this sunny afternoon.

Moss Side: Police clear debris from a wrecked shop

I IMAGINE that it's much the same in the rest of the country — an initial rush of euphoria which will probably shade off into worse frustrations and strained police/youth relationships than ever as arrests are made, the kids' economic and social situation doesn't improve and they realise that the only real results that their actions have produced are even heavier policing and demands from certain quarters for some kind of police armament.

Manchester's Chief Constable James Anderton has already said that he has tried the "gentle touch" and that it doesn't work. "I'm convinced that the vast majority of the public want to see policemen on the streets to prevent disorder and from here on in that is where they are going to be."

The Prime Minister is still maintaining (publicly at least) that there is no going back on the policies that have helped to produce the week's events, so the situation can only deteriorate further.

LOOKING AT and listening to the kids of Moss Side, the idea that the riots were organised and orchestrated by left extremist political groups seems ridiculous. Apart from the numerous left-wing factions' well-known and deserved reputation for being incapable of organising the legendary piss-up in a brewery — never mind a revolution — most of the people involved in the fighting are at an age where they don't take anything all that seriously . . . and politics less than most things. The riots are fuelled on adrenalin and youthful anger rather than ideologies.

The political capital will be made after the events; in the short term by the Government pressing for more repressive policing policies — at the time of writing there are said to have been around 1,500 arrests and special courts are being proposed (all too reminiscent of the kind of thinking that eventually led to the notorious Diplock courts of Northern Ireland) to deal with those charged. The Labour opposition under its present leadership is seen to offer no decent, coherent alternative; Foot and Co., making empty speeches and unconvincing gestures of opposition because they're committed to an impotent policy of piecemeal reforms rather than the massive changes to society envisioned by the left strategists of the party.

The only constructive 'political' moves I heard of (William Whitelaw came through in a motorcade but I must have been looking the other way or something) were the Labour Party Young Socialists on the streets of Moss Side. They were there, talking to the youth about the criminal stupidity of attacking firemen and ambulancemen, and trying to point them towards the idea of collective action through a socialist transformation of the Labour Party, as the only effective way through and out of our problems. For sure we can't dance our way out of them. End of sermon.

I was supposed to talk to Moss Side youth and ask individuals how they felt about the week's events in order to flesh out the bones of this piece, but the idea of announcing oneself as a representative of a newspaper to young people is just too patronising for me and sidling around picking up crumbs of conversation and pumping people surreptitiously is something I'm hopeless at. Quotes of the kind used by the heavy press over the weekend, illustrating the genuine hatred

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Oi — The Backlash

■ *From previous page*

Hitchcock, who said he belonged to the BM's "leader guard", announced that he was leaving the movement, disillusioned by its shift towards 'respectability' — standing in elections instead of "fighting on the streets". Gary Hodges, on the other hand, was disenchanted with racialist politics and about to quit the BM altogether.

Sounds' **"Strength Thru Oi' LP, now withdrawn, also drew press interest. Both Friday's *Mail* and the *Observer* name the bootboy on its cover as Nick Crane — former singer with The Afflicted, member of the BM "leader guard", currently serving a four-year prison sentence for conspiracy to assault and incitement of racial hatred. Indeed, the Oi LP bears a dedication on its cover to "Nick in nick", even though *Sounds'* editor pleads ignorance of Crane's inclinations.**

MEANWHILE, the major casualty of Oi's new-found fame appears to be live music.

Groups such as The 4-Skins will inevitably find gigs more difficult to come by. And The Cockney Rejects, possibly the top band of the Oi crop, are now wondering whether to go ahead with the major tour planned to promote their new LP 'The Power And The Glory'.

Dates were due to be announced this week, but the group are holding back for fear that any appearances could be inflammatory just now. If the spate of rioting subsides, they say they'll go ahead and play, but probably omitting gigs in 'trouble' areas like the Mayflower in Manchester's Moss Side.

The Angelic Upstarts have also been hit. The group had to pull out of last friday's Middlesbrough show — which was to have been their first North-east gig in two years.

And a London venue, the Tramshed in Woolwich, decided not to open last Thursday after rumours that the district would have trouble that night. Woolwich did have a riot — hundreds of youths gathered to fight off a rumoured invasion of skinheads (which never materialised) and clashed with the police. But contrary to some national press reports, the Tramshed itself was not to be a focus for the disturbance: in fact the groups booked for the evening were Airstrip 1 and The Strict Baptists, who have no Oi connections, and a Tramshed spokesman told us it was club policy to bar obvious fascists in any case.

Other promoters are reviewing their booking policies in the light of recent events — echoing the remarks of the Bridge House's Terry Murphy who told *NME* of his resolve not to have his East End pub venue associated with violent or right-wing acts. A promoter responsible for two other London clubs said: "It might be tempting to book one of those groups if you know it'll bring a load of people through the door, but in the end they're more trouble than they're worth."

He added that "We've never gone for that sort of act right from the word go. But it would be crazy to say this trouble hasn't affected us. Obviously, in the present situation, we're going to be even more careful who we book."

Oi's fascist mascot Nick Crane

Now they plan the convention

SINCE THE SOUTHALL race riot of last week, sparked by a gig involving three Oi bands — The 4-Skins, Infa-Riot and The Business — the cult succinctly described by London's *Evening Standard* as "pop's lowest common denominator" has been finding it extremely difficult to win friends and influence people.

Following Deram's decision to delete their 'Strength Thru Oi' album, another well known music business concern has been uncharacteristically apprehensive about supporting this stigmatised movement at such a sensitive time.

Ironically, *Sounds* — the paper that created and then lavished Oi with massive coverage — this week refused to accept advertisements from Paradise Promotions for a forthcoming 'Oi — The Convention', featuring Last Resort, Infa Riot, Splodge, The Business and Gary Johnson.

"They told me it would be unethical to run the ad — which is a bit of a joke," Paradise spokesman Chris Bartholomew told *NME*. Denying that this was an inopportune time to try to place his Oi advertisements, as the gig was booked well before the Southall riot, Bartholomew claimed that positive steps to avoid trouble would be made. "But I expect I'll get more coverage this way because it's news now," he reasoned.

NME also refused the ads.

— MICK DUFFY

latest riot centres

BRIXTON

Report: CHRIS SALEWICZ

THE REALITY

Brixton: Police arrest a suspected rioter

SO FOR THE second time in three months the petrol bombs were flying again in Brixton on Friday and Saturday.

Brixton flared up again last Friday lunchtime. The spark this time was the arrest of sound system operator Lloyd Coxsone — recently featured in *NME's* Sound System Splashdown feature. The trouble started after Coxsone had gone to the assistance of one Malibu, who was being picked up on suspicion of having stolen the car he was driving.

Coxsone knew he'd owned the car for the last three years. "I went to reason with the police," Coxsone recalled.

So they busted him, too.

The drive to nearby Brixton police station shouldn't take much more than a minute and a half. To Coxsone and Malibu, slung in the back of a police van, it seemed to take an eternity.

"I had handcuffs on, and they were beating me on the head with a truncheon," said the system operator. "It took a long time to reach the police station, a long time to beat me up . . ."

One of Coxsone's system operators described the incident: "The police was wrong again. Lloyd Coxsone is a member of the Peace Movement Committee of Brixton." And so was Malibu whom the police arrested.

"LC is well known all over the country from over 20 years. Everybody knows his efforts for peace. He uses his sound system to teach the youth, choosing the right lyrics. LC grew me up from when I was a youth. He is like a father to me. He grew me up in a spirit of Love and Peace. Anybody who touch him touch me. Anybody who brutalise him, brutalise me. And many people down here feels the same."

At the station, senior officers realised a large mistake had been made in arresting such a prominent local figure. Coxsone and Malibu were released by mid-afternoon.

But by then, youth of Brixton, both black and white, had learnt of this insult to one of their figureheads. Notwithstanding Coxsone's calls for peace and calm, they started to take the place apart, looting at first the immediate area of Atlantic Avenue before moving on to the chain stores of Brixton High Street, pausing to stone Lambeth Town Hall and attempting a similar assault on the police station itself.

"I stole what my family needs," said one 18-year-old youth, who admitted that was his only reason for taking part. "What would you do if a window is smashed down and you get the opportunity to loot without being caught?"

Another 18-year-old, employed in a local fast-food chain, had different motives for taking part. "I'm fighting the police, but I'm not looting," he claimed. "I think it's totally wrong. I fight the police and the state."

A 36-year-old father of four children shrugged his shoulders when asked how he would react to news of *his* kids being involved: "I won't say anything to my youth if they fight. As long as they fight for a right cause. How can you stop kids looting? They can't afford to buy clothes or whatever.

■ *Continues over*

felt by some youth for the police — the glee felt at the plight of the police trapped for a time in Moss Side police station for instance — I've no taste for dealing with. The more thoughtful views I did solicit were definitely pessimistic and saw little of any good coming from the week's events.

There has been brutal behaviour from both sides in the confrontations and the government is playing a dangerous game with people's lives, the kids' lives and the policemen's lives — working class lives.

One white youth put it better than most. "See, there were two big gangs out here fighting each other on Wednesday night. One of them had uniforms on, that's all."

Sound system man Lloyd Coxsone — his arrest sparked the riot.

Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez

Mensi: Why we pulled out of Middlesbro

THIS WEEKEND, The Angelic Upstarts were one of the many groups to cancel their gigging commitments in the wake of the riots sweeping the country. On Friday at EMI, Mensi spoke of his "heartbreaking decision" to pull out of that evening's Middlesbrough gig — billed as the Upstarts' homecoming — their first live appearance in their native North East from where they've been banned for over two years.

"But if the kids up there follow on from London, Liverpool and Manchester, who would be the number one scapegoat?" asked Mensi. "Whose career would be finished? The kids only need one little spark to set them off at the moment — and your number one personality punk star's not gonna be the one to give it."

Reflecting on Southall, Mensi commented, "I know what some skin'eads are like — though I wouldn't condemn them all. But you usually find Asians are placid people, so for a whole community to go berserk, well, there must have been something serious going on to provoke them."

Not being entirely convinced about the integrity of certain Oi bands, Mensi seemed eager to ensure the Upstarts are not aligned with that movement:

"Something that really pleased me was in a Sheffield music shop. On the wall was this big advertisement which read, 'Bass player wanted for Upstarts type band — must *not* be Oi influenced'. I thought that was great, man. You canna say the kids don't know we're separate from Oi."

Mensi was also quick to defend his band's live show, which I attacked in last week's review for what I interpreted as its dangerously aggressive and provocative nature.

"Violence frightens me. If I thought I was inciting people to violence, I wouldn't go on with it. I'd pack it in, I tell you.

"But I'm gonna keep on inciting the kids — inciting them to *think!*"

— MICK DUFFY

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Brixton

■ *From previous page*

They don't have jobs.

"And look at these fuckin' machines," he added, pointing to a line of Space Invaders machines. "They're twenty pence a go. It's as if they're just made so kids have to go out and steal handbags to play them."

Were there going to be any more riots that night?

"No, because Coxsone is playing."

DEATH AFTER RAINBOW RIOT

VIOLENCE — and tragedy — struck at the Black Uhuru concert at London's Rainbow on Monday night. A 19-year-old black youth was stabbed to death after gangs ran riot through the theatre's foyer brandishing weapons — supposedly following arguments between rival groups of pickpockets. Two of the Rainbow's bars were damaged in the incident, and one of the barstaff was reported hurt also.

WITH ALMOST every shop boarded up by Saturday lunchtime, it seemed as though the day might be trouble-free.

"I think it's all ended now," said a white woman working in a fish and chip shop. "They've taken everything there is to take. They'll have to go somewhere else now."

By early evening, however, as a squat police helicopter hovered almost motionless over Railton Road, it seemed apparent that there was no way a further confrontation could be avoided.

At eight in the evening, Brixton police station itself was surrounded by a defensive mass of centurion-like police — even though it was not here but Railton Road that the only fighting occurred.

Without getting into any excessive assessments of all coppers necessarily being bastards, it must be stressed that some of these young bucks on the force *really* get into it.

Which is part of the reason why all this is happening anyway.

One police charge followed a blood-curdling howl sent up by dozens of cops as they ran, riot shields in front of them, up the street from the direction of Atlantic Avenue.

Standing in the middle of a street running off Railton Road was the dog-collared vicar of the local parish, a tall white man in his late forties who was visibly shaking with emotion.

"I'm not against the police at all. But I do wish they didn't have to conduct themselves in such a *violent* manner," he sighed, tears in his voice. "About 150 of them have just gone screaming up Railton Road, chasing a gang of kids who were really only running around like kids do. Instead of dealing with them in a civilised, humane manner, they just turned it into a complete melee of assault. I saw them dragging off this white kid whose shirt was *covered* in blood. He's still there, lying on the bottom of a police van."

At that moment, thirty to forty mainly black kids, none aged more than 15, came hurtling round a corner, trying to escape the area. *"They've got dogs!"* several of them screamed, terrified.

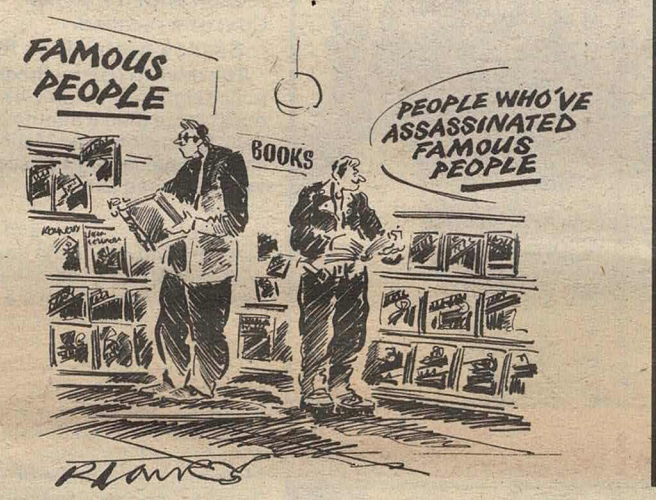
A few seconds later, three packed police transport vans, armed to the teeth with everything William Whitelaw will give them, tore round the same corner and raced off in the direction the rapidly dispersing kids had taken.

In an otherwise deserted street parallel to Railton Road, seven or eight black youths in their mid-teens attempted to leave the area by strutting with cautious dignity around a couple of police vans that were blocking the road. As one of the smaller of them slipped speedily past, he suddenly collapsed heavily to the pavement, falling on his face — tripped by a police boot. As he tried to raise himself up, blood pouring from his smashed nose, he was grabbed and tossed in the back of a police vehicle.

Meanwhile the BBC news brings in medical experts who assert that the violence in Brixton is perhaps down to the excessive amount of lead in the district's air.

■ ERRATA: In *NME's* story 'Event Non Event?' last week, paragraph 9 should have read as follows: "The official union spokesperson added that if it 'became apparent that Elliott was in cahoots with Branson to get round the full reinstatement of his employees at *Time Out*, *Event* would almost certainly find its birth blacked by the typesetting and print unions'." The intent expressed in this quote was not the opinion of the writer of the piece, but an NUJ policy position as stated by the representative dealing with the Elliott/*Time Out* Chapel negotiations.

Ray Lowry



" 'I'LL NOT MARRY' Deal By Scott" runs the caption to the small pic above, taken in 1966. Immensely godlike genius Scott Walker, then just a "22-year-old heartthrob singer with The Walker Brothers group", listens as his manager Maurice King thrashes out the terms of a clause inserted in his contract — forbidding him to marry in the next three years, on pain of a £50,000 fine from his own pocket! In between cigar-pulls, the bossman put it this way: "We can't have Scott getting married or even thinking of it. He's got the world at his feet and a wife would hold him back" (not to mention disillusion the Golden Boy's horde of teeny fans, we presume).

Scott, we learn, agreed to sign that dotty line, but he wasn't sure at all: "This clause is a medieval idea. It's just not natural. . . But if my marrying would harm the group, I'll sign." That's my boy! *(Pic: Syndication International).*

Main pic: another flash from the files. Scott experiments with prototype punk gesture. . . as well as putting ideas in young Julian Cope's head (note both Teardroppy haircut *and* Exploding song-title). *(Pic: London Photo Agency).*

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the HMV shop

Gang becomes 3 as Allen flies home

GANG OF FOUR bassist Dave Allen left the band last week in the middle of their current American tour and flew home to England. The group were forced to cancel three gigs but are now continuing the tour with bass player Buster Cherry Jones, last seen in Talking Heads' expanded line-up, replacing Allen.

A source at Warner Bros, the Gang's American label, told *NME* that it was probable that Allen had not quit the group but merely left the tour.

NME was told that the band did not want to make any official statement — but they had authorised the Warners spokesperson to say whatever she wanted. Said spokesperson stated that Allen's leaving had to do with his being unable to stand "the rigours of the road" and that "halfway through the tour he just started going nuts".

The Gang's English office confirmed that Allen had returned to England because he was "suffering from nervous exhaustion". Manager Linda Neville explained he had "been under a lot of pressure" lately — he and his girlfriend split up just before the tour — and revealed that Allen had also been threatened in a car-park in Georgia. "Some guy told him 'Remember what happened to John Lennon? Well, you're next' and I think that was what sparked it all off." She added that Allen would be meeting with the rest of the band when they returned from America to "talk over their future plans".

The straw that broke Allen's back apparently came when the band's road crew, returning into the US from their gig in Montreal, Canada, were turned back at the border by customs because they lacked the proper work visas. When the band arrived at the same customs station a few hours later, the officers reportedly told them, "We just busted your technicians", and laughed. The crew flew to England that night, and Allen went with them.

— **RICHARD GRABEL**

Floyd crash

PINK FLOYD's management gave a curt "No comment" this week over the £9 million collapse of the finance group Norton Warburg.

Floyd, who are investment clients of the company, claim to have lost over £2.5 million in the crash. They are now suing Norton for over £1 million.

A court conducting a public examination of two bankrupt Norton directors heard that the collapse was due to "gross mismanagement". Norton's affairs are also being investigated by the City of London police.

Shaven Chapman

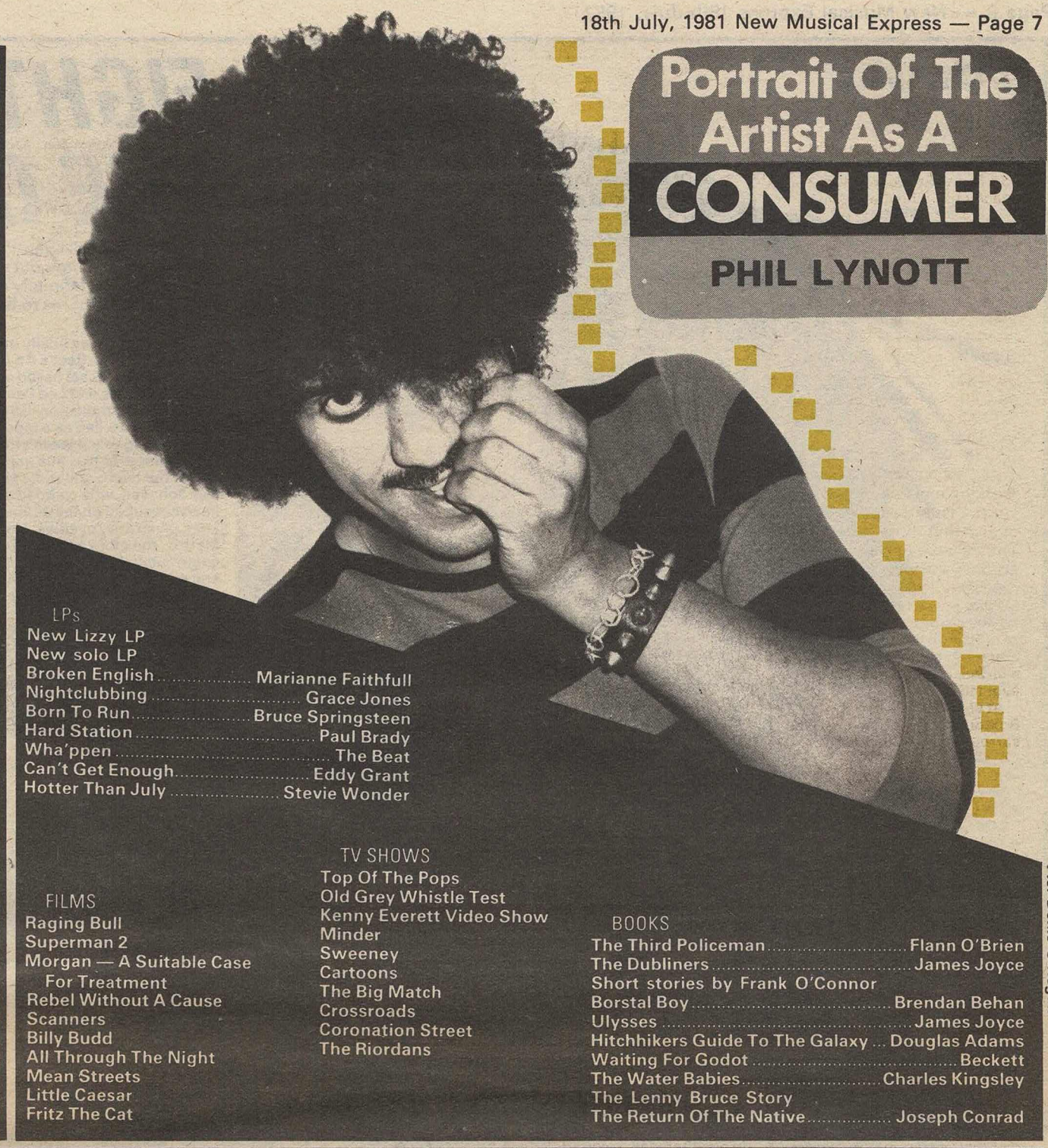
MARK CHAPMAN, Lennon's self-confessed killer, has torn his hair out in what his lawyer described as an act of pity for Yoko and Lennon's five-year-old son Sean.

Twenty-six-year-old Chapman began to pull out his hair in a fit of remorse in his Riker Prison cell. Then he asked a fellow prisoner to finish shaving his head with clippers and scissors.

According to prison officers, Chapman now looks like a "haggard prisoner-of-war".

Portrait Of The Artist As A CONSUMER

PHIL LYNOTT



Pic: Denis O'Regan

LPs

New Lizzy LP
New solo LP
Broken English ..... Marianne Faithfull
Nightclubbing ..... Grace Jones
Born To Run ..... Bruce Springsteen
Hard Station ..... Paul Brady
Wha'ppen ..... The Beat
Can't Get Enough ..... Eddy Grant
Hotter Than July ..... Stevie Wonder

FILMS

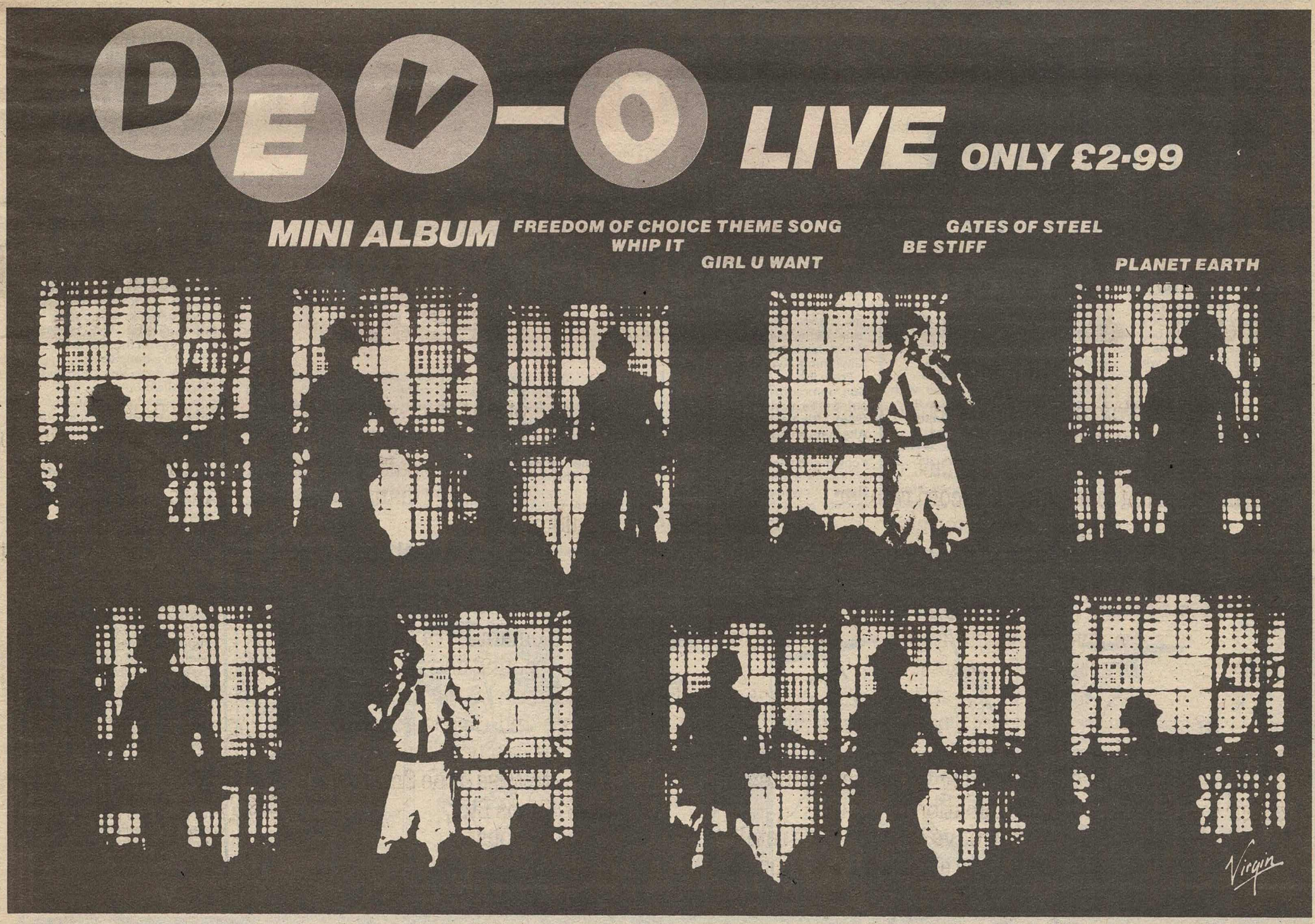
Raging Bull
Superman 2
Morgan — A Suitable Case For Treatment
Rebel Without A Cause
Scanners
Billy Budd
All Through The Night
Mean Streets
Little Caesar
Fritz The Cat

TV SHOWS

Top Of The Pops
Old Grey Whistle Test
Kenny Everett Video Show
Minder
Sweeney
Cartoons
The Big Match
Crossroads
Coronation Street
The Riordans

BOOKS

The Third Policeman ..... Flann O'Brien
The Dubliners ..... James Joyce
Short stories by Frank O'Connor
Borstal Boy ..... Brendan Behan
Ulysses ..... James Joyce
Hitchhikers Guide To The Galaxy ... Douglas Adams
Waiting For Godot ..... Beckett
The Water Babies ..... Charles Kingsley
The Lenny Bruce Story
The Return Of The Native ..... Joseph Conrad



Cedric Myrton
Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez

FIGHTING IN THE CONGOS

ALTHOUGH Black Uhuru's 'Red' will most probably come out top, 'Heart Of The Congos' is definitely one of the finest reggae albums to be released in the UK this year.

A classic that was finally made available here through The Beat's Go Feet label, it is a deeply spiritual set based around eerie, high harmonies and Lee Perry's atmospheric production. So when The Congos were billed as support on Prince Far I's spring tour, I wasn't the only one disappointed to find this meant only one half of the team: guitarist / singer 'Ashanti' Roy Johnson, who claimed that he hadn't been consulted on the album's release or been given any royalties. Meantime, Cedric Myrton, the other half, was in the studio contributing backing vocals to 'Wha'ppen', and gave his side of the story before the final night of The Beats' tour at the Rainbow.

"At the time of Roy leaving the group, we were working on the album and a promotional film." (*Jamdown*, which to my knowledge has so far only been shown in France). "The backing tracks had been put down, but only demo voices, and Roy wanted 25,000 US dollars before he'd sing. There was only 5,500 between all of us from the album, so I went into the studio alone and did all the lead vocals in one day, then the harmony tracks too. To be honest, Roy can play his guitar well, but he doesn't have that kind of pleasant voice anyway. I don't care what he tells people though, for I know Jah knows everything . . ."

However, Myrton claims that Roy will get paid his dues "as soon as we get the money ourselves" — and his main concern now is to get 'Heart Of The Congos' and the other two albums, 'Congo Ashanti' and 'Image Of Africa' distributed internationally.

Further money problems meant they split with Perry, and he feels that there has never been any strong promotion of their sound: "It's hard for a reggae artist to get exposure still, so although I've been in music from schooldays, I've never got at the top. The Beat and Go Feet have been really good for me." Myrton is a friendly man with a quick smile, a spindly figure onstage next to the exuberant Roger, and is lavish in his praise of the band who have helped bring his music to the wider audience it cries out for. "The Beat is a good band, in a class by themselves, really. Everything is mixed together, and they're really moving musically."

Understandably, though, for someone who has seen party politics used to divide and rule the ghettos, he's not quite so sure of their dance stances: "Politics is the destruction of the people, from my point of view, it sets them to fight one another. Music is *my* protest."

The singer is now back in Jamaica, recording a new album for Go Feet's distributors Arista. It will probably include a re-recording of his earlier single, 'You People Gonna Dance All Night', as well as new material, and although 'Heart Of The Congos' will be hard to equal, he is feeling confident: "I think this album will be a special one. The words of the songs, everything is right — musical music, y'know?"

With a name like Cedric to live down, it's got to be . . .

— **SHERYL GARRATT**

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE
on the alternative page

Is this the end for Punk Rock...?

Sunset Gun

WHAT BETTER way to sell-abrate it he Royal Whatsis than with the special Royal Wedding Issue of Ayrshire's *Tear It Up*, a 'zine which begins "where the sidewalk ends" and is run by Eric Musgrave, who earns his lunch working for *Drapers Record*.

It's got an intriguing table of contents: an interview with Cuba Libre's James King (stablemate of Shakin' Pyramids and The Cuban Heels); a self-deprecating article on French rock by correspondent Silvie Gilbory (in conversation with Breton band Marquis de Sade on their Peel-plugged 'Dantiz Twist' and its successor), and *another* John Cooper Clarke interview.

For features there's a recap of John Cage's career and an acute assessment of Jackie Wilson's chequered career, with particular attention paid to the ramifications of "an industry which paid homage to the slogans of soul, but ignored the main premises of the music". Author Stuart Cosgrove is certainly to be commended for his insights, especially at a time when the real facts behind rock's 'history' are being ignored in the dash from fad to fad. A good solid addition to the 'zine scene, available from: David Belcher, 8 Birkdale Close, Kilwinning, Ayrshire, for 35p.

From the Bournemouth/Poole area comes the monthly *Coaster* (25p), "South East Dorset's Alternative Paper" — with a big pic of local lad R. Fripp on t'cover and a long, compartmentalised piece on same fellow inside. This covers 'events' up to the formation of Discipline, but is mainly composed of bibliographical info Fripp fans will already know. Other information includes local gig listings and recording updates (Da Biz International, Scribbly Scratch, Manhatten Slide), as well as a What's On general listings — cinema, Poole Speedway, pubs, political and ecological meetings and events — plus a No Nukes section, a regional Pub Guide, and think-pieces on education.

Coaster is the work of a collective who would like to offer the mag as "a platform for all and any views". Available from: *Coaster* Office, 14 Exeter Road, Bournemouth (subscriptions £2.50 for six months incl. P&P; make cheques out to SCAN).

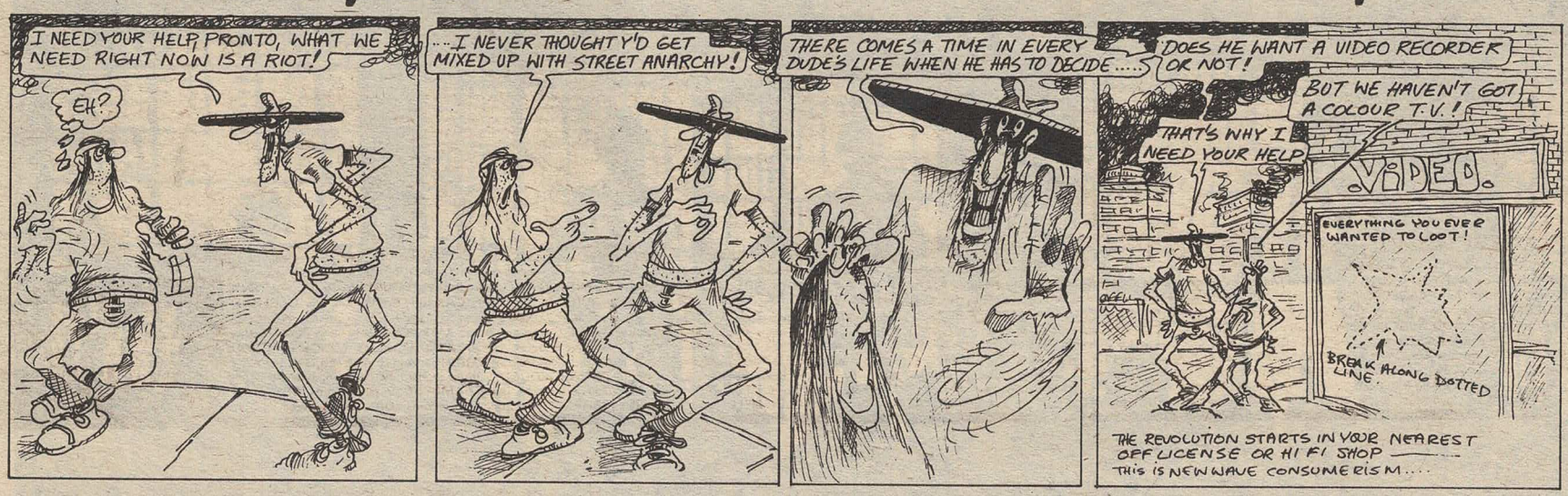
A "Special Anniversary Double Issue" from Ohio, USA's *The Offense* ($1.50), now in their eighth printing. Each ish will now include a flexi-disc — this one's Phantom Limb's 'Admission Of Guilt'. *The Offense* is now shooting for a bi-weekly schedule in hopes of becoming "the most important music paper in the country" — great, and good luck, for despite the tiny print there's plenty here. An extensive letters section, Bono Vox and Steve Lillywhite interviews, bad poetry, cartoons, radio and publications directories, and reviews of 45s, LPs, and city scenes (Akron, Dallas, Vancouver, and Boulder, Colorado). Biggest problem: editor 'TKA' should disabuse himself of his stated idea that "the scene in England is generally a lot healthier than over here because there's a strong press BLAH BLAH BLAH. . . nothing over here is packed with relevant information". C'mon, TK — haven't you ever heard of *Sub-Pop* and its like? Plus I notice a heavy preponderance of UK media-pushed records (and Rough Trade product) in your reviews section. Don't imitate — INITIATE! *The Offense:* from 1585 N. High St, Columbus, Ohio, USA 43201.

Won't find much to whet your wondering in old-style 'zine (xeroxed 'n' stapled, that is) *Voices 2* — unless you want to hear Defiant Pose answer questions like "What's happening in Paisley?", read an outdated Spectres interview, or hear Freeez's Gordon Sharp discuss coming onstage in

■ *Continues page 11*

CYNTHIA ROSE looks through the Letratinted glasses

The Lone Groover — Benyon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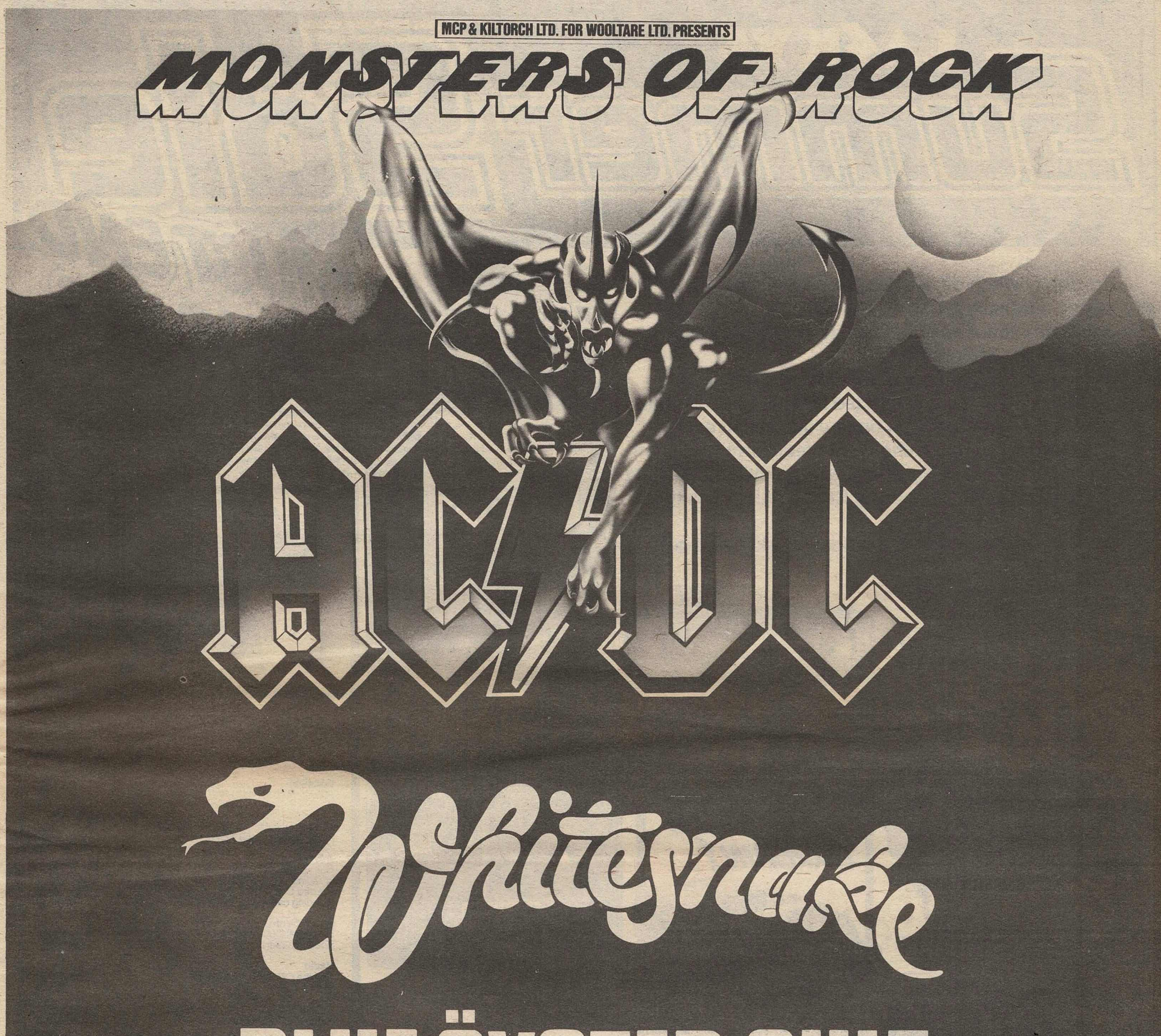

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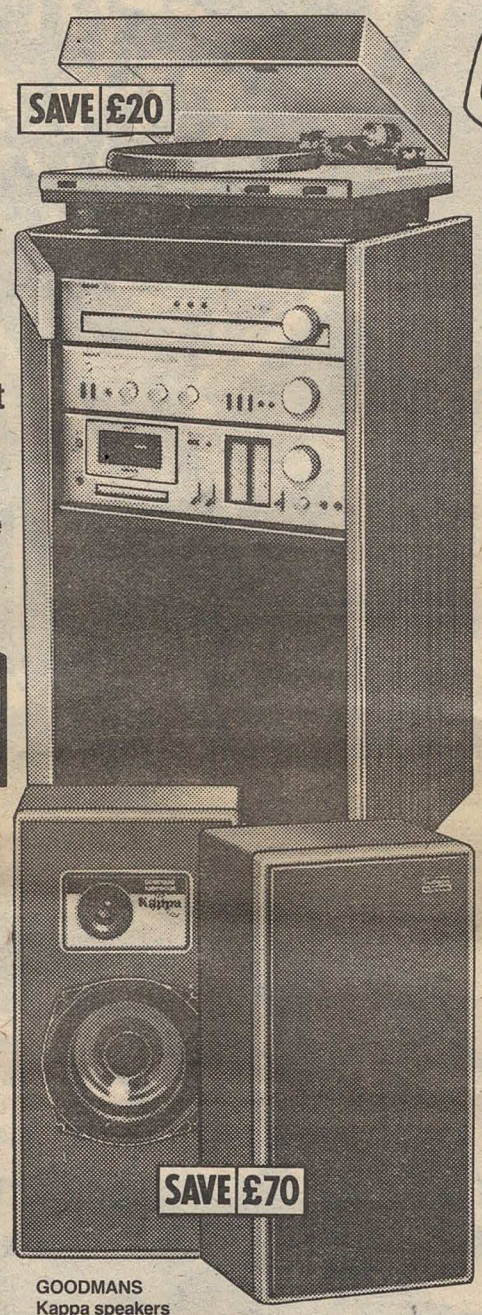

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Juliet & Pre-De
Pic: Bryn Jones

THE PRE-DETERMINED PATHS OF PRE-DE

BECAUSE PRE-DE play by their own rules, they perform fairly rarely in public. The last event they staged was in a sleazy nite-spot off Nottingham's city centre. With fresh flowers strewn over the stage and the funk/dub/salsa disco listed on a hand-out which exclaimed "Dancing (Almost) Mandatory", they created a casual, unpretentious, spontaneous spring carnival which lured down the regulars from the West Indian drinking club upstairs and tempted passers-by in from the pavement and onto the dance floor.

"We want to try and get away from the alienating aspects of a rock gig and all that goes with it."

"The reason we try and push the emotional aspect is so that it's not like artists being artistic. It's much more human. We're not trying to be cleverer than the audience. There's no snobbishness in it. We try and involve everyone who turns up."

"It's very open arms."

"It's very honest."

When Pre-De stop dancing and step up on the stage, their short set is appropriately tropically tinged. They converge on a rhythm and worry it for a while, they peel off alone up different avenues. Each instrument chases a beat, catches it and throws it aside for a momentarily more interesting idea. There's a spluttering trumpet, hot sax, jazzy, sliding guitars, twitching percussion and singing which works both on verbal rhythms and vocal textures.

On this occasion the PA packs up, Pre-De alternate between exasperation and amusement and they can't yet play competently enough to consistently trace the complicated patterns they've created. The sound veers between the amateurishly awful and the brilliantly anarchic. Yet when the components click it's a brief glimpse into a startlingly original soul vision.

When Pre-De practise they look as if they're learning a new language. They mix a strange brew of styles that make a crazy polyrhythmic conversation. What sounds free-form is in fact meticulously rehearsed. And just as their music is an individual response to a profusion of stimuli, so the Pre-De approach is bristling with healthy contradictions that are somehow contained inside one coherent framework.

The group range in age from 17 to 22 and although their musical base is in Derby, Alan Taylor and Nick Hilliard run a clothes business from Kensington Market, Juliet Taylor's soon due to start dance school, Mick Burkett's following a fashion course, Paul Bark is still at school while his brother Eddy intends to train as a dyslexic teacher early in the autumn.

"Hopefully we want to combine all that activity and information and make it temper the music."

"One of the reasons we started doing this was that we're influenced by so many things and this is one way of expressing yourself. If you do it all the time you're regurgitating yourself. You've got to keep refreshed."

"Everything we do is linked to music. We work around it all the time."

"Our approach to the music is like the way we try and approach everything we come to. Working with other people is basically the main thing about the group."

"It's not deadly serious but we are committed. We do it in good faith like Jean Paul Sartre said. It's very much in good faith."

As Pre-De don't rely on music as either their means of subsistence or their sole activity, their position is either privileged or more realistic — depending on which way you view it. They're not dogged by the desperation of many groups who are forced to compete commercially. Like everyone else, Pre-De can't predict the outcome of the increased leisure/enforced unemployment axis, but they do feel their situation is linked with some sort of solution.

"I think what we're doing is going to be really a prevalent thing. Bow Wow Wow talk a lot about pleasure technology — which is not quite right because it's going to be a lot scummier than that. But people have got to learn to use their leisure time."

"It all ties in with your live performance. You're not up there to promote anything or hustle money."

Pre-De's most immediate project is recording a single with the production assistance of Ken Lockie. Juliet and Eddy will soon be leaving Derby to start studies in London and Wales, Alan is planning additional musical interests and the clothes business is expanding into two more shops. Meanwhile careful preparations for the next performance continue unperturbed in the airy attic of one of Derby's quieter thoroughfares.

"Everybody's trying to grab hold of everything and it's like a rape and pillage of cultures. Everything's changing so fast but you shouldn't grab things because your life lacks something and you need a fashionable angle."

"There is a difference between assimilating influences and just stealing."

"We should be able to learn these things in an integrated way. We should be able to LEARN something."

— LYNN HANNA

ZINESCENE

■ *From page 8*

drag. If so, write to 61 Newark St, Greenock and send 30p.

A good word though for the eighth issue of *The Poser*, that fanzine *Face* which needn't contend with that constant excuse "well no one *reads* it anyway". Perhaps there exists some danger of it becoming a dodgy indulgence for over-enthusiastic worshippers of rock-image-read-physique. But any photozine which spares us The Belle Stars and The Slits in favour of some nicely-coloured, CLOTHED Bodysnatchers shots (also The GoGos, Basement 5, MoDettes and more) is to be commended. 25p plus 15 P&P from Hard Lines, 64a Notting Hill Gate, London W11.

Sunset Gun have put out their own audio-'zine with music and chat from local-ish faves: Altered Images, FK9, Final Program, H20 and others. Only £1.30 for *Audoxine One*, but the first edition is limited to 150 and they want demos, etc, to put towards No. 2. Meanwhile, back at the stapler, *Sunset Gun* the mag carries a neat cover pic, a nightclubbing report from Brussels, Rema Rema 'evaluated', The Delmontes mouthing off, and a misguided tirade against Max Bell's *NME* series done in Japan. And if the author is by chance running *Sunset Gun*, then he could do better than flogging us more dead horses: overviews of German music, 'Is Rock Dead' think-pieces, and features on — ha! — Visage. *Sunset Gun:* 40p from 123, Moss Side Rd, Glasgow G41 3UP.

For the *real* grit, try the notorious and now re-activated *Boston Groupie News*, from the city of the same name. Scintillating, inventive and full of gossip (which won't of course mean much unless you hail from the area), including a riveting photo-story of a day in the life of Vinyls' member Ralph Fatello, and an interview with groupie 'Tontileo' (real name: Clara Gail). Plus talks with The Young Snakes, The Mighty Ions, and The Late Risers Club and a flexi-disc with two numbers by The Billygoons, from Sounds Awful Productions. Only a dollar, from 77 Newbern Ave, Medford Mass. 02155 USA.

Main pic: Sounds of Sunshine and (inset) the new decapitated version on 'Fresh Fruit'

NUNS IN FANZINE FURY!

JOLY MacFIE'S Better Badges corporation have found themselves on the receiving end of a "threatening writ" from a power no less impressive than the Benedictine Nuns of Cockfosters!

The provocation? The Better Badges-printed fanzine *God Crazy (Thrills 20.6.81)*, which bears the cover line "Illustrated by the Benedictine nuns of Cockfosters".

The nuns consulted solicitors Messrs Lake, Perry and Treadwell about this blasphemy, and they informed MacFie officially that "None of the illustrations in your publication is the work of our Convent nor would they wish to be connected in any way. . . you have gravely damaged their reputation and standing."

Joly replied with according propriety on behalf of his firm — promising that the "offending words" would be struck out from remaining copies. He has also promised not to flog another copy of this pernicious pamphlet until the matter is settled to the convent's satisfaction — so don't be surprised if *your* copy is late.

Meanwhile, The Dead Kennedys are revelling in yet another publicity-spinning, sub-Pistolic squabble. This time it's courtesy of a seven-piece group, The Sounds of Sunshine, who in the words of their LA lawyer are "a recording group of long-standing reputation" — and who also happen to appear on the back of The Dead Kennedys' 'Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables' LP sleeve.

SoS are, according to attorney Mark E. Mahler (no relation), "particularly well-known in the Southern California and Las Vegas areas" for their No. 1 hit 'Love Means Never Having To Say You're Sorry'. Their reaction to this incident of identity crisis has been one of "shock and humiliation. . . and anger."

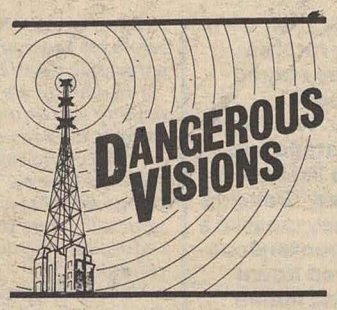
But the *worst* thing is that SoS member Linda Wright fears purchasers of 'Fresh Fruit' are certain to assume that she still wears her hair in a bouffant!. . . "Something I haven't done in ten years!"

The DKs' response has of course been consistent with their carefully cultivated image; they've simply decapitated the offensive objectors and LP covers without the heads of The Sounds of Sunshine in the pic are in the shops this week.

So no one will have to worry about Linda's locks but Linda.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

The beetle-browed beastie at the bottom of the garden



IAN PENMAN gets the Bellamy bug

THE WEATHER'S gotten belligerent, indelicately shedding the placid schedules of spring for summer anarchy. Our aerial responded to the shift by going T-I-M-B-E-R! and subsequently, ITV is becoming like a ghost town — which, combined with the repeat (and riot) epidemic, makes for uncomfortable viewing.

A smashing, sunny antidote is David Bellamy's new series, ***Backyard Safari*** (BBC1). As older readers may recall, I think DB is great — whatever the cartoon caricature projects, he is a presenter who never overshadows his subject matter, whilst throwing himself into it utterly and making compelling TV of the most conspicuously off-putting topic. He takes the biology text book and re-traces it as poetry: *"Armed with poison glands / and bristling with sentry hairs"* — if he'd wanted to apply that as connotative rather than denotative language it would end up between the covers of a Faber & Faber anthology.

Backyard Safari reduces Bellamy to insect dimensions, and he wanders along cracks in crazy paving like an archaeologist in Roman ruins. Epic. The wonders of micro photography blow up germy bodies no fatter than a human hair to fill the screen, accordian like. Bellamy's voice is as inveigling as ever — more vulgar and voluptuous than any stand-up comic on TV — lewd and rubbery, the perfect transport for a rich and oddly sensual syntax which bristles with descriptions like "Khaki jelly", "Sophisticated wrigglers", "a nice squeezy place" and more brashly humorous pointers such as the "business end of a centipede".

A classic Bellamy scene in the first of the series — *Down The Garden Path* — found the self-mocking scientific explorer — "the Bellamy" — stranded in a slug's fresh-cement-like sticky track, whilst the culprit speeded past like a mobile caramel. "Slug slime," whooped our hero, "is immensely interesting stuff — even when you're stuck fast in it". To cap this surrealistic rush, he discussed slug life in terms of a "useful sort of existence" and referred to his compost heap as if it were a club out of Damon Runyan — a "mecca for the good sorts of slugs".

Bellamy is never condescending and always a surprise, much better than the overblown empiricism of the ***World About Us*** school of populist scientism. Well, do *you* know why a ladybird is bright red with black spots?

LWT's just-finished ***Gay Life*** could have done with a presenter more like the Bellamy — as well as a more adventurous slot than midnight-ish, Sundays, where it was tucked away like a scruffy Open University programme. The presenter was archetypal Neutral, a nought — for all we knew. The woman in question unfortunately had the air and appearance of an Ealing comedy type jolly hockey sticks PE teacher, her talking-head solidity accentuated by many of the more impressive, expressive interviewees.

Overall, the gay women came over better, regarding (their) sexuality within a much wider circumference, investing their Movement with more political interest than many of the men, who brought movements down to something more basic. This may be an unbalanced picture, but it seemed to be the effect produced by the mini-series; one programme in particular, on male gay promiscuity, provoked suspicious echoes of heterosexual insecurity — the strange exaggeration of traditionally 'masculine' attributes. Perhaps, though, a magazine format isn't the best place to confront the borderline contradictions between the erotic and the everyday, the biological and the theoretical avenues of sexuality.

ITV's new USA import soap opera, on the other hand, dives straight in — The Secret Life of WASPS. ***Secrets Of Midland Height*** opens in a scrapbook sweep of pumpkins and autumnal suburbia, crying out to be deconstructed by the Bellamy. It's somewhere between Terence Malick *(Badlands, Days Of Heaven)* and *Peyton Place*, a sort of *Preppy Days* really — the tragedies rather than farce of smalltown (pro) Nuclear Family sexual intrigue.

Everything is achieved in phone calls and after dark, inscribed in the rash discourse of adolescent love: "not here, not now, maybe . . . we need time." Love is constituted in gossip and consummated in motels. The woman with A Drink Problem has her radio permanently tuned to an instrumental country 'n' western station. The only fun I could find in the first episode of *Secrets Of Midland Height* (title *The Searchers* but nothing to do with the John Ford movie of the same name) was by way of our latest parlour game — cross referencing cameo actors in different American imports. The Conscientious Girl in *Midland Height* was sexually harassed in *Lou Grant* recently.

In between middle-American melodramas, the news of the latest riot is being broadcast like a football result: "Now, coming in from Fulham . . ."

TV coverage of this troubled area was glibly summed up for me in the visual conclusion of one report to the effect that the 'real' damage done was between the "police and the young black community". The police representative was tall, white and smiling, whilst the young black community's representative was aged about two, disengaged and being force fed what was presumably standard issue police rusk.

20th Century rod-a-billies.

900 weeks, 900 weeks

... and it's the same philosophy

TOP OF THE POPS **celebrated its own 900th birthday last week in a predictably buoyant splutter of self-importance and True Brit gung-ho spirit. The Birthday Party was prefaced by a proud boast that *this* little edition was being broadcast "live". *Live???* It offers less opportunity for live television than The News.**

Jimmy Saville — T.O.A.P. — bulged and behaved himself and bore down upon us with the same old panto passion, resplendent in a patchwork quilt that just might have been a casual jacket — assembled, no doubt, by some National Health lifer. He was joined by three other original (in you know what sense of the word) *TOTP* presenters — Alan Freeman, Pete Murray and David Jacobs. Their mutual heritage was celebrated in a brief — and historically dimensionless — compilation of clips and special ghost appearances by personalities from the past (this seemed to be the damning suggestion). Bill Wyman, two Hollies, Mary Hopkins and Sandy Shaw gurgled, waved to the accountants back home. Phil Lynott was back-patted forward as the composer of a new *TOTP* signature tune (the impression was, er, fleeting). A few seconds of sublime Supremes and milli-second glimpses of Bolan and Costello were all that really bruised my eye.

Legs & Co. provided the metaphorical highlight of the show, advertising 'feminine' docility and a-rhythmicality to the gorgeous 'Wordy Rappinghood' by the Weymouth Family; Red Indian garb — *who'd* have guessed?! As per usual, the L&C Effect operated, reducing even the flirtiest of 45s to zero pancake bounce — an appropriate symbolic illustration of the massive gap between Today's Overtly Tantalising Pop, and. . .

Imagination left everything to the abstract of the same name with a soft porn sleepwalk somewhere between Hot Gossip and *Carry On Cleo*. 'Body Talk'? They must be soul aphasiacs. Uninvited guest Bob Marley sang a spiritual on celluloid. Lemmy stayed vertical (at least there was some representation for drugs on the 900th *TOTP!*). The McCartney family sent a cake (come back *Tiswas*, all is forgiven). Adam Ant wore a see-through blouse and seemed to be saying that he was ten the year *TOTP* was born.

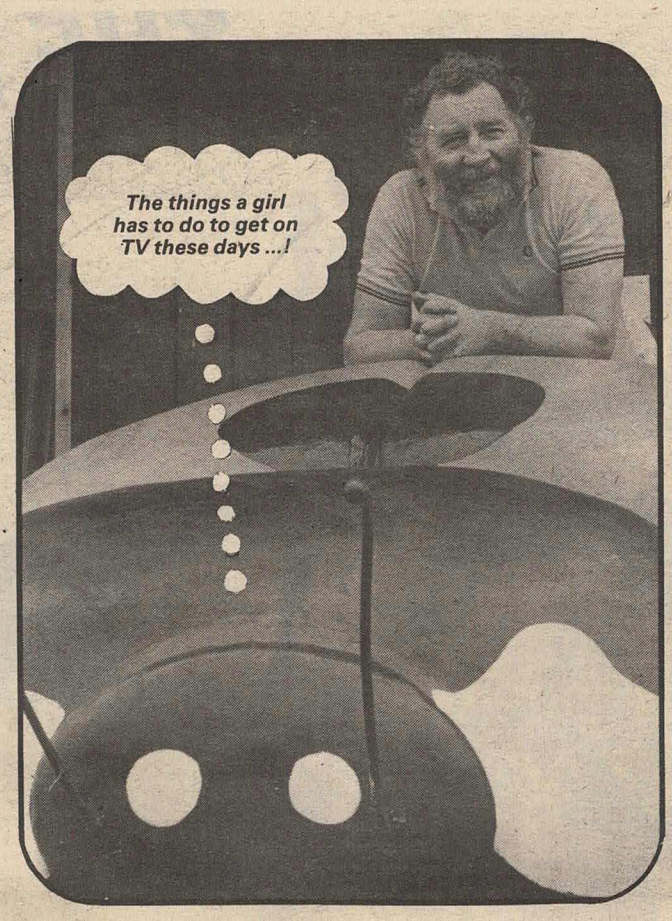
Happy birthday to 900 weeks of hegemony over televisual pop, based on radio (One) play and bounded by sales figures. *TOTP* is senile, servile and infuriating. Why does it hold sway? Because there's nothing to *disgrace* it! Documentaries deliver a dent or two, but ITV is either unwilling or unable to gamble a mid-evening riposte — to provide an arrogant alternative. And if ever there was a summer for it . . .

The stoned, socialist Specials' shambolic 'Ghost Town' was an apt, unlikely and subtly subversive Number One finale for No. 900. Even I, an un-fan, thought it was terrifically topical, whether heard as Mardi Gras style death march to Toxteth or TOTP: *"Can't go on no more/People gettin' angry . . ."*

Jimmy Saville gave himself and co-presenters commemorative plaques — "souvenirs for the boys" — and said "thank you newspapers for all the lovely coverage". What *are* words worth?

— IAN PENMAN

OK, Danny — back in the Box!



AT 1.00 pm on July 19, the first programme in the new series of London Weekend Television's *Twentieth Century Box* will "introduce" you to the subject of the show's following seven episodes: *Revolutions In Rock*.

The programmes in this series will look at record producers; the record business; rockabilly and the "roots of rock and roll"; reggae in Stoke Newington; an outburst of 'New Romanticism' in Basildon, Essex; rock video; and D-I-Y recording. Programmes one, two and seven sound likely to provide useful updates of the original investigations in those areas carried out by *TCB's* illustrious predecessor, *The London Weekend Show*.

Add to that the fact that last series *TCB* scored particular success in establishing its own identity with programmes on ballroom dancing, funk, heavy metal and a well-handled interview with Annabel Schild on the problems of deafness.

Debit from that, though, the fact that another *TCB* 'created' Spandau Ballet as a phenomenon simply through the power of TV statement: say someone has a large following and it might mushroom; say that numerous record companies are slavering and execs might start looking at each other to see if their company is missing out.

A similar note is struck in this pilot, which begins with rare footage of almost-fully-clothed Belle Stars onstage — and ends with Belle Star Jenny denying that the group has any 'image', whilst swatting gigantic diamante hoop earrings from her garland of Carmen Miranda-shops-at-Detail plastic fruit. The Belle Stars are the only current group in this *Box* who've been allowed to overdub their music — so it sounds a lot better than their Stiff single and that obviously lends credibility to the programme's use of them as a 'modern' group "tipped for success".

The rest of the many clips contain moments of Presley (singing 'Blue Suede Shoes' in white ones), Haley, the Pistols, Kilburn And The High Roads, Bowie (Ms Street-Porter's famous five minutes before he walked onstage at Earls Court), The Bay City Rollers, The Jam, Siouxsie, The Stray Cats, Linx, Adam and many more. A majority of these you'll have seen before, some as recently as last season's *Boxes*, from which some are taken.

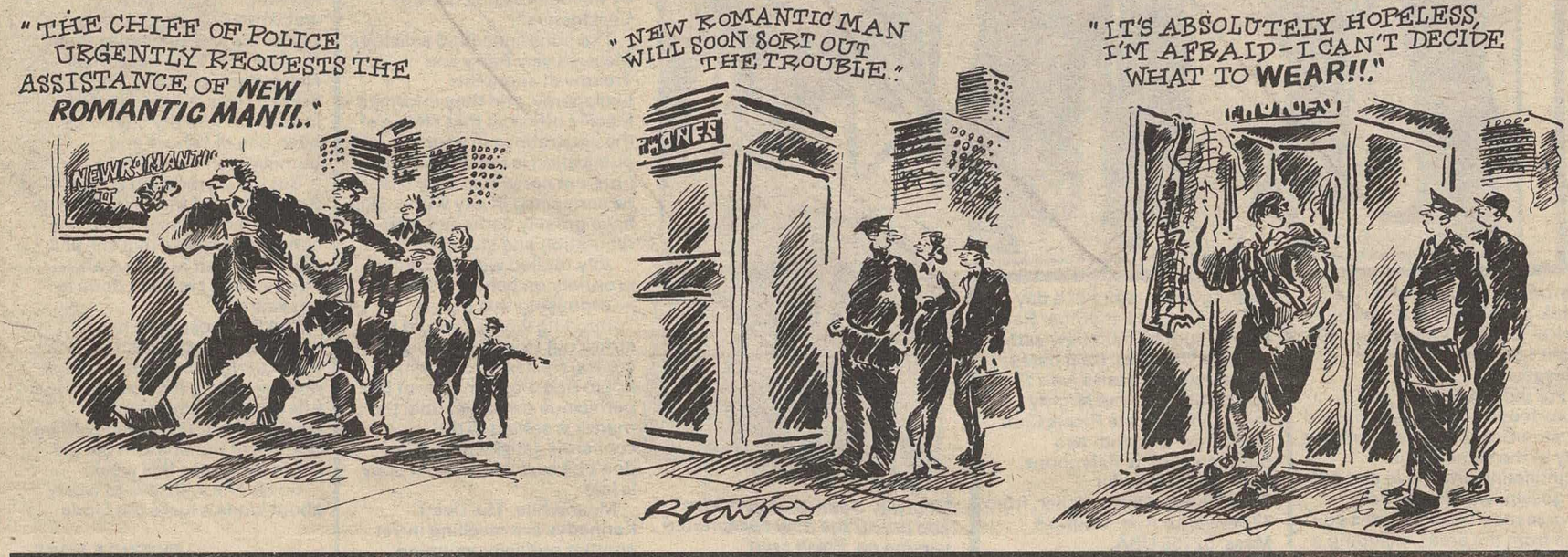
But there's some very good work for what is only a series' pilot show. One (Granada TV) clip of Iggy Pop performing 'The Passenger' cuts straight to a wistful, watching Johnny Rotten (much as he probably looked in Pop's audience at Kings Cross in '73 if you except the costume) ... then segues straight into the Pistols performing Iggy's 'No Fun'. Then there's a later chat between the now silver-haired Lydon and Danny Baker where the former delivers the latest version of his original 'aims' with the Pistols ("It got me a foot in the door, you know? So I took it.").

No introduction can indicate the tone of specific programmes to come. But this *Box* pilot instructs us that, to really stay in the swim today, one has to "master" almost "a new language" — terms like Heavy Metal, Futurist, Two-Tone, New Romantic, etc. The most basic question for the series to answer, though, must be: does anyone *need* terms like this to enjoy all musics — or do they serve simply to structure magazines and programmes around?

But over to you and *your* box.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

Ray Lowry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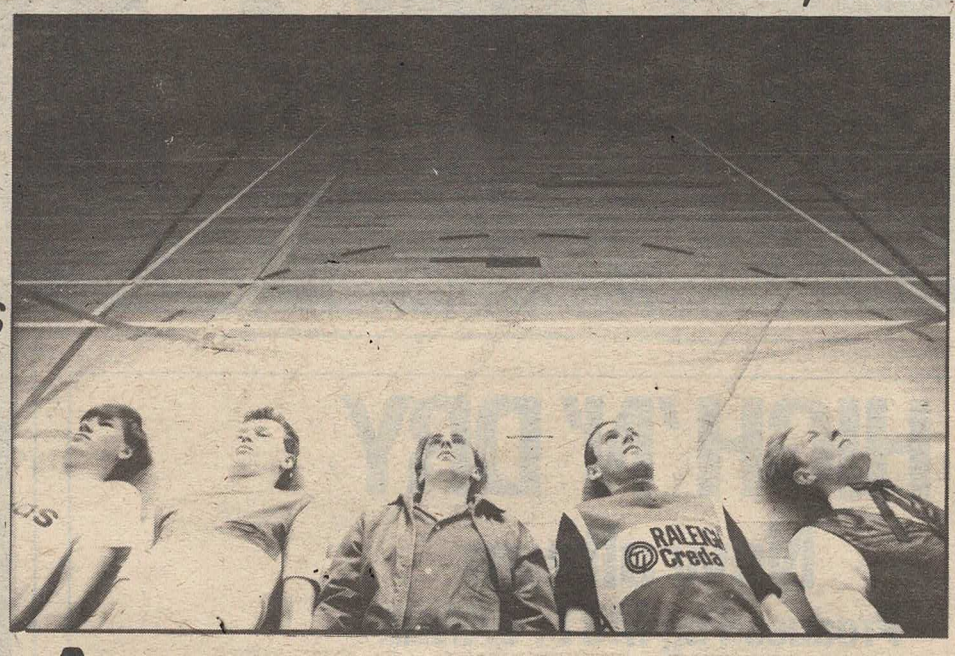


ABC songs from over the floorboards: top pic left to right — Mark Lickley, David Robinson, Stephen Singleton, Mark White and Martin Fry. Below: Mark; far right: Martin.

A IS FOR ARTICULATION: SOME people have a way with words and some people. . .don't.

The most conspicuous new Northern dance masters to emerge in recent months — the alphabetically-named Sheffield quintet ABC — belong without question in the former camp.

ABC play adventurous modern dance music — call it funk if you must have a tag of convenience — with passion and pace. To make things more original, a little more interesting and appetising, they embroider their bassline beat with a curious craving for verbal communication.

Wordy rappers and witty writers, they mix sound with showmanship, accompanying their music with plenty of bluff and blurb. They are noted for their home-baked postcards, packages, leaflets and letters — extracts from one such bulletin forming a rought framework for this piece.

As befits ABC's belief in gloss and glamour as opposed to grim garageland greyness, most of their missives are sharply packaged and presented via their own Yorkshire-based Neutron Records set-up. Singer Martin Fry self-deprecatingly calls them "the ABC manifestos".

Though these stream-of-consciousness rap-style print-outs probably convey the modd and mobility of ABC's kinetic funk much more accurately than a mundane rock interview can, the group remain keen to spell it out person-to-person.

So, picking a particularly balmy July afternoon, I take the Inter-City to Sheffield Midland and spend a couple of hours with singer Martin, saxophonist Stephen Singleton and guitarist Mark White.

In the heat of the alphabetical vocalist's cramped kitchen, the nerve centre currently doubling as Neutron Records Central, the trio reveal that their elegantly homespun production company is on the verge of concluding a major distribution deal with Phonogram.

Steve: "If you believe strongly enough in your music, you should believe in the whole concept, packaging and everything. With Neutron as it is, things started to get a bit out of hand. We were spending more time working on packages than we were on the music.

"So now we've been rehearsing solidly and forgotten about the newsletters, postcards and packages for a while."

Mark: "But the packaging is still a very important part of the whole scheme for us. That's why we wanted a major marketing facility. When you have 6,000 packages to hand-fold, it stops becoming fun."

Steve: "We needed some outside backing, some people to do that sort of thing for us. I think it's too much to ask bands to promote and distribute all their own stuff. That's where a lot of independent bands fall down. They end up spending half their time ringing up Rough Trade to see if they want more copies of their single.

"ABC represents . . .a TV evening turned to Rap Radio 17. Danced to records by The Time Slot V, Tin Drum Gang and The Astronauts. Cycle shirt got wet. Bought crush-spray bongos and voodoo mat. Lunched with Robert Raelbrook at an Andy Mat, ate one syncro-mesh beefburger plus relish, two tone buns and a crunch bar."

B IS FOR BEAT: Until late last year, ABC played under a different name — Vice Versa — and with a completely different format. They were then, rather typically of their Sheffield hometown, a three-strong synthesizer crew of pre-Futurist electro-poppers.

Vice Versa was a fact-finding mission for Fry, Singleton and White, a period of dabbling with effete electronics that they now claim to be of little relevance.

They released two Neutron singles, the 1979 four-tracker 'New Girls' and the celebrated '1980: The First Fifteen Minutes' on which they shared groovetime with three other local groups: Clock DVA, I'm So Hollow and The Stunt Kites. A third Vice Versa single 'Stilyagi' has recently, posthumously, appeared on the Dutch Backlash/Backstreet label.

Vice Versa's 'chainsaw pop' was fair as far as it went, although their spurious claims to be closer to the spirit of Northern soul than rock were pure piffle on the evidence of the live show of theirs I saw in Leeds last year. It was certainly a far cry from the much harder-hitting saxful soul machine of today.

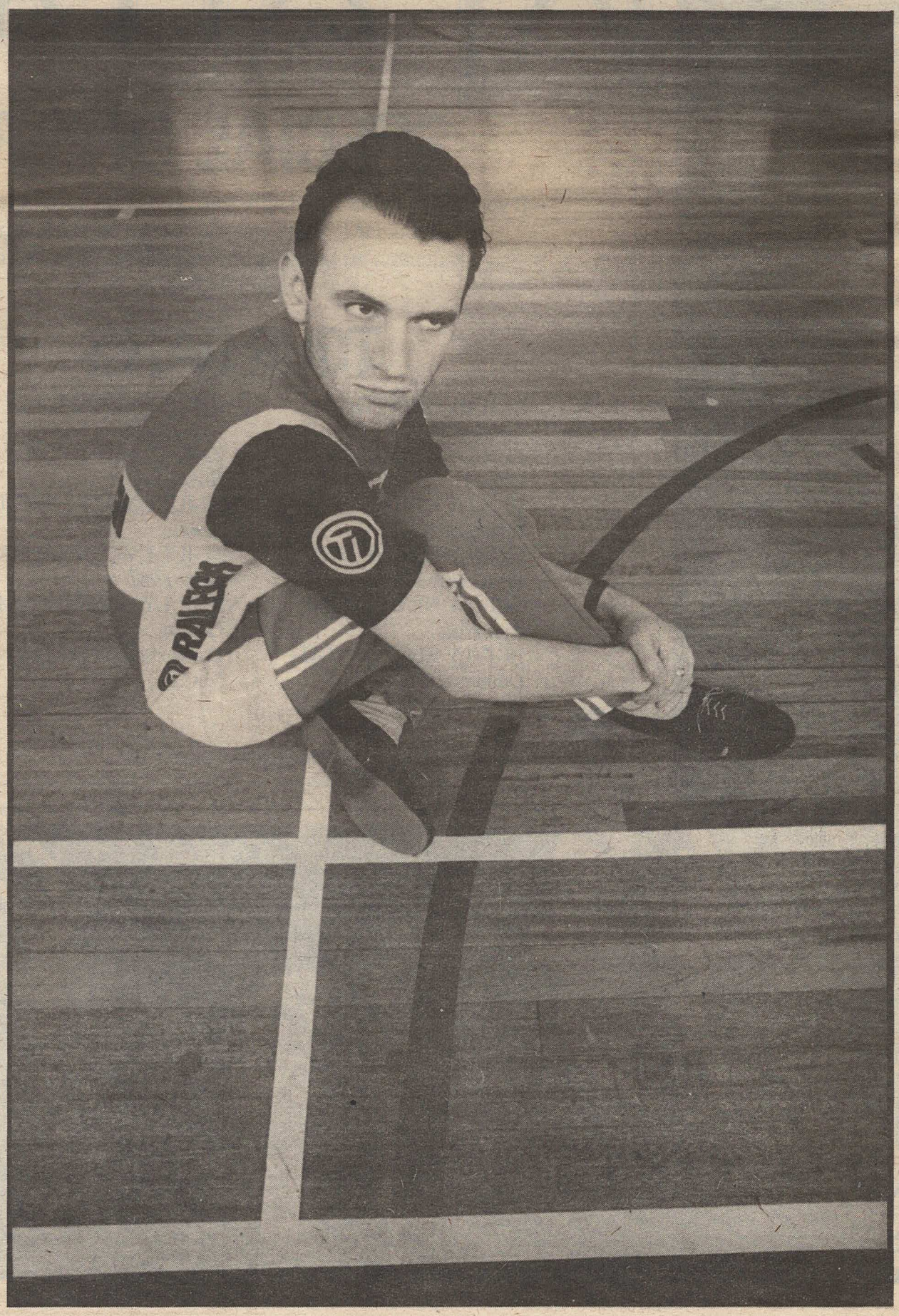
Mark: "We know what we wanted to do with the synthesizer and towards the end of Vice Versa we were starting to get there. But, ultimately, it was a frustrating instrument. There isn't much soul in that type of electronic music, in groups like Fad Gadget.

"A lot of the synth groups didn't *try* to put soul into that music. We *tried* and we failed 'cause of the limitations, our financial limitations and limitations of the synthesizer.

Steve: "It was something we had to go through. There are not many bands who form and are completely right from day one. A lot of people go through ten bands before they find the right format. We went through our ten bands, but they were all Vice Versa.

"We tried a lot of things out and then decided what we wanted to do."

Clearly dissatisfied with



VITAMINS—A, B AND C—THAT LIFE NARCOTIC MEASURED IN FAST FOOD LOGIC AND FAKE DYE GOODBYES AND ANIMAL BLONDE OR BRUNETTE, SILK, LEATHER AND LEATHERETTE.

their synthesized schemes, the trio went into hibernation last autumn, recruited a proper rhythm section in boomerang-bassist Mark Lickley and adrenalin-drummer David Robinson, and re-emerged harder, faster and stronger at their local art college debut as ABC.

ABC were a brand new bag of popcorn: more fiery Famous Flames than cool Kraftwerk. What they lost of their old melody and sheen, they more than gained in boldness and bodyheat. Songs like 'Tears Are Not Enough', 'Janet Versus John', 'Surrender', 'Date Stamp' and 'Show Me' have been compared to the harshly rhythmic metallic funk of Bowie on 'Station To Station' and the similar plastic soul of 'Young Americans', and impulsively *physical* dance music.

Paul Morley popped, Robert Elms raved, Spandau Ballet considered offering a Reformation recording contract — not that ABC would have accepted — and the trend-hungry record moguls swarmed around. But ABC held back, wary of being lasso'd into a faddish funk fashion market.

So do they consider themselves a funk group?

Martin: "No, not in the slightest!"

But there are obvious influences and musical references that do suggest affinity, however tenuous.

Martin: "Well, we're taking part of the cake and baking something new maybe. I don't like the sound of a white funk *movement*, which some people are trying to pin us to. For a start, that's got racist connotations. It's a neat label, but I think we draw beyond that. The whole neo-funk thing is incidental to us."

Mark: "It's the sort of thing that always happens. It's inevitable but you don't let it bother you that much. There are always going to be good groups to emerge from anything like that. Like Madness emerged from the ska thing 'cause of the quality of their songs."

Steve: "On the other hand, you can't get too paranoid about it and start denying having anything to do with funk when the influences are obviously there."

My original point exactly! Martin, however, maintains his wry argument to the contrary via some more absurd gastronomic metaphors.

"We're the cherries on the blanchmange! We've got to keep on cooking new things. We don't feel like copyists. We just add different sounds from different sources."

"ABC represents . . . respect for in-built obsolescence and in-built adolescence. A technicolour flag. High-tech, low-tech and discotheque. Respect for the single. Revolutions happen at 45 rpm. Respect for friction and fact, sophisticated boom-boom and the status of The Song."

C IS FOR CHANGE: an old Vice Versa 'manifesto', a wordy but entertaining self-parody of a postcard, maintained that the group embraced continual change as a source of strength — "ours is a doctrine of perpetual development" — a policy, I suppose, which they were following through in fast-forwarding their way to ABC from Vice Versa.

ABC, of course, are also part and parcel of the much wider shift that has taken place since the rot of post-punk disillusionment set in fully — the move back to glamour, sex, dance-stances and that horribly over-used word style. The appearance of groups like ABC in place of groups like Vice Versa is the gloss finish to the matt undercoat.

Martin: "There are a lot of bands that are very anti-image. That whole attitude — the Oxfam duds, the groups that never wear nice clothes and never smile on stage.

"Now there's credibility in the chart. Suddenly it's cool to look good. The emphasis is back on attracting members of the opposite sex, which suits us. All I need now is a good tailor!

"I think there'll be a lot of good things emerging in the next few months. There are already lots of pockets of activity, like ZE Records and that Kim Wilde video."

ABC are unsurprisingly anxious to move away from the restrictive, stereo-typed format of The Rock Gig. To date, they've only played live eight times, all carefully selected venues. Before settling on the plush — by rock circuit standards — Legend's nightclub for a recent London show, Singleton and Fry spent a couple of evenings touring the capital's clubs searching for a suitable venue.

Steve: "The bands have got to put themselves in the audience's shoes. If you put on a bad show, you've only yourself to blame in the long run. We want to be able to introduce some sort of quality. We want it so that everybody can go to places like The Embassy and Legends, not only the London club aristocracy."

Fry sees the Mission Impossible (?) as stretching even further — breaking down the dichotomy between the 'rock' audience and disco/soul aficionados.

"Part of the approach has got to be to take all those people out of the discos — all those great stylists — and make them realise that *live* bands do exist. At the same time, we also want to reach all the people who go regularly to gigs and make them realise that disco is *not* a dirty word.

"Discos can be great places! To a lot of people, they are still a contemptable thing, which is probably a hangover from *Saturday Night Fever*. But a disco is not necessarily a stupid place. You've got to be pretty sharp and intelligent to stand in one!"

Restricting themselves to playing places such as Legends — however more comfortable than the usual rock pisspots they might be — does leave the likes of ABC open to charges of precious elitism and snobbery, although they maintain their objective is to bring such relative luxury within the pocket-range of Joe and Joan Public. They see themselves as a democratic dance faction.

Martin: "Some of the things we've done might be contrued as arrogant, like not giving tapes to A&R men, just letting them have a listen and then taking the tape away with us. We're just conscious of making the right moves. Things have to be done right for the sake of the audiences. The listener can always tell if a record has had a lot of time and care spent on it. They are the ones that you like the best, the ones that have commitment.

"We want to keep things alphabetical. Be sharp, disciplined and logical. It is the idea that you can be intelligent *and* dance. Use your intelligence all the time.

"The ship's coming in. I can see it on the horizon . . ."

And you thought we'd seen the last of that flamin' Titanic?

JANE KENNAWAY

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SINGLES

This week's salty selection by IAN PENMAN — the boy with the castaway eyes

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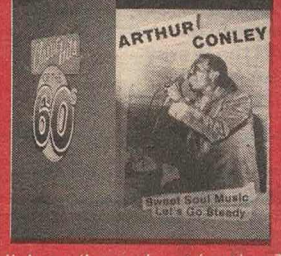
THIS WEEK WEA put out two big packages: 15 Classic Hits of the '60s and 15 Classic Hits of the '70s. As far as I'm concerned, they could have issued 29 identical flexi-disc excerpts from a typical boardroom meeting, as long as the other one remained . . .

LORRAINE ELLISON: Stay With Me (Warner Bros) Quite simply — THIS IS ONE OF THE GREATEST RECORDS EVER RE-RELEASED. This is a Classic Hit of the '60s. This is a return to the fantastic, the timeless, the glory and the memory . . . the overgrown jungle and prowling animals in Lorraine Ellison's voice. ONE OF THE MOST SOULFUL VOICES EVER HEARD. Pain and love, scuttling need and bitterloneliness, escaping from an open mouth. The irretrievable passion of the moment. 'Stay With Me' is frightening, humbling. BUY IN BULK. Cry in private.

HALF A MO . . .

THOMAS LEER: Four Movements (Cherry Red 12") Like a bolt out of the . . . Was (Not Was) monster's neck? Thomas Leer — early independent of 'Private Plane', co-owner with a Rental of 'The Bridge', friend of the famous Daniel Miller — crashed out of his placid room in a vortical counterfunk. He has taped together a fresh and feverish nuisance of iced-cough pleasure-noise,

achieved more with a few boxes and tricks than many more overpeopled and over-produced attempts. Leer's dress-defying hybrid tautens up the wild enamel of Graham Central Station-Herbie Hancock-Isleys etc., mid-70s nirvania into a violent '80s horror MOVEment. Leer is thoroughly British, but close in spirit to the Was (Not Was) zeconstruction crew. They (not Way) boil over from a tomb deep inside Motown's memory — FLASH flush! — but the decollage has similarly indignant nonsensuality, corrugated shock up, tunes littered with broken bottle, redundancy, heat waves, tissues, snares, stairs. Compulsion's cul de sac: a commonly held remembrance of Soul bored and implored and boarded up and imploded. From a grin within a tin boom: 'Tight As A Drum' and 'West End' (an incredible sting) on their side, 'Don't' and 'Letter From America' on a Song s(l)ide. Four jerking barometers. Four knees and elbows. If there's a CHART 45 (there should be) it's 'Don't' — an astute reinstatement of funklove



cliches: *'how about (not) us?'* — as the 'A' side and 'West End' as the metaphysical TV Cop Show theme music side. Crotchy, irritable, but still smoochy enough to turn your evening rude. This is black and white music, going mad with a lilt. A lower earthquake and screeching exotic over the top. Jazzrock with a synthesiser trance grab. Crossover: Cross over.

CLASSIC HITS (A SLIGHT RETURN)

Well, it's probably just another marketing ploy, but why resist . . .

CANDI STATON: Young Hearts Run Free (Warner Bros)
FRANKIE VALLI AND THE FOUR SEASONS: December, 1963 (Oh, What A Night) (Warner Bros)
BONEY M: Rivers of Babylon (Atlantic/Hansa)
ROBERTA FLACK: Killing Me Softly With His Song (Atlantic)
ARTHUR CONLEY: Sweet Soul Music (Atlantic)
DEAN MARTIN: Gentle On My Mind (Reprise)
SONNY & CHER: I Got You Babe (Atlantic)
THE DOORS: Riders On The Storm (Elektra)
FRANK SINATRA: My Way (Reprise)
ALLAN SHERMAN: Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh (Warner Bros)
. . .such an opportune luxury? Candi Staton is definitely runner-up to Lorraine Ellison, for her militant disco passion (blend an ear to this wide open anti-patriarch protest, Crass) and for my bashful memory of dances missed and glances darted on the mid-'70s dancefloor. Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons' elaborate anthem played with equal frequency at the same disco — my present day muse even goes so far as to claim that its grandiose shimmer should be Single Of The Week; some other year, my dear! Boney M's poetic *("Show me your motion, tra la la la la")* 'Brown Girl In The Ring' is sadly only the underside of the inferior 'Rivers Of Babylon' chant. Roberta Flack gets in for her title, for an MOR glow supreme and in memory of Donny Hathaway. And . . . well, all of these historical moments got obvious (or failing that, not-so-obvious) *class*. If you really want to know who the other 19 are, send off a SAE to WEA. But be warned, they're a grubby lot in comparison to my flawless First Eleven.

. . . VEMENT!

ASWAD: Finger Gun Style (CBS 12") Ah, sweet the latest Aswad stamp(ede) of disapproval. This dub-altered statement — the first on their latest label — comes down with pretty cool timing, as a stab of conspicuously stressful social observation. As ever, of the moment. The Aswad quest(ion) eludes stylistic imprisonment, time after tone, in a trans-dub medium. In step-by-stop escalade, they've managed to transcend bass-ic reggae ricochet — troubled, dappled, rejigged, redefined — to end up on top of a hybrid-plus *sound* quite their own, pure and dizzying. Listen *loosely* to their difference, made between chops of cadence and dub-scored erasions, to the beat of a rhythmic conscience and hard political desires. Especially when — as here — religion is absent from the rallying tone and they aim for wider areas of tension, correction and dread. 'Finger Gun Style' is an analytic Aswad, elaborating astutely upon a basic *fools rush in . . .* premise. Finger gun style, aggressive discourse only serves to reproduce the system and standards you are supposedly directing your arguments against. Casual, everyday acts of thoughtlessness resonate beyond their moment: *"What was once a children's game / Is now a reality in the street."* No righteousness — just: words to help certain ways of fighting cease.

DELTA 5: Shadow (Pre) The *overtly* political song is boobytrapped — before it even begins — in the hollow between its 'good' intentions and the inherited fact of labour flaws in a nasty marketplace; it's hard being radical when you're displayed as Leisure Goods. We crave and cling to sweet young aesthetics however much the bitter message under their skin forces thought out to a colder place. Successful 'agit-pop' might depend on how far you can develop a seductively popular pattern at the same time as critically highlighting its foothold in various cultural hegemonies.

Meanwhile, the decaying faith of despondent would-be consumers lashes out at the more immediate symbols of Authority or latches onto itinerant spokesfolk for *Anti*-consciousness: at best, a subtle confusion — the dark clothes of police uniformity blur into masses of Crass! Acts of wordy terrorism such as the Crass 'Our Wedding' attack only provoke the nagging response: are *positive* cliches really any more useful or liberating than negative ones? Sharply cut shards of unexpected syntax might better unblock the political animal — after all, the limitations of anyone's worldview are built around the limits imposed by everyday linguistic (and) rational order. Delta 5's recurrent wish is to grab back the(ir) metaphoric night and tear away the jagged layers of 'accepted' sexual injustice. This latest Delta 5 is better dressed — more 'sophisticated' musical detail than before — and at least tackling the problem of a flatly rhetorical sound. In 'Shadow' a cityscape of dry gulped fear and obtrusive falsehood — the personal in the Precinct — is displayed with some pretty elusive phrases and an outside uptight coating of horns. Less of a blunt plunge than I expected, but it's still fatally haunted by the spirits of over-determinism. 'Shadow' gets lost on a different Delta map: it's *too* enigmatic, just a mess of arrows. Otherside, 'Leaving' is too softly softly explicit. Delta 5 rhythm and rhymes are screwed up so tight they end up succumbing to a traditional route: words pushed too fast over too much beat, straight through the subject without a single alarm yell or unconscious murmur. It doesn't get any surfaces cut, it has no shocks of subtlety. The good work . . . creaks.

STEVIE WONDER: Happy Birthday (Motown) Wonder singles can't fail — and this one was being aired as a 45 flaunt even before it had been taken off the 'Hotter Than July' LP. It's the (re mixed) public sing-a-long part of Wonder's crusade to get Martin Luther King's birthday declared a national American holiday — but you'll have heard it as a burbling chorus, and hummed it a few hours later. They play it a lot at a cocktail bar/restaurant I frequent with intimate friends and/or important clients — when it's someone's birthday, out comes The Special Dessert to a loud blast of this. Not sure if it's quite in the *spirit* of the song, but it does hint at the record's inevitable success: a hasty present, tangled up with the memory of your choice. (Oh, and a big HELLO to the overworked, gorgeous staff of Peppermint Park: happy dacquiri to you!)

SMOKEY ROBINSON: You Are Forever (Motown) Smokey Robinson interpretation brushes over *any* song with supremely casual sensuality, like fingers pushed slowly through a sharp new haircut. 'You Are Forever' is practically identical in melody, mood and arrangement to 'Being With You' so it's as guaranteed a Top 30 stay as Wonder's 'Birthday': Motown grows middle-aged and yet creaketh not. 'You Are Forever' beams with contentment and spills into all the just-right places: a summer breeze for clammy charts.

DONNIE ELBERT: You Don't Have To Be A Star (Sugar Hill) One more time for the — fast becoming rather posey — mid-'70s: remember . . . the *All Platinum* label? It was mainly light blue with details in silver and steered on its steely course by player/manager Sylvia Robinson — a course that included 'Shame, Shame, Shame' by Shirley & Co., 'In The Bottle' by Brother To Brother (possibly the only flute-dominated record in existence I have Immense Feelings for) and two smashing compilation LPs, one of which includes 'Your

FLIP SIDE OVER

SINGLES

"RUMOUR HAS IT THERE'S A NEW STEVIE NICKS ALBUM"

"TROUBLE WITH LOVE"

THE NEW SINGLE FROM
ANY TROUBLE
OUT NOW ON STIFF BUY 119

FROM A SIDE

Precious Love' by Linda Jones, a stunning vocal performance by a woman who, like Lorraine Ellison, started out in Gospel and sung the buttons off Soul — in fact, on 'Your Precious Love' she probably gets about as far as it's possible to go beyond Ellison's 'Stay With Me' climax shriek without risking a run-in with some pretty heavy Heavenly transmogrification. Anyway, Syvlia Robinson's All Platinum for the '80s is Sugar Hill and she appears to have brought Donnie Elbert with her and put him on what's so far been a New York Rap and Rap Warp Consciousness centre. So why does this Donnie Elbert 7" earn the dubious honour of being the first Sugar Hill record to turn up unbeckoned in the Carnaby St. 45s box? I mean, some of us younger chaps may look a bit peaky — *puny*, even — but we *can* handle those thunder raps, Sylvia! Why, didn't 'The Adventures Of Grandmaster Flash On The Wheels Of Steel' get Five in our half-year poll? I don't think it's even had a formal introduction in the *Singles*, either despite mass purchases . . . So — *FLASHFAST!* style — In a minimalist mix up! I'd just like to say that 'Wheels Of Steel' is as IMPOSSIBLE and IMPORTANT a dance music experience as it's possible to have with a current 12" that isn't on ZE. *That* charred! Break the *ice* at parties? Keep your eyes on the nearest *tarmac!* The vibrations this vortex of polysyllabic hard-core-semiotique funkadelic fission sends out should have the scientific establishment *pretty* worried. Segue your Master motion into the Was (Not Was) 'Freaks Dub' 12" and die dancing. See you at the centre of the earth! OK? Oh, Donnie Elbert? Well, you *must* remember 'You Don't Have To Be A Star' and Donnie's weightless croon is sweet and spiritually together enough to catch Smokey Robinson napping one day — if such a thing were at all likely. It's *nice!* Something from Sugar Hill to soothe your heartbeat back down to Healthy after one of their rap men got loose and held your fingers in their communal generator's floor socket for a stanza or ten.

JANIC PREVOST: J'Veux d'la Tendresse (Riviera LM/Barclay) We do tend to be limited and loveless in affairs of foreign language — stuck to the defences of home dennotative base. But it *is* nice — the sake of it — hearing songs sung in alien or indecipherable tongues (Motorhead, for example). You can concentrate a little bit more than usual on a voice's pure rhythm and intonation. Dig the vocalist's chords, and what have you. Get into funky phonetics. Janic Prevost happens to be in our box this week: does her agent know (something we don't)? A look somewhere between Kim Wilde on video and the ski resort you'll never afford. 'J'Veux d'la Tendresse' (these things are a bugger to type, you know) has a curious effect: swish curtain early-Kraftwerk symphonic electrique scenery, similar (slower) melody to Wonder's 'Happy Birthday' and Gallic histrionic phrasing. I can detect eddies and echoes of the great lost Theoretical Girls' 'US Millie' as well.

Feeling perverse? A Big Ballad with No Middle. I'm *really* enjoying this!

POINTER SISTERS: Slow Hand (Planet) This is a bit bold, isn't it? *"I want a man with a slow hand / I want a lover with an easy touch / I want somebody who will spend some time / Not come and go in a heaving rush."* That's the spirit, Sisters. Tim Buckley Commemorative Pillow Winner and perfect airplay-programme against Heaving Metal.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

Things usually tend to get a bit run-of-the-mill around about this point in a *Singles* column. The tunes that would make any red-blooded citizen bound for frenzy are behind us and you can sense the reviewer treading water — or toying with a pocket calculator if s/he's freelance. So as it's summer I thought I'd recommend a few other different items to go with the groovy sounds that might help make your beach party go with a bang. Try and taste a new line in condiment that *Marks And Spencers* have brought out — *Blue Cheese Salad Dressing* comes in a large jar and only costs 89p, and should have you shivering in appreciation whether you're conscientious vegetarian or compulsive carnivore. A sublime mayonaise base with huge dice squares of cheese — on its own or as a lightly tossed supplement, it's simply irresistible. If ever I were tempted by some corporation's payola rap it'd have to be over something like this — not dowdy lumps of plastic with grooves in. The same goes for *Carlsberg '68* — the Rothschild of lagers, bottled not canned and positively narcotic in effect. It must be sipped, flirted with, allowed full reign. Trouble is, it's nigh impossible to find, as is the less dangerous but equally desirable *Carlsberg De Luxe* (tasteful blue cans with gold lettering). These two are proof that Carlsberg do indeed make "probably the best lager in the world" — but it's certainly not that stuff gulped by the gallon in pubs or out of green cans. (I think I deserve at least a crate or two of '68 and De Luxe for this, you 'Bergs.)

Now, back to our situation comedy . . .

FAD'S ARMY

DURAN DURAN: Girls On Film (EMI 12") Some airplay catchy words and sufficient motion to ensure dividends. SOMEBODY PLAY THEM THE ISLEY BROTHERS (round about 'The HEAT Is On')!!! This is an innocuous and lily delivered impersonation of a true blue funk. SOMEBODY PUNCH ME! This is so numbingly *adequate* it could make you squeal with irritation. Duran Duran look like such Doodle Dandy partyline *twits*. Conclusion: something like, *if the sap fits, bear it?*

MODERN ROMANCE: Everybody Salsa (WEA) In the words of Kid Creole, on the Coconuts' 'Latin Music': *"OH? — HO! HO! HO! HO! HO! HO!"* b-MOVIE: Marilyn Dreams (Some Bizzare 12") *I don't need this precious drone.*

HENRY BADOWSKI: Henry's In Love (A&M)
THE MONOCHROME SET: Ten Don'ts For Honeymooners (Pre) Ten phrases which come to my mind for these records: thoroughly English, potentially funny, unbearably twee, pointlessly eccentric, admirable cheek, suspicious desires, surrogate madness, bits of Cale and Barrett, Stanshall's Bonzos without the booze or nostril hair, too cute to talk about.

TUNNEL VISION: Watching The Hydroplanes (Factory) The wrap is simple thought condensed in (b)op art — cheeky demystification spread on jammy aesthetics. The vinyl is . . . *milky clear?* Tunnel Vision's 'Watching The Hydroplanes' and 'Morbid Fear' are a waste of signs, their pursuit unclear. Rubbish, in fact. What *is* Factory up to? 39.

CLOSEDOWN

THE PHOTOS: We'll Win (Epic)
METRO: America In My Head (Polydor)
HUANG CHUNG: Hold Back The Tears (Arista)
ANY TROUBLE: Trouble With Love (Stiff) Elbows are for supporting the reviewer's tired little body as he stoops down yet again to the turntable in order to perform the placing on and soon thereafter the ripping off of inconsequential, platitudinuous, careerist, unbearably rotund pieces of noise in black vinyl records. Wrists are for leaning on the edge of his desk when the moment arrives to commit 'reviews' of the noise to paper via a typewriter. Fingernails are for suddenly grinding into the fleshy part of his palm in a moderately disturbing display of savage but catharthic auto-sadism, triggered by the sustained contemplation of the four remaining records. Not the tiniest deposit of ardour, awe, atrocity: not a soul in shot. The hygienic stench of nothingness becomes overpowering . . . I turn to B. for guidance. "The means by which so many cling to what they consider an adequate notion of pleasure . . ." She had spat out the word *adequate* as if it were a repulsive insect that had absent-mindedly found its way into her mouth. So *this* was the Wordy Rappinghood . . . "OK, BYE!"

DIZZY GILLESPIE
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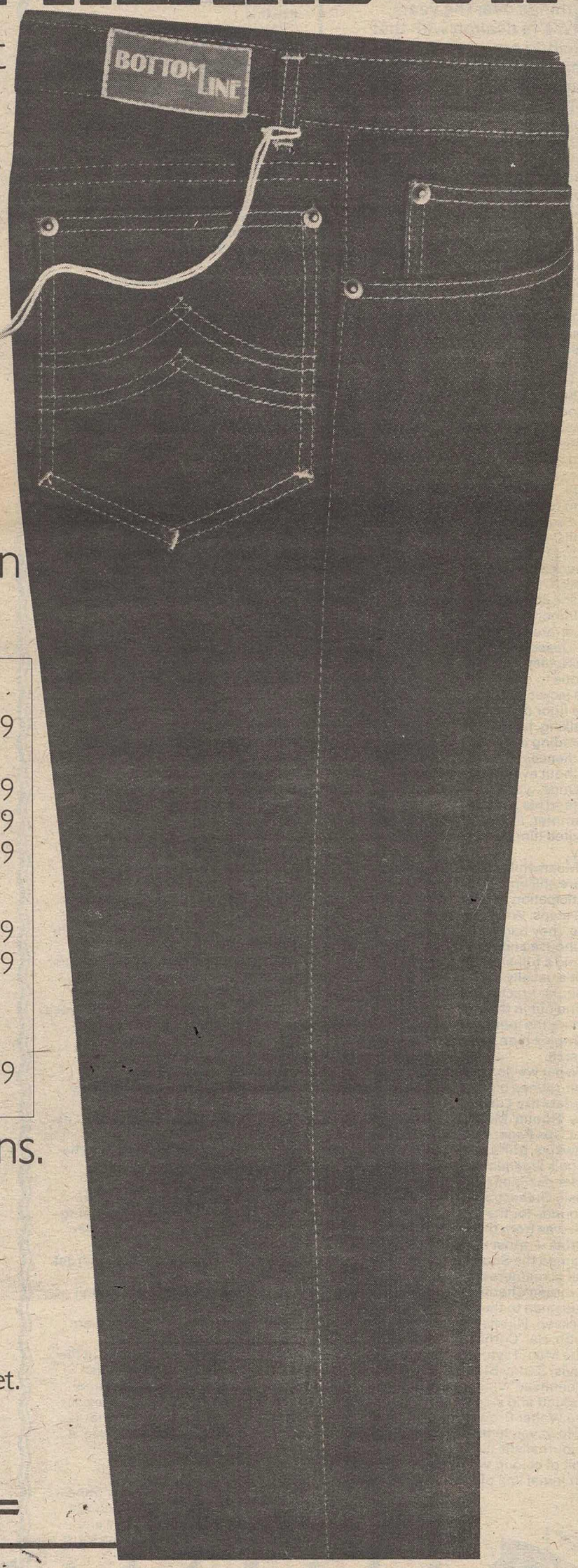

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HI-DE-

ROY CARR AND FRED DELLAR PUT ON THEIR ZOOT SUITS AND SHOW THE STYLE.

"The tenor is a rhythm instrument, and the best statements Negroes have made, of what their soul is, have been on tenor saxophone." — Ornette Coleman

"Did you ever hear a tenor sax swinging like a rusty axe, honkin' like a frog down in a hollow low, well baby, that is rock and roll!" — 'That Is Rock And Roll' by Jerry Leiber & Jerry Stoller

IT'S BEEN called a lotta things over the years. We're dealing with that exciting era when it cavorted unashamedly under the title *Jump Music.*

The style first raised it's honkin' head around the close of the glamorous '30s: a riff rife small group off-shoot of Big Bands capitalizing on a recent boogie-woogie explosion.

As jump's mainman Louis Jordan affirmed, "With my little band, I did everything they did with a big band. I made the blues jump."

That, he did.

Jump was hot-spot hedonism. Its main characteristics were break-neck tempos fast enough to make The Ramones blanch, more self-mocking humour than a season of Bilkos, and lyrics so hip they were almost a different language — as in "Plant yer now, an' dig yer later!"

It was the decade of flashing grins and neon ties with everything dominated by zoot-suited, konk-haired battling tenor sax men who feverishly honked, screamed and squealed down their saxes whilst flamboyantly *'walking the bar'* — the hornman's equivalent of Chuck Berry's crowd-baiting duck walk.

The sheer excitement these wildmen generated can best be illustrated by the outrageous antics of 'Deacon's Hop' hit hipster Big Jay McNeeley. Not only was Big Jay prone to one hour solos, ripping off his jacket and writhing around on the floor on his back before bar walking, he was also notorious for parading through ape-shit crazy audiences and out into Main Street without ever missing a note.

Once, when Big Jay decided to extend his *walk* as far as the nearby slammer, the local sheriff promptly invited him in and threw away the key.

Meanwhile, Big Jay's musicians were still on stage riffing in anticipation of their boss retracing his steps. When he didn't return on cue, they had to dash down to the jailhouse and spring him in order to avoid a full-scale riot.

It's usually easy to name the most popular practitioners in any major trend but in this instance pinpointing where the joint first jumped is more complex than Arthur Haley's *Roots* search.

What we do know is that the *non-refined* big bands headed by leaders like Lucius 'Lucky' Millinder, Jay 'Hootie' McShann, Chick Webb, Hot Lips Page, Andy Kirk, Erskine Hawkins, Milt Larkins and Walter Page's legendary Blue Devils (the latter destined to become the Count Basie Orchestra) were proving grounds for the future scene-setters.

It was from the ranks of such outfits — most of whom frequently roamed the South-West States — that screamers and shouters such as hornmen Charlie (Yardbird) Parker (a bluesman to the end), Bullmoose Jackson, Illinois Jacquet, Arnett Cobb, Hal 'Cornbread' Singer, Sam 'The Man' Taylor, Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis, Sonny Stitt, Eddie 'Cleanhead' Vinson, organist Bill Doggett and singers Wynonie Harris and Walter Brown first sprang.

However, in the celebrated cause of journalistic licence and also to add a bit of colour, we'll select 1942 as our initial line of jive.

WHILE THE world at large was engaged in World War 2, across the States Harlem and Kaycee jump blasted out from the relatively new-fangled machines called Juke Boxes, whilst somewhere along the Potomac River a brightly-lit pleasure barge floated.

On board, frenzied vibraphone star and bandleader Lionel Hampton could be found goading his most celebrated sideman Illinois Jacquet — the very toughest of tenormen — through the umpteenth chorus of his current smash 'Flyin' Home', and the passengers into mass-hysteria.

Suddenly, a sweat-soaked Hamp spun around and transfixed his bassist with a wild-eyed stare and screamed, "Hit the water, Gate!" So caught up in the euphoria was the sideman that he promptly tossed aside his bass and dived, fully clothed, off the deck and into the drink.

Jump music often had an effect like this.

Hampton assembled the wildest-ever big band, stocked with the fiercest young turks of the day. Hampton's flag-waving jump always signalled a stampede: duelling tenors, screeching trumpet dog-fights and a rhythm section that could generate enough energy to run the New York subway. More than once, anxious theatre-owners called in surveyors to check out the building's foundations halfway through a Hamp session.

Musically, Hampton's was the most blackest and undisciplined gang in town and as such never attained the society endorsement afforded the more urbane bands of The Duke and The Count.

That's what always made Hamp that much more interesting.

AMONG THE closely-linked aspects of jumpin' jive was the 'Hi-De-Ho' showbiz shinnanigans of the satorially slick Cab Calloway — self proclaimed *Dean Of Jive* — and the nonsensical *'McVoutie'* hipster patois of *'Flat-Foot Floogie'* protagonists Slim & Slam. Then, there was the humour-filled, go-for-broke attitude of Louis Jordan & His Tympany Five, whereas Roy Brown was rocky and Wynonie Harris just risque.

The one common denominator was concerned with letting good times roll.

And what were these times? The recurring themes of deprivation and good love gone bad that previously formed the core of urban blues took a back seat. Jump was glamour on a Cecil B DeMille scale. It preached optimism, self-respect and the prospect of something (hopefully) resembling a square deal. So what if your big-legged mama had flown the coup, a well-dressed Honeydripper could always find young chicks to fry!

Cab Calloway and Louis Jordan stand as jump's mainmen. Indeed, without their remarkable back-catalogue, such an obviously devoted fan as Joe Jackson would have found it difficult to piece together his commendable 'Jumpin' Jive' tribute.

Calloway was the first *Superdude:* author of the *Hepster's Dictionary* (1938) and one of the first black celebs *not* compelled to come across as the stereotyped jabbering, eye-rolling Uncle Tom figure in Hollywood musicals.

Primarily a band leader, in Hollywood Calloway successfully sold himself on his personality — *NME* readers will probably recall his performance as a dapper high-rolling gambler (Yeller) in the Steve McQueen movie *The Cincinnatti Kid.*

As a singer, he was often pure vaudeville with a repetoire ranging from hop-head ditties like 'Reefer Man' through to 'Minnie The Moocher'. And could we ever forget 'Hotcha Razz-Ma-Tazz' and 'Chop-Chop Charlie Chan'? Don't answer that!

But if most of Cab's songs were forgettable, his architectural designed suits stayed eternal in the mind's-eye. Dubbed *'zoot* suits' these outrageous creations came heavily draped, boasting an excess of material. When Cab became Sportin' Life in 'Porgy And Bess' it was pure type-casting.

LOUIS JORDAN'S career appears to have been one continuous Saturday Night Fish Fry and established him as one of the most

The Hi-De-Ho Miracle Man Mr Calloway hails a passing Cab, whilst modelling the very latest in loon pants.

Wynonie 'Mr Blues' Harris — a direct influence on both Elvis and B. B. King.

Amos Milburn — a blues 'n' boogie blockbuster.

DISCOGRAPHY

PETE BROWN/HOT LIPS PAGE etc: The Changing Face Of Harlem *(Savoy)*
ROY BROWN: Laughing But Crying *(Route 66)*
CAB CALLOWAY: Jumpin' Jive *(Swinghouse)*
ARNETT COBB: The Fabulous Apollo Sessions *(Vogue)*
LIONEL HAMPTON: The Best Of Lionel Hampton *(MCA-Coral)*
WYNONIE HARRIS: Mr. Blues Is Coming To Town *(Route 66)*
BULLMOOSE JACKSON: Big Fat Mamas Are Back In Style Again *(Route 66)*
ILLINOIS JACQUET: King Jacquet *(RCA)* Jazz At The Philharmonic 1944 *(Verve)*

A LIGHT HEARTED LOOK AT THE ERA OF JUMP JIVE AND JITTERBUG THE HONKING HORNMEN SCREAMERS AND SHOUTERS

Louis Jordan — the Juke Box Giant.

Lionel Hampton — so outragous he makes Bootsy Collins appear as wild as Johnny Mathis.

Tenor Titan Illinois sports famous king-size Jacquet.

In the 'Good Rockin' Tonight' stakes, Roy Brown's original version lost out to that of his mentor, Wynonie 'Mr Blues' Harris.

Bullmoose Jackson — a friend of Sinatra's and a favourite with bow-legged women.

LOUIS JORDAN: Greatest Hits *(MCA)* Collates *(Swinghouse)*
JOE LIGGINS & THE HONEYDRIPPERS: Darktown Strutters Ball *(Juke Box Lil)*
LITTLE WILLIE LITTLEFIELD: It's Midnight *(Route 66)*
OSCAR McLOLLIE & HIS HONEY JUMPERS: Roll Hot Rod Roll *(Ace)*
BIG JAY McNEELEY/WILD BILL MOORE/JOHNNY OTIS etc: The Roots Of Rock 'n' Roll *(Savoy)*
JAY McSHANN: Early Bird *(Spotlite)*
AMOS MILBURN: Just One More Drink *(Route 66)*
JOE TURNER: His Greatest Recordings *(Atlantic).*

(N.B. Jump music labels like Route 66 are available from most record shops and are distributed by Swift Records of Bexhill-On-Sea (0424) 220028.)

important — though historically neglected — figures in black music.

This excitable alto blowing singer was to *Jump* what Bird was to *Bop* and Hendrix to *Rock;* he defined the best aspects of the style in his own image.

Whilst the combined efforts of his Tympany Five were engaged in reproducing a boogie-woogie pianist's pounding left-hand shuffle, Jordan shucked 'n' jived mainly about the humorous side of sex and drugs and alcohol, whilst his penchant for vigorously overblowing his alto served as a springboard for Earl Bostic who enjoyed great success when pushing it into tough tenor territory for King label hits like 'Flamingo', 'Sleep' and 'Deep Purple'.

White imitators have nearly always faired much better than the black originators, but Louis Jordan proved an exception. He made Harlem juke box records and sold them in their millions to middle-class whites rather than wealthy society slummers. In 1944, Jordan even got to make a chart-buster with Bing Crosby, 'Your Socks Don't Match'.

Okay with the *Ofays,* whilst with his own people he was even more of a hero, during the '40s Louis Jordan topped *Billboard's* black music charts more than any other artist, whilst the many movie shorts he made to promote his records became so popular that they often received top billing over the hot Hollywood features of the day and were often run twice at each performance. Nobody was more popular than LJ.

Over the years, his best-known singles included million sellers 'Choo Choo Ch'Boogie' and 'Saturday Night Fish Fry' plus 'Let The Good Times Roll', 'Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens', 'Beware Brother Beware', 'What's The Use Of Getting Sober (When You're Gonna Get Drunk Again)', 'Five Guys Named Moe', 'Caldonia', 'GI Jive', 'Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby', 'Buzz Me' and the massive 1947 hit, 'Open The Door Richard', many of which have been covered by everyone from Bill Haley and Dizzy Gillespie through to James Brown and Van Morrison.

Anyone searching for the roots of rock, its style, its self-deprecating humour, its unbridled drive need look no further than Louis Jordan's Tympany Five.

When, in the '50s, American-Decca first signed Bill Haley & His Comets, the kiss-curled ex-country music nonentity was assigned Jordan's producer Milt Gabler to mastermind his recording career. Coincidentally, it was at a time when Jordan (now close to pushing his half-century) was plagued by ill-health, and Gabler sensing a potentially massive young WASP market for a bleached counterpart, began moulding Haley as a Great White Hope. Gabler recollects, "I'd sing Jordan riffs to the group (The Comets) that would be picked up by the electric guitars and tenor sax Rudy Pompelli. They got a sound that had the drive of the Tympany Five and the colour of country and western."

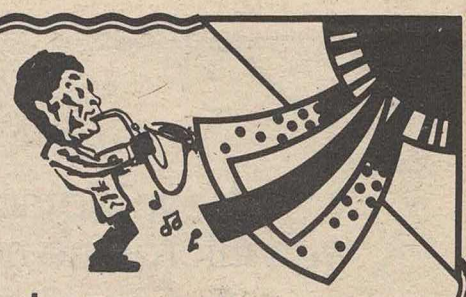
Bill Haley wasn't the only straw-grabber to recycle many of Jordan's best licks. Chuck Berry admits to being heavily influenced by the Jordan jive and to a lesser extent, Nat 'King' Cole.

Regarding the latter, in later years he may have enjoyed the role of a crooner, but in 1940, when signed to American-Decca, he headed a jumpy little trio and cut sides like, 'Hit That Jive, Jack'. As his career developed, Cole could be heard leading a rhythm section (including innovative electric guitarist Les Paul) that gave ground support to the notorious Illinois Jacquet-Jack McVea Jazz At The Philharmonic sax battles. Horn-to-horn confrontations took on all the furore of a Main Event Title Fight and, on occasions, climaxed in genuine blood-letting.

"Cacophony," reported the *Melody Maker* man on the spot. "More!" yelled the audience who had the strange habit of chanting "Oi, Oi, Oi" when the saxmen seized one note and proceeded to blast it into oblivion.

Hard on the heels of Jordan and Jacquet came innumerable jubilant jivers, jumpers and jitterbugs.

From Exclusive came pianist Joe Liggins & His Honeydrippers with the appropriately named 'The Honeydripper' — the first jump instrumental to exceed sales of one million copies — whilst the New



Jersey located Savoy set-up quickly followed through with hard-hitting baritone saxist Paul Williams' 'The Hucklebuck' — replete with lyrics, the cover version offered by a baggy-suited, bow-tied Frank Sinatra ensured this finger-snapper extra air-play.

Thrill again to the Sinatra aside of "Not now Moose, I'll tell ya when" followed by the encouraging cry of "Right now, Dad" as Bullmoose Jackson offers a fashionable burping tenor solo.

JUMP NEVER REALLY strayed too far away from the influence of such eight-in-the-bar boogie-woogie Steinway strokers as Meade Lux Lewis, Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson; therefore keyboard kings were next in line behind jump's tenor titans.

Amos Milburn — leader of the Chickenshackers — ran a close second to Joe Liggins as a style-setting chartbuster, after he notched up a million seller with 'Chicken Shack Boogie' (Aladdin). His finger-buster style — like Professor Longhair's — helped shape Fats Domino's career along with those of Floyd Dixon and Little Willie Littlefield, the man whose piano triplets helped blueprint the more commercial design of mid-'50s R&B.

CONTRARY TO Wilbert Harrison's disclosures, there was much more than just "crazy little women" to be savoured in Kansas City — America's most open Sin City where gangster Tom Pendergast ran over 500 pleasure palaces where a man could go mad for five dollars.

The other attractions in town were the Shouters — usually rotund, liquor-lovin' men who roared out the blues. Boss of 'em all, and billed precisely as that, was 'Big' Joe Turner.

A 250-pound bar-tender by vocation, Turner used to stand behind the bar of the Sunset Club simultaneously serving up gut-rot and belting out the blues to Pete Johnson's piano accompaniement. Though he probably inspired almost as many vocalists as Louis Jordan, Turner's early years passed largely unappreciated outside of KC.

Turner was to cash-in during the early days of rock 'n' roll when, as an Atlantic recording artist, he waxed the smash '54 hit 'Shake, Rattle And Roll' and was promptly covered by Bill Haley who moved the song's original setting from out of the boudoir and into the kitchen!

Wynonie Harris idolized Big Joe Turner. In fact, he moved from Omaha to the 'Heavenly City' so as to learn his craft first-hand from Turner and such other local stars as Walter Brown and the two Jimmys — Rushing and Witherspoon.

The doyen of the *double-entendre,* it wasn't long before Wynonie had his own chart-topper with 'All She Wants To Do Is Rock (Rock 'n' Roll All Night Long)' whilst future clock-rocker Bill Haley was still painfully yodellin' with The Saddlemen. He walked it like he talked it with such lascivious recordings as 'Don't Roll Those Bloodshot Eyes At Me', 'Adam Come And Get Your Rib', 'Lovin' Machine' and a cover of protege Roy Brown's 'Good Rockin' Tonight' plus 'I Love My Baby's Pudding' which wasn't about either rice or sago.

It's common knowledge that Elvis Presley copped many of his more carnal contortions from watching Wynonie on his many Memphis appearances, but the thing he failed to check out was how to make the Grand Exit with panache. When, in '69, Wynonie learned he was dying of cancer, he drew out all his money from the bank, flew in all his friends to his Oakland home, party'd non-stop for over a week, then, when the guests had split, cleaned up the debris and went upstairs and died peacefully in his sleep.

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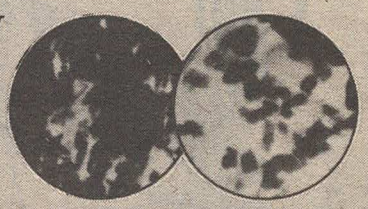

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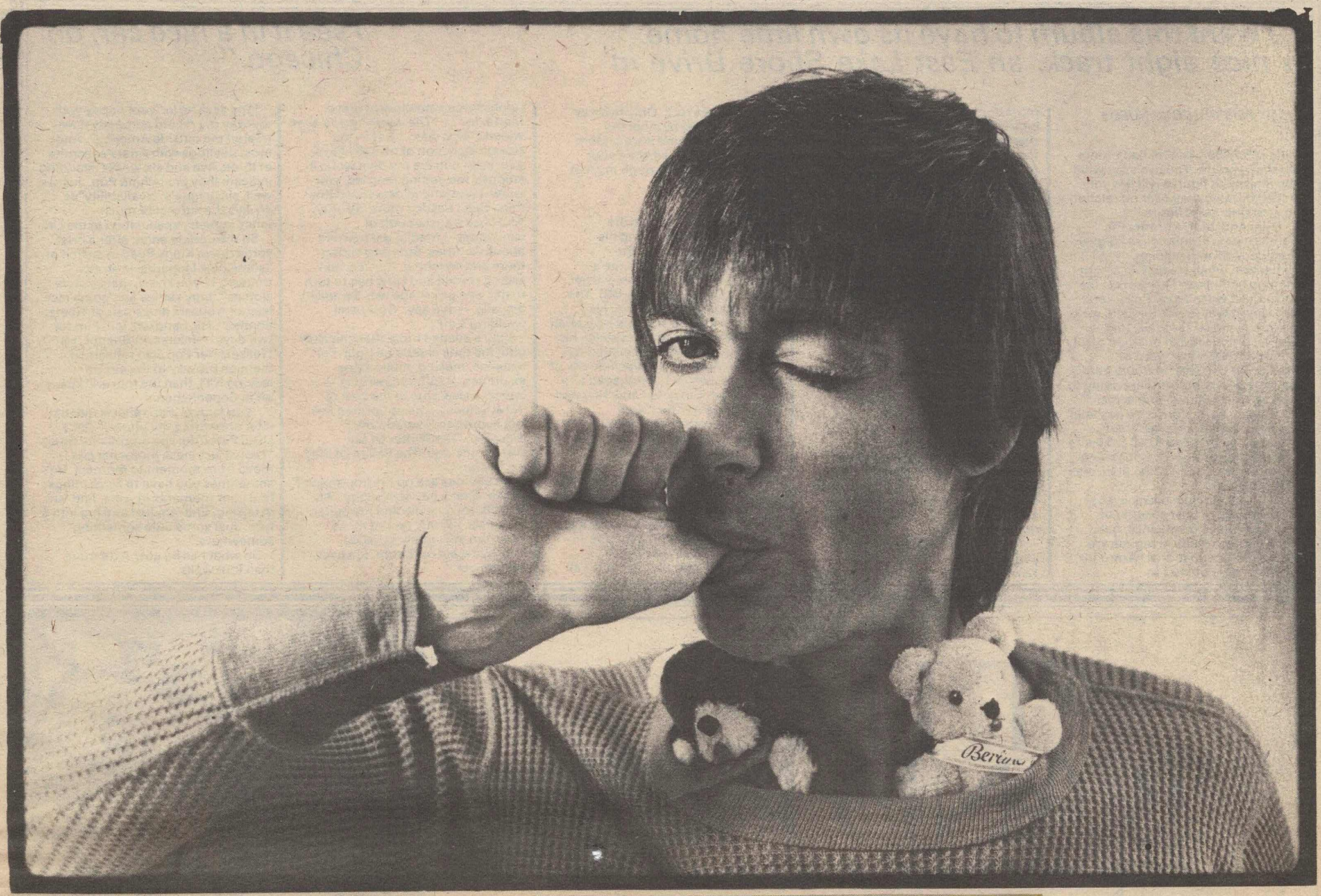

IGGY: ALWAYS A SUCKER FOR A GOOD PARTY

Rock's Mr. Appollo and Dionysius learns to live with four walls and a missing tooth.

Words: Cynthia Rose

Photography: Pennie Smith

IGGY POP, American entertainer and war poet, has just issued an eleventh album, and the day we met had weathered ten promotional interviews. "So much bullshit that my mouth is brown," opines IP — as he is wont to refer to his album-siring self offstage — over a double Pernod.

In his well-loved blue suede rockabilly boots, all-American Levis, and thermal underwear top standing in for a T-shirt, IP has just gladhanded the last of a day's interviewers out his hotel door. He's lost the cap to a front tooth and his hair is for once its natural auburn, though in a few hours it will be back to black and blue. He's fit as a fiddle and sports a deep tan.

"I've just been to Jamaica. It coincided with Marley's funeral, so I went to that. It was very moving — but I noticed when the Prime Minister began his speech everybody started to leave."

Iggy has been on the loose a lot; nine months of last year on the road and before that, nine months of '79.

"I live in Manhattan now, see, but I also have an apartment in Houston, on the 'Underground Skyline'. I spat out my tooth cap in the Dallas Airport. But I put it in one of those little bins — I'm American, you know, I don't litter."

America does surface quite specifically on his new LP, 'Party'. So does an up-to-date, potted autobiog of IP himself ('Eggs On Plate') — rapped out with an imperious juxtaposition of rhythm and reality — including a potshot at one particular label Pres — only this particular former drummer could command:

"Oh Lord, I got eggs on my plate I got 'em — Damn right, I got . . . Four walls, I live in here — I LIVE in here! Now this big Jew man uptown he told me one day, he said 'Hey boy you look at that house on the hill, that cost a hundred thousand dollars, you could be up there . . . You know that. I'll put you in the hit parade. Everybody will know YOUR name ('IGGY!') . . . Ah, so who does my name belong to THEN? 'n what have I got? ('FOUR WALLS!')."

Iggy's got another rap song with a working title of 'Young Blood'. Its first-draft lyrics are extravagantly coarse, but they're likely to be replaced by the text of a news story he found in Rupert Murdoch's notorious *New York Post:* "DATE WITH DEATH: Girl Who Ducked Disco Stabbed 20 Times".

Bespectacled and seated cross-legged on the floor in a pool of cheap hotel wattage, Pop solemnly reads out the story — a good girl stayed in on Saturday night to write a letter, was surprised by and struggled with an unknown assailant, and died of multiple knife wounds. The twist comes at the end: "A telephone was found near the body, say police. 'It must have been her call which came through around eleven, but no car was despatched to the scene."

A tale to make the plainest thug cluck with pity, Pop's prodding voice guts it down the middle till ambiguity looms monstrously on one side and everyday death by bad luck blinks back implacably on the other. Iggy looks up, the soul of a cop's eyes behind his glasses.

"They didn't even answer the call," he observes, folding his specs and setting them aside. The central demand of 'Eggs On Plate' recurs: *"Hey God, are you a bum? ARE YOU?"*

THE KIND of America Iggy Pop has inhabited frightens even Americans — with good reason. The inhabitants of this world are willing to confront a savagery and violence which can and will arise and attack at any moment, and they feel a violence in themselves which responds to that without. Yet, as with other American artists (all of whom share certain concerns: family, mobility, identity, community), Pop's work tries to confront the dark realities of a harsh, urban America without sacrificing a determination towards the transcendental. And 'Party' finds one of its resolutions in 'Pumping For Jill' — a genuine love song without veneer or irony.

The difference between 'Party's' Pop/Kral collaborations (co-produced by Pop and Tom Panunzio) and its tracks produced by Tommy Boyce of Monkees fame is more than discernible. Like Iggy's two most recent managers, Boyce filtered through Arista connections: he produced an album by The Pleasers which was never released despite finished sleeve art, etc.

The choice of Boyce originated with the man who won Pop to Arista International — former Arista managing director Charles Levison, now MD at Warners.

"Charles felt that Iggy needed a producer," says an assistant, "because of the problems with James Williamson (ie: the sessions for 'Soldier'). He needed a producer that Iggy got on with to get him a hit. Jim said, 'I don't mind giving it a try'. He agreed to go in and lay down four tracks."

Iggy mentions that he also laid down covers of 'Quarter To Three' and 'It's My Life'. He diplomatically offers that he "learned a tremendous amount" working with Boyce and arranger Jimmy Whizner, but he prefers cackling about a "rebel cellist" sighted amidst the imported strings.

"This guy — he had long hair and all and he never said anything but I could just see him sawing away, glowering at me, thinking YOU LITTLE MUTANT, WHY THE FUCK SHOULD I BE PLAYING ON YOUR RECORD!' "

At 2 am one morning, then-MD Levison turned up at the Record Plant and reportedly was "knocked out" by 'Bang Bang'.

"He liked all the tracks we cut with Boyce," commented Iggy's manager Dennis Sheehan, "but 'Bang Bang' impressed him as the most commercial track which could still represent Iggy Pop."

Levison's enthusiasm seems to have been the deciding factor; Boyce mixed 'Bang Bang' as the single in America, then he and Sheehan came to the UK with the tapes, which Boyce EQ'd for the lacquer to be cut. When Iggy heard this single he "recalled the tapes and re-mixed 'em again for the album". The lacquer for 'Party' was then done by Pop and Panunzio.

Boyce himself is satisfied; like many Pop associates past and present, he likes to attribute his client's lack of megabuck-defined 'success' to radio prejudice.

"I've been listening to the radio the two days I've been in the UK and I'm surprised, shocked that English radio wouldn't play something so commercial. Not because it's something I've worked on but because it's just *better* than what I'm hearing."

Speaking from Switzerland, Levison also aimed blame at the airwaves: "I signed Iggy because he is one of the great originals of rock; he's one of the greatest live performers there is. I considered that Iggy had potential which had not been realised before, due to lack of freedom. He has great potential to appeal to a far far wider audience and I feel it's a great pity that radio adopts a policy that they won't play Iggy no matter what he does. I was very proud of the records he made under me at Arista and I was proud to release them."

But Levison, architect of Iggy's contract, is no longer at Arista. In fact, as Pop's former PR points out, "Everybody he originally went there because of isn't there any more . . . even the *building* is gone. All that's left is the company name at the top of the contract."

Which wouldn't be here or there either, except that with test pressings of 'Party' arrived a xeroxed info sheet known in the trade as "label copy" — bearing data such as publishing details, origination dates and catalogue numbers. And scrawled under 'Initial Pressing Quantity' was a handwritten "6,000". Not exactly a vote of confidence in an artist signed for his prestige?

Well, an enquiry elicited quick action. Product Management's immediate response was: "We've only pressed 6,000 because we can

CONTINUES OVER

"I want this album to have its own little home. I see it in a nice car, on a nice eight track, an East Lake Shore Drive in Chicago."

IGGY POPPING CONTINUED

only sell 6,000 — we've had orders for that amount. You can't say what the final sales figures will be; your initial pressing may bear no relation to your final sales figure."

True. And, as Ig's former PR verified, such numbers *are* "highly confidential" info, adding, "But I remember when we had an album coming up — I can't remember the artist but it wasn't Iggy Pop — and we knew it was important, and we'd got great critical response for the work. Then we found out they'd only pressed 5,000 and it was like . . . Well, put it this way: it would hardly have paid for what we were doing to get the worth of the thing across."

I needn't have worried; a day later the press office corrected their recorded estimate to 8,000 ("be sure and get that straight"). And Dennis Sheehan assured me "the plant was still pressing".

I hope so, not just because any label is lucky to host an artist of Pop's calibre and influence, but because such shifts in regime are now a real occupational hazard for artists under contract to recession-threatened companies. Iggy's 'New Values' was the number one American import for three months before Clive Davis put it out in America, as a 'prestige package'. And now, after a lot of time on the road, Iggy is "happening" in America.

He's big in all radio's temperature-testing centres (particularly Boston) and — thanks to an appearance on Tom Snyder's show with *'Champ'* child star Ricky Schroeder — the Ig can no longer walk the streets of Manhattan unrecognised.

He cherishes fond memories of the Snyder show, Schroeder *et al.*

"I really loved doing my stuff in that great big studio. They have all these glasses with every sort of alcoholic beverage in 'em and you just move from the stage part right over to the easychair part, and . . . er, . . . I sat down and explained how my art was a fusion of the Apollonian and Dionysian impulses, la-di-da. I did two songs, then they asked me to do 'TV Eye' while they rolled the credits.

"You do it mid-afternoon, then you go home and it comes on at 12.30, just when rock people would be listening to rock. Only halfway through my first number the telephone rings and it's my Mom and Dad, 'Jimmy, where's your *tooth!?*'. Halfway through my first fucking number!"

IGGY READILY admits the "gamble" of entrusting his 'American' album to the international market first (he's currently negotiating who will get 'Party' in Canada and the US). The occasional "y'all" slips into his speech as he tells of a new love affair with Chicago (the town in which his Dad grew up) and a fascination for Houston, America's *bona fide* 'city of the future', which have shaped two new songs: 'Sincerity' and 'Houston Is Hot Tonight'. The risk of misinterpretation has never been a sticking point with Iggy, but when he reiterates his view of the album, that American factor does loom as a question mark; "I want it to have its own little home; I see it in a nice car, on a nice eight-track, on East Lake Shore Drive in Chicago. I want it to give people the feeling they're — DRIVING A *THUNDERBIRD!*"

Cars. Gas. Pumping for Jill. It all reminds me somehow of Steve Martin in . . . *"The Jerk?"* Iggy's eyes widen. "That was — ha! — the closest depiction of myself I have *ever* seen outside my own work. It stopped me getting married, you know. I had kind of developed this thing that I needed more security. And I had a succession of candidates; I tried to get married about six times. But I was sitting there and watching *The Jerk* and seeing myself and I just had to turn to this one girl — she was Swedish, actually — and say, 'Sorry doll, wedding's off'."

Iggy's evaded more than the altar until the time should be right. For instance, making public those examples of epic songwriting — logical successors to the best of 'New Values' — he performed live last February: 'Sacred Cow', 'Hassles', 'The Winter Of My Discontent' and 'The Ballad Of Billy And Danny'.

An obvious ace up the Pop sleeve? "Yeah. That'll be 'Here's Iggy'. My solo album, just me and my guitar. Seriously, I'll only record those when I'm absolutely satisfied conditions are optimum. But I will put 'em out."

Iggy says he is "very happy with the way my record company have treated me outside America". And most dealings with Arista's recruits of three, five and six weeks' standing indicate they are behind Pop. Just as well, since Iggy's "availability" is always the subject of much inner-industry speculation in the UK.

So the update ends: after a brief sortie down Kings Road in search of "some pink leopardskin stretch trousers — you know, real *asshole* clothes", Iggy settles for "some nice leather trousers and a pair of Tibetan booties". His band will join him for two days' rehearsal at Shepperton (Taskmaster Pop also rehearsed them on his way to the airport leaving NY), then the tour will kick off in Copenhagen.

"You know," Pop reflects quietly after answering the phone "Jim's Used Parts" for the umpteenth time, "I construct these moments and I move from moment to moment. But sometimes you have to *force* things: find your moments in wine, find 'em in talking, find 'em just looking into a face. Just some little something somewhere."

So what has he got? A lot more than four walls.

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Pic by David Corio

Terry Gilliam shows how he emigrated to England in 1967.

Monty Smith meets Terry Gilliam (above), who has himself given up being a Monty in favour of scaring children with films like Time Bandits. Neil Norman (below) sits quaking in the front row.

Time Bandits

Directed by Terry Gilliam
Starring Sean Connery, Ian Holm, Michael Palin and David Warner (HandMade)

IF PLAYING with toys is an essential part of the growing process than *Time Bandits* is remarkable audio-visual therapy for anyone who still retains the sense of wonder that is at its keenest in our childhood.

Terry Gilliam's idea for a tale told by a child in authentic imaginative terms is a concept more easily planned than executed yet, with the help of a truckload of special effects, six dwarfs and a judiciously-chosen cast, George Harrison's money and Gilliam's mediaevalist fun-factory mind, *Time Bandits* just about pulls it off. A full-throttle non-conformist fantasy (unlike *Hawk The Slayer* which was a strictly conformist fantasy), *Time Bandits* boldly goes where few films have been before, and certainly not all at the same time.

Having discovered one night that his wardrobe has the power to expectorate Wonderful Things (like a knight in full armour on a fully-rigged charger), young Kevin waits up with a torch to see what else will emerge. When six fantastically dressed and rather nervous dwarfs come creeping out, attack Kevin when they discover he is not The Supreme Being from whom they are fleeing, and make off through the next available Time Hole, it seems a logical thing to do for the kid to join them.

Armed with the Map Of Time showing all the parts of the Universe in a state of disrepair ("Well, we only had seven days you know") the dwarfs intend hopping through holes in the fabric of Creation with one aim in mind: to become "stinking rich". Never mind the supermarket, let's loot the universe!

Travelling through various periods of history, real and imagined, they end up looking for the 'most fabulous object in the world' which lies somewhere in the Time Of Legends. This, however, is not quite what it seems . . .

It would be churlish to give the game away at this stage but suffice to say that there is a certain amount of celestial manipulation going on here, both upstairs and downstairs, as Evil (David Warner) lures them into The Fortress Of Ultimate Darkness — a kind of Satanic boiler house — to get his mitts on the map, with which to remake/remodel the Universe to his own design, being more than a little dissatisfied with the job done by The Supreme Being: "Look how he spends his time! 43 different species of parrot! Nipples for men! . . . I would have started with lasers. 8am. Day one!"

And herein lies the argument. Just as Kevin's parents sit on their cellophane-wrapped living room suite in front of the colour telly after devouring their evening 'meal' ("Block of ice to Beef Bourgingnon in 8 seconds") so are all Evil's furnishings, including his henchmen, encased in tatty shrink-wrap, while they enlighten their master on matters of importance like digital watches, car telephones and subscriber trunk dialling. It's all pretty obvious stuff once it's on the line but presented with such style it becomes irresistible.

Gilliam's sense of detail is equalled by his sense of humour, such that many of the events and characters depicted in their search actually appear as toys on the floor of Kevin's room and the precise interlinking of these images are easily overlooked in the face of the more spectacular effects which cram the screen.

He is served well by the actors, too, in particular Warner and Sean Connery, with Ian Holm and Ralph Richardson having a wonderful time as Napoleon and God respectively ("I *am* The Supreme Being. I'm not entirely dim").

All in all *Time Bandits* is a thoroughly enjoyable film for children of all ages and a timely warning to gadget-obsessed parents who would lose their souls for a Moderna Design Automatic Kitchen . . .

And watch out for the Lego. I missed it the first time.

The naughty Bandits, pointing out where Gilliam took a wrong turning.

WIGS AND STORIES

WAY BACK IN time, long before *Monty Python's Life Of Brian*, yea, even before the *Flying Circus* itself, Terry Gilliam used to be an American. An American animator, to be precise, who somehow or other got roped in by John Cleese & Co to plug the gaps in the *Python* series with distinctly odd sequences of surrealistic cartoon.

Twice now he's been able to loose the stranglehold of the *Monty* 'millstone': first with the idiosyncratic medieval caper *Jabberwocky* (a production so striking it has recently been required viewing for the crews of *Excalibur* and *Dragon Slayer* — a turn of events Gilliam finds both peculiar and flattering), then with the nightmarish fantasy *Time Bandits* (a fairy tale so bizarre you'll believe Sean Connery has a full head of hair).

Up to the last minute, Terry's been tinkering with *Time Bandits*, an obsessive slave to technical detail: "It worries me because I've seen what happened to Stanley Kubrick and I can see my future staring me in the face."

A friendly 40-year-old with the mildest of mid-Atlantic accents, Gilliam's lived in this country since 1967. He works in an office called The British Film Industry Ltd ("Everybody's talking about it all the time so we decided to take it over"). Being perverse, he's taken the reverse route to the successful British directors who tuck one under their belt over here before high-tailing it over there.

"Hollywood is the great dream and I don't know why it should be," he says, "except that basically that's where films came from. But English film-making always looks to America instead of to Europe. There doesn't seem to be a great deal of interest in what's going on in Italy or France or Germany."

Er, aren't you twigging something there, Mr Gilliam? Is that not something to do with language?

"Yeah, but it's still the same process — film-making. I love European films. I've always been drawn Eastward and British film-makers tend to go West.

"I guess to be successful internationally means going to Hollywood. There's a lot more people in Hollywood who'll bullshit and lick your ass and you'll think you're God out there. The whole industry is made up of these awful people who're only interested in success. So if you're successful you're surrounded by it, and it's hard to keep you feet on the ground when that's going on."

So even though mind-boggling feats of fiscal juggling are required to make films in this country, Gilliam's happy to continue working here. In fact, one of the biggest obstacles in the way of *Time Bandits* was dear old Ralph Richardson, who had very definite views on the way in which his part — God — should be approached.

"He's totally committed to every part he plays, and we argued over every word in the script. It took a long time to convince him that God could be a rumpled bureaucrat. He wanted to wear a blue linen suit with a panama hat because he thought God would come from a hot country. I suspect he had a suit like that hanging in his wardrobe and he just wanted to wear it on film."

In the film, Richardson does indeed wear one of his own suits, an old, ill-fitting grey job.

"He really likes having his own things with him. It was his own tie, too, and he uses his own notebook — he brings his own props. He's extraordinary. He's not at all casual about what he does. When he performs he looks as though he's about to forget his lines but it's been worked out very carefully."

Ralph Richardson aside, of course, *Time Bandits* is often surprisingly frightening. Though fairy tales do have a tradition of scaremongering: what, for instance, could be more sinister for a little girl to find surrounding her bed than seven dwarfs? And from where did Gilliam get the notion to use dwarfs in his film?

"It was a practical idea because we wanted to do the film from the child's point of view, so we needed to keep the camera down low to make everything look big. I didn't think a kid could sustain a whole film, so the thing was to surround him with a gang of people who were his height.

"And I did want to frighten kids because that's what fairy tales are all about. I hate reading the modern versions of fairy tales" — (Gilliam has two small children) — "because they're so bowdlerised there's nothing in them, all the guts have been taken out. The whole thing about fairy tales is to experience them, and to come out the other side having survived all the witches, monsters and dragons. It's an important part of education — to be scared and to survive."

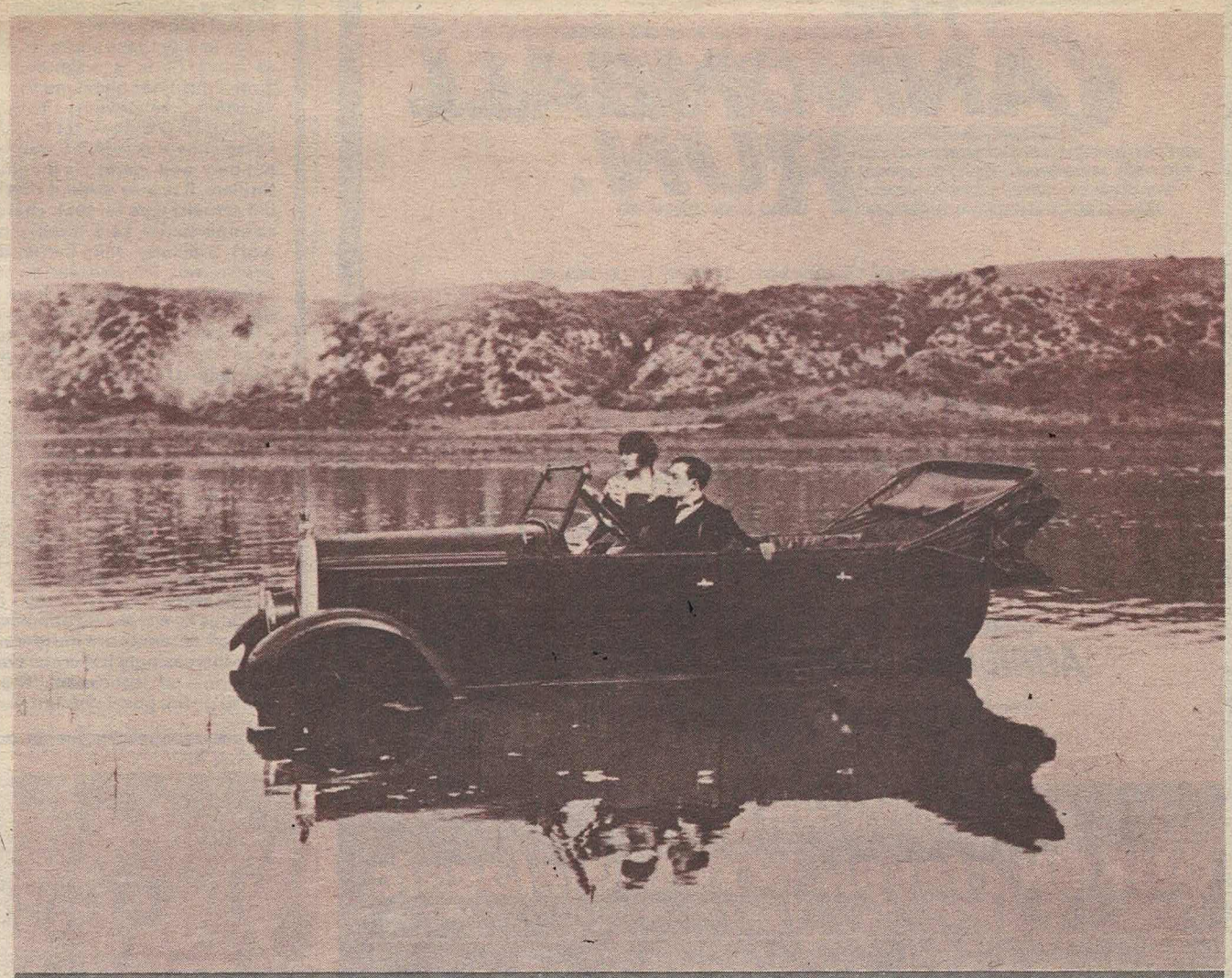
Good man that he is, he'll have no truck with the current crop of pernicious hack horror films.

"It's the sadism in them that bothers me. I mean, I like doing nasty and unpleasant things but ultimately it's the sadism that I react strongly against. They're all the same and I think, 'Aw, come on. . .'"

Yes, well, never mind them. What I want to know is, does Sean Connery mind wearing a wig?

"No. He has no qualms about it."

What a hero!



Buster Keaton, imperturbable as ever, passes his driving test in Sherlock Jr.

Picture Parade

OL' STONEFACE IS BACK! Of all the great silent comedians Buster Keaton is easily the most enduring — and it's not hard to understand why. For one, he always devised and performed his own crackbrained and downright dangerous stunts without flinching. He was wonderfully agile and put his talents to hilarious use in some of the speediest, longest running gags ever; like the one when he was chased down a hillside by a rockslide. His best, most precarious joke involved him standing completely still as — in *Steamboat Bill Jr* — the house he had just built collapsed on top of him; fortunately he just happened to be standing where the top window fell, missing his shoulders by inches. Naturally Keaton didn't bat an eyelid, but then he never did. His films survive because he avoided the overtly maudlin tendencies of his peers, like Chaplin or babyface Langdon. His cynicism was at odds with the general optimism of Hollywood, yet his mood has certainly stood up better than the forced cheerfulness of his contemporaries. It would be too simplistic to attribute his cynicism to his struggles with the Hollywood studio system but his most bitter joke was saved for the film he had least control over. That was *College*, which happily ended in marriage, except the joyful moment was curbed by the last shot of a tombstone topped by the couple's respective hats. Today Keaton's films — along with Chaplin's — are the most often revived from the silent era. And many of them will be showing once again in the West London Electric Cinema's Buster Keaton season beginning this Sunday, running through to August 15. For extra authenticity pianist Richard McLaughlin will be providing the accompaniment to the main evening programmes. Check the cinema for further details.

Chris Bohn

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Lauren Tewes in Eyes Of A Stranger: "Damn! Monty Smith was in the front row and I still missed him ..."

Happy Birthday To Me

Directed by J. Lee Thompson
Starring Melissa Sue Anderson, Glenn Ford and Lawrence Dane (Columbia)

Eyes Of A Stranger

Directed by Ken Wiederhorn
Starring Lauren Tewes, Jennifer Jason Leigh and John DiSanti (Warner Bros)

Terror Eyes

Directed by Kenneth Hughes
Starring Leonard Mann, Drew Snyder and Rachel Ward (Rank)

ALL THESE stupid schlocky horror shows are definitely beginning to get on my tits. *Friday The 13th Part 2* you'll already know about — an abysmal, nonsensical sequel to one of the worst of last year's many grubby little exploiters; so we'll skip that. What bothers me about this latest batch has little to do with the reprehensible manner in which they toss up their cardboard cutout characters to be skittled like so many ninepins; anyone with an ounce of nous would give the dubious motivations at work here an immediate elbow. No, what really bothers me is their grinding mediocrity, relieved only by flashes of total incompetence.

To classify these supreme examples of junk as 'horror films' is to slander a noble body of work which has given much innocent vicarious pleasure over the years. The Val Lewton-RKO B-films, for instance (currently being shown on BBC2 Saturday nights) are not only well-made, if a bit quaint, little thrillers, it is also evident that the film-makers did actually care for their characters and, just as importantly, keen intelligences were at work. Similarly, John Carpenter's 'horrors' *(Halloween, The Fog)* can be enjoyed purely as expertly crafted cinema; it's a bonus that he, too, obviously likes his characters.

Where these three bright and shiny '80s products fall apart is in their contempt for characterisation and audience reaction alike. Hopelessly mechanical, they seriously expect their projected audience (17–22 year olds) to respond like witless, scared-shitless puppets. To enjoy any of these films, I suspect, you'd have to be some kind of zombie pervert.

Briefly, then, and in no particular order of demerit, *Happy Birthday To Me* is an anonymous Canadian production which, in the interests of international box office, works hard to keep its origins secret. A shaggy dog horror story, *Birthday* chucks in a few red herrings as a typically obnoxious group of well-off students are murdered in ever-increasingly ludicrous ways (Memo to Columbia ad department: The jerk who gets a kebab prong pushed down his throat is called Steve, not John).

Of little comfort to the sweet, disturbed young thing (Melissa Sue Anderson) at the centre of the mounting crises are the tired and emotional platitudes dished out by old fogey doctor Glenn Ford. We know that Melissa Sue is disturbed because not only are we treated to gruesome close-ups of a messy brain operation — a couple of critics made their excuses and left at this point — but because the camera occasionally goes on the tilt (though this could conceivably be due to the cameraman nodding off).

The climax hilariously aspires to dimensions of full-blown Gothic nightmare but the subsequent revelations are so badly muddled as to make the outcome merely a matter for conjecture. Don't ask me who did it — I don't care.

The most poignant moment in *Eyes Of A Stranger* is when our heroine (Lauren Tewes) walks past a cinema that's advertising *Dawn Of The Dead* — now there's apocalyptic horror for you. Our heroine, by the way, is a TV newscaster (cf *The Howling)* who suspects a neighbour in her towerblock of being the Miami Strangler (a bit euphemistic, this media soubriquet, since the psycho invariably leaves the scenes of his crimes looking like an abbatoir foreman).

Instead of doing something sensible — like informing the police — Lauren goes it alone in pursuing inquiries. (Funnily enough, John Carpenter managed a similar plot a whole lot better in his 1978 TV film *Someone Is Watching Me.)* Characterisation of the lone loon is down to an unnaturally spotless apartment, a box full of soft porn and a cuckoo clock on the wall. Subtle!

And, according to the unlikely climax (Memo to Warner Bros ad department: Our heroine is not naked when she pulls the trigger), the best cure for rape-induced trauma is to repeat the dose. A doctor writes: Avoid like the plague.

Dear old meaninglessly titled *Terror Eyes* is awfully tame and conventional after the others; it is also, however, irredeemably useless. With a plot as creaky as the playschool merrygoround that situates the first slashing *Terror Eyes* cranks out a series of seemingly motiveless decapitations as its doozy of a plotline. The slackjawed bit player who puts the willies up a string of single girls in Boston might as well have 'red herring' tattooed on his forehead and the entire enterprise is as indifferently handled as an inferior TV production.

It's chiefly notable for a series of unpleasantly protracted murders, each vicious slash gloatingly dwelt upon. Which means that, ultimately, *Terror Eyes* is as dangerous and irresponsible as all the other rubbishy long knife flicks.

Monty Smith

FOR THE
LONDON CINEMA
GUIDE SEE PAGE 45

"RUMOUR HAS IT THERE'S A NEW STEVIE NICKS ALBUM"

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THE REGGAEDELIC EXPERIENCE

A.K.A. SLY'N' ROBBIE, THE ALMOST LEGENDARY DREADLY RHYTHM TEAM BEHIND THE SOUND OF BLACK UHURU, GRACE JONES AND THEIR OWN TAXI LABEL. WORDS CHRIS SALEWICZ. PIX PENNIE SMITH.

THE COURSE OF 20TH CENTURY POPULAR MUSIC HAS BEEN DRIVEN ON BY A HANDFUL OF OFTEN NEAR-ANONYMOUS DRUMMERS AND BASS-PLAYERS PROVIDING THE BEAT UPON WHICH ARE BUILT WHOLE GENRES OF MUSIC.

John Coltrane's bassist Jimmy Garrison and drummer Elvin Jones, Stax's Duck Dunn and Al Jackson, The Rolling Stones' Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts, Motorhead's Lemmy and Philthy Animal . . .

These are just some of the giants whose rhythm section double acts speak the tempo of the time and place in which their specific sound was conceived.

At the core of reggae music during the late '70s was the Kingston team of drummer Sly Dunbar and bassist Robbie Shakespeare.

During the first 18 months of the '80s, in the customary manner of such gear-shifting great combinations, the two musicians transcended the limitations of their craft to become the grand contemporary musical icon that is *Sly'n'Robbie.*

This happened partly because of their work with their own Taxi label, whose re-interpretations like The Tamlins' 'Baltimore' and Sheila Hylton's 'Bed's Too Big Without You' illustrate the duo's arranging and producing skills as much as their — efforts with classic original material like Gregory Isaacs' 'Oh, What A Feeling', The Viceroys' 'Heart Made Of Stone', or Black Uhuru's LPs, particularly last year's 'Sinsemilla' and the current 'Red'.

Also, last year's Sly'n'Robbie's sound surged forward into a new level that Roy Carr terms as *Reggaedelic* — a description that amuses and pleases the prolific pair who are both George Clinton watchers — with their work on Grace Jones' 'Warm Leatherette' album. This breakthrough was cemented this year with Grace's 'Nightclubbing' and by advance reports of the imminent Ian Dury LP and an album on which they have worked with Joe Cocker.

All four of these records have been made at Island boss Chris Blackwell's Nassau Compass Point studio, a recording locale that is now almost rivalling the duo's customary hits home of Channel One in Kingston. Sly'n'Robbie are still the heart of the Channel One Revolutionaries, having in the past fulfilled a similar function with similar musicians on Joe Gibbs' productions as The Professionals.

Like good backroom boys should they shrug off suggestions that Grace's record is more representative of their current sound than is 'Red'.

" 'Red'," says Sly, "is Black Uhuru's sound, 'Nighclubbing' is Grace's, Joe Cocker got a different sound, too . . ."

AT ISLAND Records Chiswick offices, where they're waiting for a rehearsal with Black Uhuru, Sly is unable to maintain his characteristic enthusiams for the latest recorded work by Peter Tosh, with whom they've just been playing live as part of his Words, Sound And Power backing group.

"Them earlier album Peter do," Sly sighs, his upper lip curling and revealing a set of missing top front teeth that were perhaps the inspiration of many a reggae-influenced rock musician dedicated to dental decay, "was more . . . *creative*. You would really think you never heard such reggae before. But I don't think this album produces anything new."

The energetic faces of both musicians light up, though, when the name of Ian Dury is invoked.

"'Im great," laughs Robbie. "And also this man 'im work with, Chess Jenkins . . ."

Robbie doesn't bother to mention that when Dury threw a classic wobbler, despairing at his own endeavours and storming off to catch a plane out of Nassau, it was the bass-player who rushed after him to re-bolster his confidence and persuade him to return to the studio.

"When Ian comes in the studio," Robbie tells instead, "we say, 'What kinda music you want?' And 'im just say, 'Dancin' music'. So we just play Dancing Music but Dancing Music with a new sound . . . New style of rhythm for dancing."

Ian recorded for his new set a Sly-composed song, 'Girl Watching', and he himself told me how impressed he'd been with the duo's deep knowledge of American music.

"Yeah," nods Sly, pleased, "like, me 'n' Robbie we keep up-to-date with the *Billboard* charts. We try to track down which tune making the most advance . . ."

"The sound and everything . . ." continues Robbie, drawing a Craven 'A' cigarette out of a packet. "Not really just American music. More . . . *all* music. 'Ave an open mind towards evert'ing. Make every kind of music, whether it be calypso, disco, soul, boogaloo, even to music from Japan and China we listen. Just open up to evert'ing.

"You never know when you'll find a sound from that. You might hear something that hits you and you'll say, *"Bwoy*, I use it *here* — it be *just right!'* . . .Instead of have your mind on just one music. Just open up top.

"Because you never know when Mao Tse-Tung saying, 'I want you to play on some music for me, China-style'. You just don't know when.

"If you're a musician you're supposed to be able to play anything, to be versatile, creative for anything."

Sly: "Like you must have an idea of rhythms for High Life — though you don't have to be an expert."

Robbie: "Suppose Earth, Wind And Fire show up and say they want us to produce them. 'What sorta sound?' we say. 'Earth, Wind And Fire music', they say.

"Well, if we can't do that them just say, 'Sly and Robbie can produce but only Taxi music'. Wouldn't like to miss a opportunity like that!"

What do they think of when they think of *rhythm?*

Robbie: *"Dance.* A rhythm can make you dance, or at least . . ." (he cups his hand to his ear, panto-like) ". . . stop and listen to it."

Sly: "A rhythm is sound. If you move this telephone on this desk it makes a noise that has a rhythm."

What do they think to reggae music right now?

Sly: "Well, it can go places right now, but people on all front have to come up with better material. Even people like Burning Spear have to come up with stronger production and good songs.

"Like, if Black Uhuru just repeat 'Red' it won't be so good, but if next album is even stronger then they can go right out front.

"Everyone these days have a stereoset with EQ — even a car 'ave it — so the tune and the 'ole production has to be something good and pleasing to the ear.

"'Cos we're making music for the people, not just for ourselves. Got to please the poeple, not just a individual thing."

CONTINUES

REGGAEDELIC

FROM OVER

If you're living in Jamaica you must be able to see more clearly how the death of Bob Marley has affected reggae?

Robbie: "Well, really the way it effects everybody most is that we won't be getting a new album from Bob."

Sly: "And he was the one who very often set the standard and captured everybody's ears. Got everybody interested and knowing more about the music. But if he was still alive they'd know even more. In every way, it was a turn-on."

Robbie: "Check Bob-boy writing ability, may I tell you: *The King!* The rhythm, the lyrics . . ."

Sly: "I don't think there was any bad side to his songs ever."

Robbie: "The songs I really like — the words, especially — are 'Concrete Jungle' and 'I Don't Want To Wait In Vain' . . . But really, *all* of them songs are my favourite songs. Every song, every song, every song!"

Impromptu, Sly and Robbie together burst into a few lines of 'Wait In Vain'.

Robbie: "'Im just make music for *all* the people: what someone in New York want, bwoy, someone in Timbuctoo, him make music for the whole world. If a Bob album have ten different songs, it go for ten different countries."

BOTH KINGSTON-BORN, Sly Dunbar is 29 and Robbie Shakespeare two years younger.

They first became friends in 1974: Sly was playing four nights a week in the Jamaican capital's Tit For Tat Club; next door was another music joint, Evil People's, regularly featuring The Hippy Boys, for whom Robbie was bassist. That same year, Sly formed Taxi along with original Revolutionaries bass player, Ranchie McLean. But a lack of finance soon caused the label to close down.

"It take a good while to get where Taxi is now," he says. "We 'ave to make a lot o' sacrifices. But if you 'ave a bad time coming up, you just sit through it until you get to your good time."

That 'good time' first got underway about a year later when he and Robbie played together in the studio for the first time, on Jimmy Cliff's 'Follow My Mind' LP.

Robbie: "Yeah, first session together we 'ear something special, something different.

"If you really find somebody with whom you can just lock in right at the first, you 'ardly find that ever. Usually, you 'ave to work together for a while before you lock in in the first place."

Either in the studio or on the road, they work almost non-stop. The pair use touring, in fact, to re-fuel themselves, and, as Robbie phrases it, "get back on that edge" they like to work on when in the studio.

Unlike virtually all other Jamaican musicians, neither Sly nor Robbie smokes herb.

"It would take us three or four times as long to do what we do in one hour if we smoked," claims Robbie. "Slow you up until you too, too relaxed, and can't think that fast."

" *'Some like coffee / Some like tea / Some like smoke / Some like coke'*," sniggers Sly, like a schoolboy telling a dirty joke.

The main problem their work-load imposes, says Robbie, is that they're unable to find an engineer who can stand their pace. "Sometimes right in the middle of a mix an engineer just fall asleep and can't wake up, so you have to use someone else, and you get a different feel to the mix."

They very rarely turn down sessions, says the bass-player. "If you get a little sufferer without much money it would be just 'im who came first to ask you, even if John Brown come along with a lot of money."

Robbie also doubts the traditional Jamaican tales of record company rip-offs. "I don't know if people really get rip-off or not. So many times people say they're been ripped off, but they haven't been at all, really. It depends on the agreement they make, and then after a while them change their mind.

"For example, a singer might do a song for a producer, but he know he doesn't put 100 per cent into his singing. So him just say, *'Chaaaaarr . . . It no good* — just give me a fee for it'. But the producer work on it and get a hit with it. Then the bwoy come across to the producer and say you rob me and evert'ing. An 'im start to give the producer a bad name.

"Also, it's like if a producer wants me and Sly to come and work with him for two cents a rhythm, but he says he can only pay one cent, then it's completely up to us.

"Probably in the early times it might 'appen, but really it depend on your agreement. You have enough people call 'Wolf', though . . ."

ONE WONDERS if any of Robbie's knowledge of such matters comes from personal Taxi experience. This is perhaps doubtful, though: they've worked for a number of years with many of the musicians who play on Taxi sounds.

Both he and Sly enthuse particularly about the talents of The Tamlins, the three-man vocal group.

"The Tamlins are like The Temptations," grins Sly, reminding you of the Jamaican group's version of the Motown outfit's 'Smiling Faces Sometimes'. "We keep them in that *sweet* bag.

"Chris Blackwell would like more roots. But I wouldn't let The Tamlins sing a rootsy sort of tune . . ."

"But anyway," interrupts Robbie, "them sing sweet, and we play rootsy for them guys, and just put the colouring on top. Each artist has his own sound, y'know. And we know the way a Tamlins sound should be like.

"The Tamlins to me are some of the best vocalist in Jamaica. They will sing for a long time if they get the right material and the right rhythms. Sly 'n' me, we love them sounds together, try and help them.

"But there isn't sufficient good material in Jamaica. We 'aveta try and give them an opportunity in the States or over here. Try and push them more so the people hear them.

"It isn't just Bob Marley and Peter Tosh — a 'ole 'eap o' talent in Jamaica: just needs exposure."

Robbie also insists that violence in Jamaica is what really gets over-exposed. "I tell you: if I'm in a foreign country working and we hear the news from Jamaica, it sound *well* serious and evert'ing.

"The foreign press aren't generous to Jamaica. Because look how much killing going on in New York, and they don't make it sound that bad.

"But if a breeze blow up a woman's dress in Jamaica, you hear it all over the world. Look how much people dead everyday still in Vietnam, or in Iran, or in Afghanistan. Earthquakes and volcanoes and plane and train crash — 'ole 'eap o' disaster. And them not really make it look *that* bad."

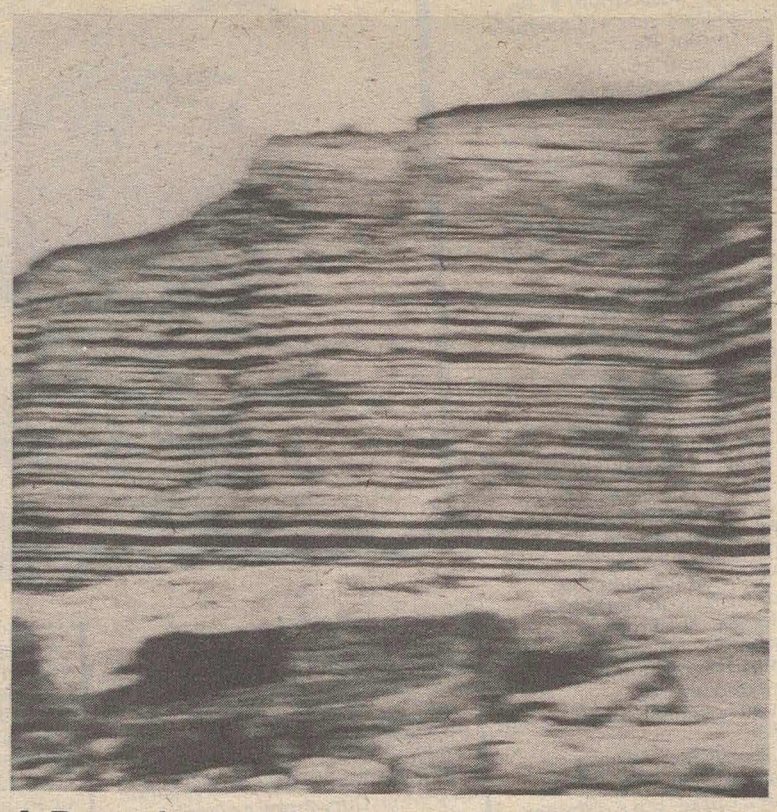
Robbie glances out of the window for a moment. "Is that part o' Island over there?" he asks.

I nod, thinking for a moment that the bass-player's considering the architectural lines of the building opposite.

Robbie rubs his chin reflectively: "Got nice girls over there. *I can see a 'ole eap o' girls!*"

Sly and Robbie get up to leave the room, saying they need something wet and warm.

Actually, I thought they meant a cup of tea, but perhaps . . .



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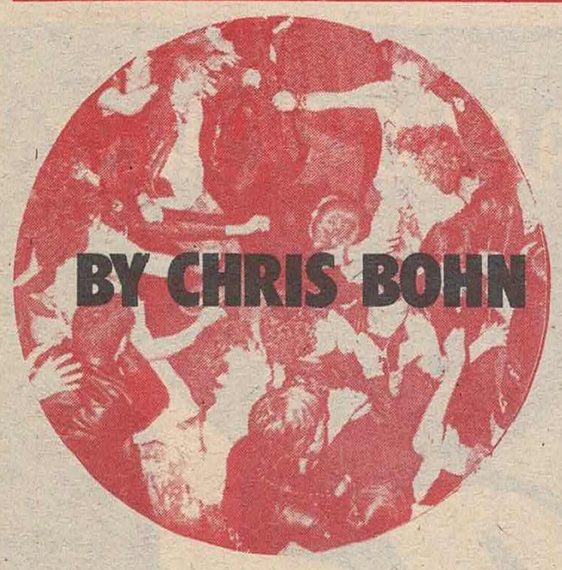
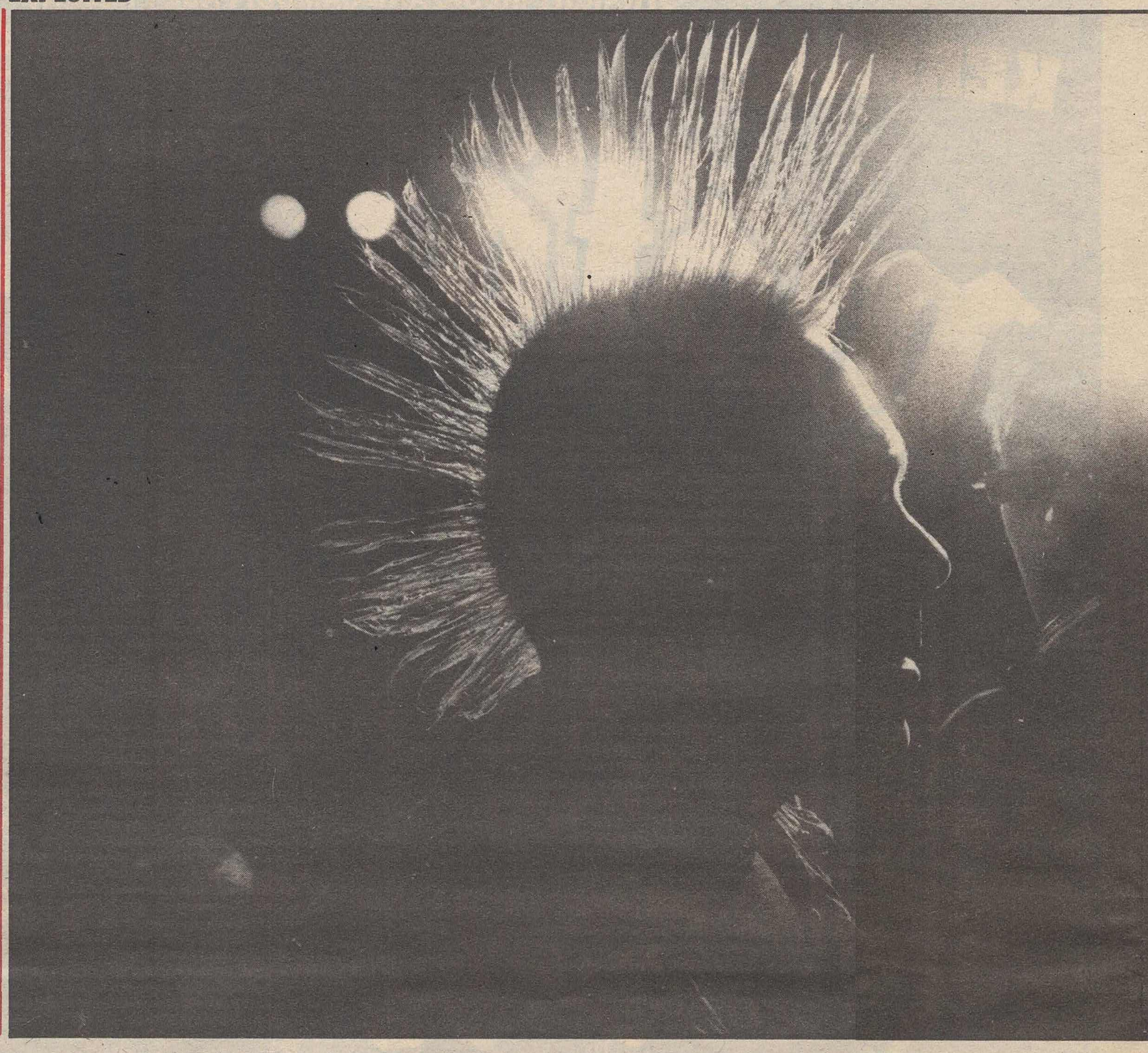


BY CHRIS BOHN

'ANARCHY IN THE UK'
"We intend to march on the police everywhere. We intend to destroy the police machine and all its records. We intend to destroy the house organ of the world police machine, that goes under the name of conservative press. We intend to destroy all dogmatic verbal systems. The family unit and its cancerous expansion into tribes, countries, nations, we will eradicate at the vegetable root. We don't want to hear any more family talk, mother talk, father talk, cop talk, priest talk, country talk or party talk. To put it country simple, we have heard enough bullshit!"
(William Burroughs: 'The Fire Breaks Out' from *The Job*)

OR THE APOCALYPSE NOW TOUR:
"Kids are fed up. If they've got nowt to do they'll do something stupid. like vandalise, or something like that. If the only way to get money is to beat up somebody, that's what you're gonna do. If kids go straight from school to the dole, it's not their fault is it? They cannae go out and get a job. The Government creates boredom and there's no way you can protest about it. There was that right to work march with thousands of people on it and the Government didnae even bother about it. They never bother till something actually happens. . ."
(Wattie, lead singer of The Exploited)

EXPLOITED



THE PREMATURE BU

Punk's not dead yet — but as the Apocalypse Now tour groups bawl good old anarchy, they're strangely oblivious to the real anarchy on streets of Britain. And the ghost of Johnny Rotten has a good laug

THIS IS THE crisis we knew had to come, so why do we act surprised? God knows, we've been warned often enough.

The children of quaint, quiet Zurich and Berlin's consumer playground have been at it for the past nine months, though by conventional standards they have far less to complain about. Still nobody expected such random rioting to happen here.

DISCHARGE

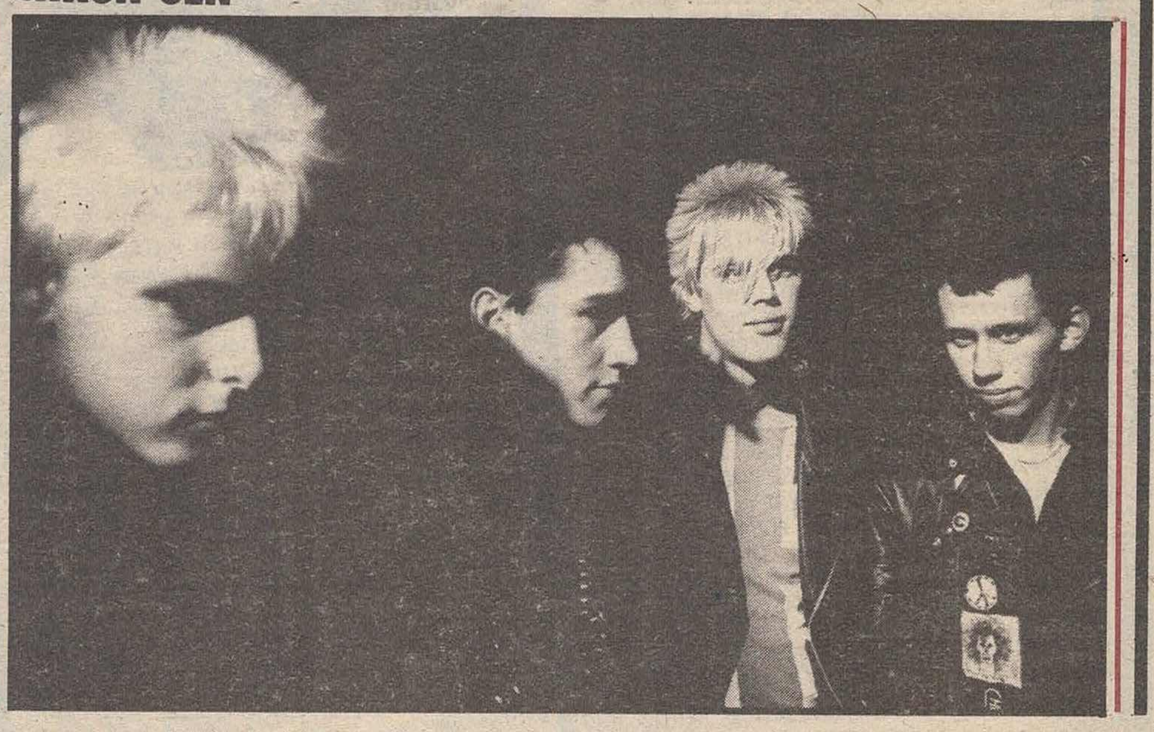
Britain's complacency has been abruptly and irrevocably shattered by outbreaks in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham . . . the list goes on and on, shocking the powers that be into a mad scramble to re-assert authority.

During each uneasy, shortlived peace, this nation of shopkeepers clears up the wreckage, hoping the heavy police patrols will maintain order long enough for Parliament to come up with a more permanent solution. Naturally the deterrents come first, hard and swift, in an effort to dampen the spirits of potential rioters. Then the debates that will attempt to rationalise the irrational will begin in earnest.

The worried words heard thus far have been cliched, but nevertheless true: high unemployment, from the classroom straight onto the dole queue, inner city deprivation and urban decay, lack of parental control and loss of respect have all figured strongly. The only missing factor — briefly touched upon in a *Sunday Times* resume of the riots — is the sheer exhilaration kids have discovered in running wild and unchecked through the streets, oblivious to the painful consequences of their actions and not even considering the inevitable repercussions.

Otherwise last week's Commons reports read like paraphrased Pistol songs, Rotten era of course. Five years after its release, the itching powder that was 'Anarchy In The UK' has got everyone jumping. Punk might be dead, but the ghost of Johnny Rotten is still laughing.

CHRON GEN



That Rotten's ghost was out haunting the riots explains his absence from the new punk scene. Rotten enjoyed playing harbinger of doom, but he was never daft enough to advocate anything. "Be yourself!" is all he would snap. And instead every subsequent generation of punk has snapped to attention, turning his sloppy dress into a unifrom and his sharp, throwaway jibes into tablets from the Mount.

No real surprise, then, that the new punks were still acting like Johnny Rotten, still singing about anarchy, while chaos asserted its brief reign elsewhere. Punk's not dead? Let's put the autopsy on ice for the moment while we investigate the entropy.

BIRMINGHAM'S Digbeth Civic Hall is more often a wrestling mecca than a punk Roxy-by-proxy

RIAL

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meeting place. Still, since Barbarella's closed a few years ago, the punks have to make do with whatever they can get and tonight it is exactly what they want: the Apocalypse Now tour featuring new anti-heroes The Exploited, Discharge, Anti Pasti and Chron Gen.

It has just turned five o'clock, but already a smattering of punks has gathered outside the hall. So it's true they haven't got anything better to do! Young, out of work and with few chances of a job, it's easy to see why they're drawn to the perennial protest that punk has become. It might have been seen and heard before, but to them the experience is new. The easy, cheap thrill of drawing shocked stares from nine-to-fivers deserting the city centre for the suburbs is only partially spoilt by the predictability of the reaction, but in this resentful war between the have-and-have-nots so little has become satisfaction enough.

Convinced of Society's intolerance and hostility towards them, they go out to test it severely. Acknowledging their few prospects they find consolation in accentuating the hopelessness of it all by dressing down to punk. The clothing is so familiar it is hardly worth describing: studded, painted leather, torn jeans, chains and zips, spiky hair and mutilated faces.

No longer novel, maybe, but shorn of the glee attached to novelty value they come across more desperate. What's more after the lull separating the first wave from the third (fourth?) wave, there appears to be far more of them now than ever before.

Within a few hours they will be thronging this hall and, having found champions — in The Exploited in particular — as intense and as sullen as themselves, they'll be hurtling themselves at each other with startling frenzy.

Ignored by the music press (Garry Bushell, aside), new punk has undoubtedly generated all its own momentum. It has developed a fiercely defensive pride that refuses to bend under the unrelenting accusations of its uselessness. On the other hand its very intensity reinforces its aura of parody.

None of the groups playing tonight is doing anything that hasn't been heard before, but does that make what they're saying any less valid? Certainly not to the new hordes of violent, thrashing bodies exorcising their frustration to the primitive noises.

"PUNK's NOT DEAD!" screeches The Exploited's Wattie. Let's go watch it convulse Birmingham for awhile. . .

THE APOCALYPSE NOW tour took to the road after a successful dry run at London's Lyceum. That night the older group's equipment was put to shame by upstart Hertfordshire newcomers Chron Gen's spanking new backline of amps and drums. Cost them a £2,000 bank loan, they bemoan. Whatever, it is their system that is being used by all the groups, making it difficult not to get cynical and think that is the reason they're on this outing.

Though only six months old their music comes across as a restrained version of the older thrash. At the moment too tentative by far, Chron Gen's youthfully earnest songs pay lip service to the right causes without taking them any further. However, their morbid preoccupation with the oncoming apocalypse holds up better than their polite pop punk drug numbers. Their single 'Puppets Of War' sounds better than they do live, even if you lose out on their visual appeal.

After two viewings only one couplet sticks in the memory: *"Tell me what it's all about/It's all about getting out"* (from 'Lies'). Their songs aside, Chron Gen are the best looking group of the night: platinum pouting blond rhythm section is fronted by two endearingly naive guitarists. Chron Gen should be the first teen pin-ups of the new blank generation.

If Chron Gen are a surrogate early Buzzcocks (before the love interest), Derby's Anti Pasti would quite like to be The Clash; or at least bassist Will would.

"They're the biggest influence on me personally," he admits candidly. "I was only 15 when I first saw them, they mean a lot to me, and their influence is very hard to break away from."

So I've noticed — and this love for them manifests itself a little too strongly: his crimson sleeveless shirt and slicked back hair, his grease monkey gloopiness and carefully wrought angst poses are pure Simonon; while guitarist Duggie's patched shirt bears more than a passing resemblance to Strummer's military phase wardrobe.

ANTI PASTI

Fortunately their music pays less homage. Three parts ruthless efficiency is endearingly offset by one part incompetence — i.e. singer Martin's gangling, comical dancing. More a cheerleader than a rabble rouser, his overactive slithering and sliding back and forth on a dangerously gob-wet stage sends him sprawling into the good natured brawling of the front rows.

His dopiness is offset by the seriousness of the subject matter, which doesn't mean that it can be taken too seriously. 'Another Dead Soldier' is a contagious chant, but any original compassion is unfortunately reduced to a cheap slogan. Similarly, 'No Government' is another audience jerk off rant.

But hidden away in the confusion of cliches are a few genuinely good songs, like 'St George Gets His Gun,' which associates territorial army activities with the new right. It is one of the few songs that transcends the plain griping throughout most of their set. It's a problem that Anti Pasti are aware of falling into.

"You can get into a rut of complaining," concurs Will, "and you could say that about our songs. But we are definitely in tune to what's going on in 1981, so from that point of view we consider that our music is important. That's why punk is still valid today.

BIG JOHN & WATTIE

"Conditions are even worse now than they were in '77. Anyway, I'm fed up with hearing people say they've heard it all before. We're only expressing ideas that are in our heads, and if people think we're naive — well, we might be, but then we're younger (Anti Pasti average 19) and these things are new to us. I know older people might think its naive to sing about war, but they're more experienced than us."

In such an enclosed, intensely surly circle, Will's tranquil voice of reasoning is refreshing. It doesn't exactly suffuse Anti Pasti's music yet, which conforms too readily to punk blueprints to be comfortable. But buried somewhere in there is a more individual voice struggling to be heard. That might not be apparent at the moment — or indeed on their soon to be released debut LP 'The Last Call' — hopefully it'll surface later. However, Anti Pasti's presence is the most engaging of the Apocalypse Now ensemble.

If they're the humanitarian face of new punk, Discharge is its conscience.

DISCHARGE'S RIGHTEOUS anger has been converted into a passionate pure force that is as brutish as Motorhead's and as moralistic as Crass, with whom they share common concerns: anarchy and peace. Unlike Crass, however, they don't preach, they bluntly state thier case and leave, taking most of their words with them. To all but the most committed they're incomprehensible — their songs are so fast as to be indecipherable, but the telegraphed emotions hit home.

Liking or disliking Discharge is beside the point — one is either impressed or otherwise by their belief in themselves, which is one step on from the resignation of their fellow travellers.

Their laconic singer Cal carries through his ardent onstage anti-hero persona into the social life of the tour, refusing to be drawn into actions that run counter to his beliefs. On the last night of the tour in Cardiff he firmly declined invitations to join in shambolic finale involving all the groups. The other three are up there, but not Cal. Likewise he won't "conduct interviews" with the music press, adamantly yet politely declining to have his picture taken.

"I'm not into the pop star stuff, he asserts with dignity.

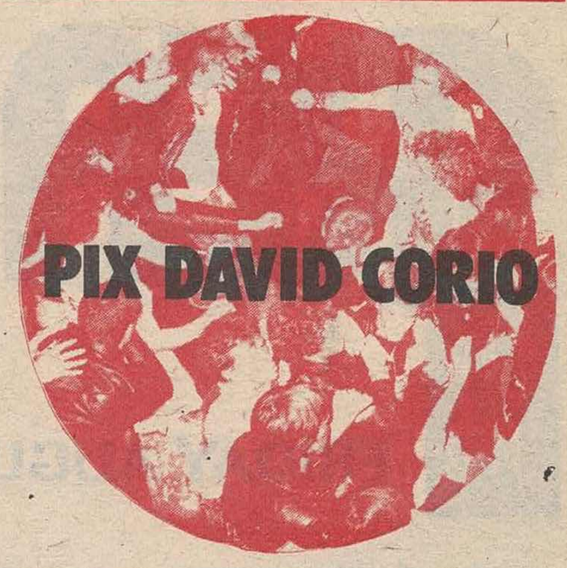
Okay Cal, see ya later.

"Sure mate, be good.

Be good?!

If punks's not dead, it is more down to the likes of Discharge than The Exploited. Discharge, or at least Cal, know that anarchy is not just synonym for chaos. The Exploited like to give the impression they don't know anything, they want to be the frontline fodder and then moan about how they're mistreated.

EDINBURGH'S The Exploited have distilled the anger and protest of punk down into a long venomous whine, but



they have the instinctive sense to hold up a riff long and hard enough to drive home their compilation of cliches and half truths: 'Punk's Not Dead', 'I Hate Cop Cars', 'I Believe In Anarchy', 'Sex And Violence' and so on.

They're the good 'uns — the real cruds of their repertoire are the cute 'Ripper' prefaced with the chant *"Ripper 13, women's lib zero"* on the LP version, and 'Fuck A Mod'. Yet because they're such blatant attempts to shock, they're best ignored than taken seriously. Why give them the thrill of reacting?

Of all the new punks, The Exploited are most responsible for reducing punk to a daft parody of its former self. Though they have effectively extricated themselves from Oi! — after making the mistake of contributing two tracks to 'Oi! The Album' — they too rely on a heavy laddish yob appeal which falls short of condoning violence. That said, Wattie's relationship to trouble is highly ambivalent, as we shall see.

To look at, The Exploited are admittedly entertaining — something akin to watching an animated Bash Street Kids strip with expletives heaped on. Drummer Dru is all maniacal boggle eyes and seemingly unco-ordinated movements. Bassist Gary's shock of crimson hair is uncongruously matched by little oblong John Lennon/Roger McGuinn shades. Guitarist Big John is just that — a hulk of flesh, whose ferocious appearance is belied by the sweetness of his character. He turns out to be the one member who attempted some kind of reconciliation with the rest of the world.

That's something Wattie himself refuses to consider. His warped version of punk is grotesquely comical: a ridiculously high-teased Mohican cockatoo spray of hair dyed red parts his close cropped head. One ear is punctured in three different places by a set of pins — one piercing a plastic insect — and a ring dangles from his nose. His torso is draped by a shredded shirt held together by its zips. More Russ Abbott than Johnny Rotten, excepting that John Lydon is funnier.

The dress is, of course, important for

CONTINUES PAGE 61

NEW PUNKS

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PARACHUTES
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BILLY SQUIER

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MIDNIGHT OIL
FROM U.S.A. 38 SPECIAL
THE ENID
THOMPSON TWINS
AFRAID OF MICE
ANDY ALLAN'S FUTURE
SPECIAL ATTRACTION DESPERADOES
SPECIAL GUESTS GREG LAKE

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LPs

Rebirth of the cool...

MILES DAVIS
The Man With The Horn (CBS)

MILES DAVIS is to jazz what some claim Springsteen is to rock: the centre, the only figure who can hold all the disparate strands together and provide some sort of focal point for future development.

In sheer historical terms, his influence has been astonishing: besides giving the majority of today's leading lights their most valuable apprenticeship, he was playing with Charlie Parker in his tender teens and was instrumental in Coltrane's development both before and during the latter's tenure in his Quintet in the '50s. For close on four decades, right up to the release of 'Agharta' in 1975, musicians and fans alike have turned to Miles for pointers to the major breakthroughs, the important changes in style and form.

Since 'Agharta', itself a live album featuring much that had been recorded before, there's been no new material from Miles apart from 'Directions' and "Circle In The Round', a couple of collections of old, unreleased stuff from the trumpeter's earlier (largely pre-'70s) years. Tales of illness and entropy have been rife, but whatever the cause, the effect of Miles' absence on jazz as a whole has been noticeable; without him as an anchoring presence, the scene has atomised, musicians wandering off up a variety of cul-de-sacs with mutually exclusive styles and ideals.

Under normal circumstances this would signal a quite healthy openness and experimental inquisitiveness, but, as in recent rock trends, there's been a tendency to ossification, a hardening of these specialised arteries. There's no longer "jazz" pure and simple, but a variety of qualifying terms through which the prospective listener must pick his way carefully: *funk*-jazz, *afro*-jazz, *classical*- or *chamber*-jazz, and so on. True, there's still good music, in many areas — one thinks of Sun Ra, Weather Report, The Art Ensemble, Ornette, etc — but there's no centre, no yardstick. The king may have been close to death, but there's no head(s) to fit the crown just yet.

Actually, the king is far from dead. 'The Man With The Horn', Miles' first LP in six years, shows him still alive and kicking, if a little reticent at times. There've been a good few changes since 'Agharta' (the only musician held over from that period is drummer Al Foster, and even he's playing in a more sparse, skeletal manner), the most noticeable being the (gratifying) absence of Reggie Lucas' squalling Hendrixisms, and Miles' abandonment of the extraneous electronic trickery which made parts of that album almost unlistenable. This is a much less cluttered, frantic ensemble dealing in a raw-boned, open funk-jazz, whose main motive forces are the twin pillars of Barry Finnerty's terse, rhythmic guitar and the marvellous Marcus Miller's fluid space-bass bounce.

That Miles should opt for a funk approach is no surprise. Just as '70s jazz in general has been a history of extension into other areas rather than dramatic breakthroughs, so Miles' '70s albums, in one sense, can be seen as a series of attempts to reach a *non-jazz* black audience whilst still retaining the bite and interest of jazz; Miles' funk is a far cry from the degenerate fuzak epitomised by the CTI label (background music for fantasies of "sophistication"), as the most cursory exposure to the dark, dense, relentless rhythms of 1973's 'On The Corner' will attest. 'The Man With The Horn' is a lighter, more restrained outing than that, with Miles himself seemingly taking fewer blows than soprano saxist Bill Evans; whether this is through fatigue or design isn't clear, but it works. Jazz purists will surely bemoan what they'll see as a "dilution", but who gives a damn about them? Certainly not Miles . . .

Both the British critic Michael James and the German critic Joachim Berendt have drawn attention to the sadness, resignation and essential loneliness of Miles' trumpet-playing, a unique approach for what's usually such a brash and jubilant instrument. That same tone, stripped of electronic alteration, is in evidence again, but this time the short, epigrammatic phrases are set in strange tension with the open friendliness of the funk rhythms. It's there right at the beginning, when 'Fat Time' stalks in on a loping bass figure, both cool and menacing at once, and it's the predominant atmosphere throughout the record. For 'Fat Time' Finnerty's replaced by guitarist Mike Stern, who trades subtly-altered mirror-image licks with Miles before launching into a solo which, though strangely histrionic in the context of the LP, is still more euphoric than overwrought. Bill Evans adds a soupcon of inquisitive swing, and Miles, dormant for much of the piece, eventually solos with sweet but curt restraint.

'Back Seat Betty', which follows, is bare and haunting. Apart from the occasional clutch of massive fuzz-chords signalling the beginning or end of a section, the piece consists of a spare, laidback funk interplay between bass, drums and percussion, whilst Miles sketches concise, tentative figures (in the first part) or Evans takes a lyrical solo flight (in the second). Evans' soprano blends particularly well with Miles' breathy trumpet style, the two being similar both in tone and feel — a fine example of Miles' gift for cohesive instrument combinations.

'Aida', which opens side two, is the busiest piece here — with Miles at his most extrovert — but it's still firmly within the funk framework of the album as a whole; 'Ursula', which closes, is the closest the group gets to the mainstream, with typically tentative Milesian outgrowths over another loping swing bass figure.

The two remaining tracks, 'Shout' and the title-track, are the most unashamedly populist pieces the trumpeter's ever done, the former an engrossing and emphatically dancefloor-orientated instrumental built on a smart, clipped rhythm guitar figure, the latter — oddity of oddities — a *song*, a sentimental soul tribute to some unnamed horn-blower (probably Miles himself, given his noted lack of modesty).

For these two tracks — both of which, incidentally, would be delicious spread across twelve inches (are you listening, CBS?) — Miles uses a different band, all but consigning himself to the role of backup soloist in an outfit showcasing the talents of writers / arrangers / keyboardists Randy Hall (who sings) and Robert Irving III (who doesn't). They're essentially lightweight fare, certainly the most straightforward things *I've* heard from Miles (can you hear those purists *scream!*), but they'll doubtless enable him to reach that non-jazz black audience as never before; don't be surprised to see him on both jazz *and* disco charts real soon.

'The Man With The Horn' may not be the breakthrough expected of the man who brought us 'The Complete Birth Of The Cool', 'Sketches Of Spain' and 'Bitches Brew', but it's nice to have around — and it's likely to reach more people than all of those put together. Don't knock it — it's the rebirth of the cool! And whatever you do, don't miss it. Glad to have you back, man.

Andy Gill

...and the hot and cold

KIM WILDE
Kim Wilde (RAK)

FOR THE MOMENT — and the moments that will gather until the implosion — Kim Wilde is the best pop star the '80s could produce: I'll swap you for a Sting, a Debbie, an Adam. Where did she come from? is not as important as where will she end up, and neither questions matter at all considering the hollow beauty of her debut LP — a true masterpiece of fake ranting, stunning guitar tiffing, suggestive trembling and pop flashin' and that. It is the classic emptiness of pop presented with serious style and not much shame.

The rudest rock and roll (and I do mean THAT) imaginable is the b/ground for the Wilde and willing act of fidelity: draped in strait lace, with half the driving forces of the universe left to the imagination. Kim Wilde is the ultimate uniform representation of moral machine music, applying herself to someone else's sense of rebellion bleached white and ridiculous, yet she manages to disable at the same time. She coasts through the ten crafted by low numbers and drafted with fast feel songs with anonymous, bland, fantastic indifference: it's the silver physical presence, her appreciation of the possibility of the photograph, her implicit understanding of the shortest cut to YOUR heart that contributes to her proper and complete glam properties. The music's fifth best to all sorts of things, and that's better than getting worked up about it.

The songs that are given to Kim by her brother and father mean absolutely NOTHING at all, and mean it with penetrating gusto: Wilde realises this as magnificently as she recognises the impermanence of her position. Wherever her family placed her — beat bandit, ballad wet — her determination and casual certainty would have pushed her through. A pop star without having to really try, this dazed diamond would always have shone through.

'Kim Wilde' is ingenuous, ingenious, outstandingly zealous, devastatingly predictable, a whipped cream of cliche and fraud, desperately unambiguous . . . the pop LP only true innocents who fancy themselves as remarkable cynics could make, ignoring the extremes and treading the straight and narrow with benign indifference, dedicating themselves to reproducing a meticulous blend of the agreeable, the conventional, the moderate, the warming, the hygienic and — brilliantly, flamboyantly — the wicked.

'Kim Wilde' is two singles and eight fillers: most of the fillers could become singles and effortlessly adopt that particular sore 'cor' power. It's a tease and tense three-way pull between Marty Wilde's dreadful American dream, Ricky Wilde's Shelley - type cynical - bouyancy and Kim Wilde's scintillating willingness to be appropriated. Old Marty and Young Ricky write all the songs, and Kim just gets on with winning her space, devouring with metaphysical might the phantasy of pop. Kim Wilde does not have to think, so to speak. She makes no obvious claims: Easton, Toyah, O'Connor cannot stand up to this pressure. She reveals nothing about herself, she rejects the messy exhibitionism of mock-art, she avoids appearing to be instrument, gadget or stooge, often it seems that she doesn't do ANYTHING AT ALL, and yet she lets us know that this just isn't the case. She, using Marty and Ricky's straight expertise and humdrum experience, reduces pop to its most basic components: the serviceable, captivating, replaceable moment, the sound for the crowd, the flashiest opposite to vital concerns.

In a heaven between the boiled bland and the eternal routine of pop value . . . in a void between manufactured Easton and man-made Harry . . . in a way between the semi - divinity and human 'happiness' of Abba and the shiniest, silliest presentation of neu-tral wave 'energy' . . . Kim Wilde is too good to be true and too true to be good, an embodiment of timeless lazy dynamism. A crazy illumination that matches old-fashioned emblems with new-fangled sophistication.

Every home should have the video of Wilde performing 'Chequered Love.' Every home in two will possess 'Kim Wilde.' It is classically flimsy and deliciously effective. It has a staying power that comes from something not even the Wilde family could manufacture: class. 'Kim Wilde' is class trash, the shrewdest shallow compilation of fillers, pleasers, hits and sly sin since 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier,' just brilliantly framed, guiltless theatre. Relent, relent!!

Paul Morley

THE MOTORS
Greatest Hit (Virgin)

WHAT ARE Andy McMaster and Nick Garvey, the songwriting team behind The Motors, doing now? Does anyone really care? Did they have a greatest hit?

Actually, it was a greatest miss. Last year Radio One played 'Love And Loneliness' to death. It was high-powered melodramatic pop (straining voice, female chorus, cinemascopic chords and heavily constructed orchestrations) which, with the help of producer Jimmy Iovine, showed Jim Steinman and Meatloaf the right way to make a post-Spector single with Wagnerian dynamics. It didn't do much business, though; maybe that was because, unfortunately and coincidentally, it sounded like 'Union City' in places.

Still, nice to have it on this compilation, even if other cuts from the 'Tenement Steps' album don't fare as well. The title track (a soured '80s 'McArthur Park') and 'Metropolis' get uncomfortably heavy: their city vision becomes bogged down in its own cloudiness and melancholy.

The Motors dealt more deftly with such emotions in an earlier phase, represented here by 'Airport' which pulled off the pop trick of being instantly nostalgic, like the first time you heard the song was the hundredth time five years later. 'Forget About You', however, is too familiar, even tired.

Before they were a songwriting team, The Motors were more of a conventional band with Bram Tchaikovsky on guitar. It's as if Nick Garvey isn't satisfied with this part of his autobiography; he's remixed the earlier material, making the compilation less a retrospective, more a re-write. 'Dancing The Night Away' has its pop-rock structure turned into a clumsy edifice, making it like a demo for later Motors. This gives the selection a circular rather than rightful linear feel. That's cheating. Or is it Garvey wanting to make all the former work sound like that greatest miss?

Paul Tickell

CARLA BLEY
Social Studies (Watt)
NICK MASON
Nick Mason's Ficticious Sports (EMI)

CARLA BLEY'S bewildering catalogue displays a truly maverick sensibility, an insatiable thirst for new ways with old lamps tempered by an unruly imp's sense of humour. If events sometimes get out of hand, as in the overblown 'Escalator Over The Hill', the whirligig of ideas always throws out something refreshing.

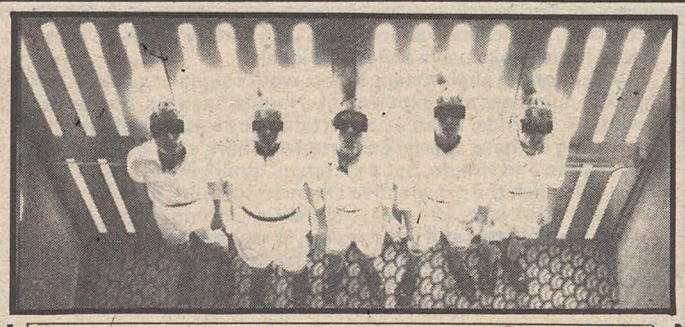
The Watt album is all playing. A nine-piece band including old stalwarts like Mike Mantler, Steve Swallow and Joe Daley plus saxists Carlos Ward and Tony Dagardi and the excellent trombonist Gary Valente are paced through six engrossing tracks. The fusty books on the cover, relics of European academicism, are cunningly symbolic. The music pitters through cobwebbed ballrooms and loiters below gaslit chandeliers in 'Reactionary Tango' and the arms-in-splints 'Valse Sinistre'. This is a truer, more affectionate, more cutting evocation of Old Europe than anything by the likes of Ultravox.

If 'Social Studies' is a Carla Bley jazz record, then the EMI album is a Carla Bley rock record. It's got Nick Mason's name on it, but that's the privilege of the man who pays the tab — he plays functional drums and co-produces cleanly but it's all written and arranged by Bley.

This is a belly laugh of a record. The lyrics pout in teasing riddles, flirt with (non)sense; the music pokes fun at your idea of traditional rock, balloons out around the vocals (superbly handled by Robert Wyatt and Karen Kraft) and spirals away in a bawling horn solo or hunches up into a big block-chorded extravaganza.

It concludes with the shocking story of 'I'm A Mineralist', Wyatt's doom-laden voice stretched to a cathedral choir while the group hammer out the changes. You can almost see Carla grin. Nobody's told her that there are barriers 'twixt jazz and rock; she doesn't seem to know.

Richard Cook



DEVO
Devo Live (Virgin)

STRANGE FACTS, Number 329: Devo's 'Whip It' is now the biggest-selling single *ever* in the state of California — location of a good few shifted units in the past.

Well, maybe not that strange, actually. 'Freedom Of Choice', the album from which 'Whip It' was culled, was the consummate meta-pop record its flawed predecessors were striving towards, an entertaining bout of cultural criticism aimed directly at the heart, feet and private parts of young America. Some measure of success was almost inevitable.

Unfortunately, success came late in the life of the album, which, though it bobbed pleasingly around in the teens and twenties for some months, had long since used up its initial sales impetus and never gathered enough momentum to really take off. Facing their biggest break so far, Devo found themselves stranded between LPs: too little time to produce the masterpiece the follow-up *had* to be, and too little point in pushing 'Freedom Of Choice'. Problems, problems . . .

Hence 'Devo Live', presumably a stop-gap measure to keep things ticking over. Unlike most such offerings, which usually come as expensive gatefold doubles covering entire concerts (the warts-and-all approach), 'Devo Live' is a six-track mini-album, neatly packaged in 'Clear Spot' style transparent sleeve and card insert, whose 17 minutes of music costs £2.99. Still (relatively) expensive, but fewer warts than usual.

There's no escaping the sense of superfluity which always attaches to live albums, though. All the more so in this case, as with the exception of the new instrumental treatment of 'Freedom Of Choice', all the tracks ('Be Stiff' and five from 'FOC') are done nearly note-perfect. It's the old two-stools situation: the live versions lack the studio shine of the originals, but reproduce them too faithfully to throw new light on the songs.

It's difficult to imagine anyone — other than Devo completists, who're way beyond reason — actually wanting 'Devo Live'. If you haven't got 'Freedom Of Choice', this is a poor substitute; and if you have, you don't need these identical but inferior versions. And as a souvenir/reminder of last year's brilliantly simple stage shows, it completely misses out on the visual hooks which give their live copies an edge of freshness and immediacy. 'Devo Live' on vinyl is completely unnecessary, not to say misleading.

So where's the videotape?

Andy Gill

GLORIA GAYNOR
I Kinda Like Me (Polydor)

GEE-ELL-ohh-ahh-eye-ay! Gloria Gaynor has been good for an excellent single every so often for some years now, but this McFadden & Whitehead-produced selection fails to rise to any great heights, though it also avoids any serious descents into the awful. Apart from the odd sticky one here and there, 'I Kinda Like Me' takes its cue from the title song: bouncy, well-executed Me Generation disco with usual excellent bass, full-throated, assertive singing and reasonable tunes. In short, not recommended to people who demand the marvellous on a regular basis.

Charles Shaar Murray

THE PIRATES
A Fistful Of Dubloons (Edsel)
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Modern Rockabilly (Ace)

IN CASE we forget the immortal lead guitar and bass run on Johnny Kidd's 'Shakin' All Over', his backing band are still around. Some backing band . . .

The band have retained the early rock 'n' roll spirit because, however narrow their chosen ground, they're masters of the little eclectic touch. They rollercoast along, some country here, some R&B there, and a load of Berry-inspired riffs in between. You don't see the joins on the good ship, though. The same goes for Mick Green's guitar solos; they're an integral part of a number: no sore plectrums sticking out.

When you stop shaking to this plastic, you might want to turn to its good advice. Want to know how to do a metallic intro with heavy beats slotted in? Then listen to 'Honey Hush' and drummer Frank Farley. Want to know how to play one of those choppy Wilko lines with a hint of the orient? Then listen to 'Sweet Love On My Mind'. And so on. Even listen to the production, which avoids '50s ersatz echo while it makes a point of not going all contemporary and fat.

Next to 'A Fistful Of Dubloons', the Real Thing — '50s material from Modern, a label which tried to rival Sun — is a letdown. Pat Cupp and his Flying Saucers, who take up the first side of the collection, are interesting only on the level of idle speculation, ie, Pat might have shaped up if he hadn't gone and joined the US Airforce!

The second side of the album carries Johnny Todd's much over-rated piece of materialism 'Pink Cadillac'. What are probably meant to be the accompanying curiosities have more bite, especially Jesse James's 'Red Hot Rockin' Blues'. And 'Don't Go Pretty Baby' by Danny Boy, a Chicano, has even more soulful grit. Well, Modern did push their rockabilly product through the black R&B radio stations . . .

Paul Tickell

SLY & ROBBIE
The '60s, '70s, + '80s = Taxi (Taxi)

THE RELEASE of this LP would seem to indicate how eagerly Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare are to cash in whilst their star's in the ascendant. Unfortunately, it's records like this that could rapidly reverse the trajectory of that star. . .

A collection of songs from the past two decades supposedly "remodelled" '80s style, 'The '60s...' is simply a tiresome dribble of functional and perfunctory soft-centre Radio Two Reggae, so sweet and gooey it should come ready-daubed with custard.

The specific genealogy of each song escapes me — I'm no librarian — with the exception of obvious items like Herbie Hancock's 'Watermelon Man' and Curtis Mayfield's 'You Don't Care', the latter of which boasts an almost identical arrangement to the version on Big Youth's 'Dread Locks Dread'. This, and Delroy Wilson's 'Conquer Me', are the only halfway decent pieces here, and they're far outweighed by dross like the ska rendering of 'I Should Have Known Better', which incorporates some truly *stupid* nasal vocal noises in lieu of words, not unlike The Chipmunks.

Everything about the package stinks of the fast-buck rationale. The cover is possibly the most appropriately unqualitative cheap hack-job in existence, and the actual "music" sounds like a grab-bag of out-takes and private jokes recorded in between session duties.

As such, they should never have been released, but kept at home for an amusing half-hour when friends drop round. On record, they merely serve to demonstrate the detrimental effect of session-whoring around all the time at the expense of personal projects that *matter*.

If this stuff is *seriously* what Sly & Robbie want to do, though, then perhaps they ought to stick to session-work. To quote Sly back at himself: *"When you're hot you're hot/ When you're not you're not/ USE what you got."*

Seen?

Andy Gill

Word fuss

VIV STANSHALL
Teddy Boys Don't Knit (Charisma)

'PON MY WORD is the cornerstone of Viv Stanshall's philosophy of the laugh. The Bonzos, then Grunt and more recently Sir Henry Rawlinson have all been gently punning vehicles: no Pythonesque nastiness, no dark Milligan streak.

The success of the Rawlinson film means that Stanshall can be given more scope. But more scope means more puns, and more ditties about bicycle clips and phlegm.

The fantastical element to Stanshall's latest album (a series of monologues with musical accompaniment rather than songs) is less a vigorous flight from, and so paradoxical comment on, reality in the manner of Edward Lear or Lewis Carroll than a melancholy retreat into cups: the monologist becomes the persona, over-quaffing over-quothing dotards both. Stanshall doesn't poke fun, he stokes puns so that the listener may fall asleep at the post-prandial hearthside. Yes, we're very much in the gothic ricketty English country house, and the incumbent is pissed.

To the pist-on the pun will appear dangerous, disruptive, mini-Joycean. But Joyce was cosmopolitan, a visionary of the city, whereas what's on offer here is Anglo whimsy, rural, soft and rotting — and listen to that rotter's French!

When there are hints of exuberance, they're muffled by the dozing music — thanks Rick Wakeman, Neil Innes, Richard Thompson and others. The waltz times and loose atmospheric jazzy arrangements are less bad film scorings than dire TV sounds.

The music even misses out on the punning opportunities, apart from during the best track 'Slave Valse' which starts and ends with groans and ominous Roman galley timekeeper drums. In between the roaming wordplay for once makes its point (Barbarian Cartland and so on) and the music slots with the scenario.

It's not often, though, that Stanshall reaches this kind of anarchic height. The bias of his humour is pretty tame and boring next to, say, Edward Gorey's illustrations. It's a pity that teds don't knit; it's tragi-comic that beneath all that face fuzz (and word fuss) Stanshall looks, as the sleeve photo of the artist as a young pfunster shows, like Leslie Phillips!

Paul Tickell

Stanshall on the set of his remake of The Viking.

Weird fish

COLIN NEWMAN
Provisionally Entitled The Singing Fish (4 AD)

TWELVE TRACKS, six on each side and all confusingly called 'Fish' from one more Wire ex-member. Like G Lewis and B C Gilbert's collaboration on the Dome projects, Colin Newman's solo compositions echo Wire's subtle simplicity and their ability to enclose a wealth of nuance in such a stripped structure.

The tracks on 'Provisionally Entitled . . .' are made of minimal components, often consisting of no more than a basic melodic exercise sparingly supplemented. Each one illustrates a loving preservation of space and a precise economy that makes these short soundscapes uncannily appealling. At their best they have the stark strangeness and eerily clear quality of a disturbingly recurrent dream.

Some of the album has a pushy electronic pulse not far from an entranced dance music, but the sound stays cerebral rather than sensual, cool experimentation rather than dizzy celebration, and it keeps a sense of observation that incorporates all sorts of echoes.

Side One starts with fluting medievalism, shifts into pop drive and melts into a mellow somnolence, ending on Fish 6, just a drum-beat with the massive resonance of a primeval footfall. There's a touch of hiccoughing tropical spice on Fish 9, 10 has some of the epic proportions of a good film theme and Fish 7 is the nearest the album comes to vocals; a wordless wail that circles speech without actually articulating anything.

Colin Newman's solo territory is still similar to Lewis and Gilbert's and while his explorations aren't as detailed or evocative as those of Dome, they're thinner, simpler slices of the same sorts of theme. 'Provisionally Entitled . . .' draws surreal dreamscapes whose icy beauty is unusually attractive.

Lynn Hanna

STEVIE NICKS

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STEVIE NICKS:
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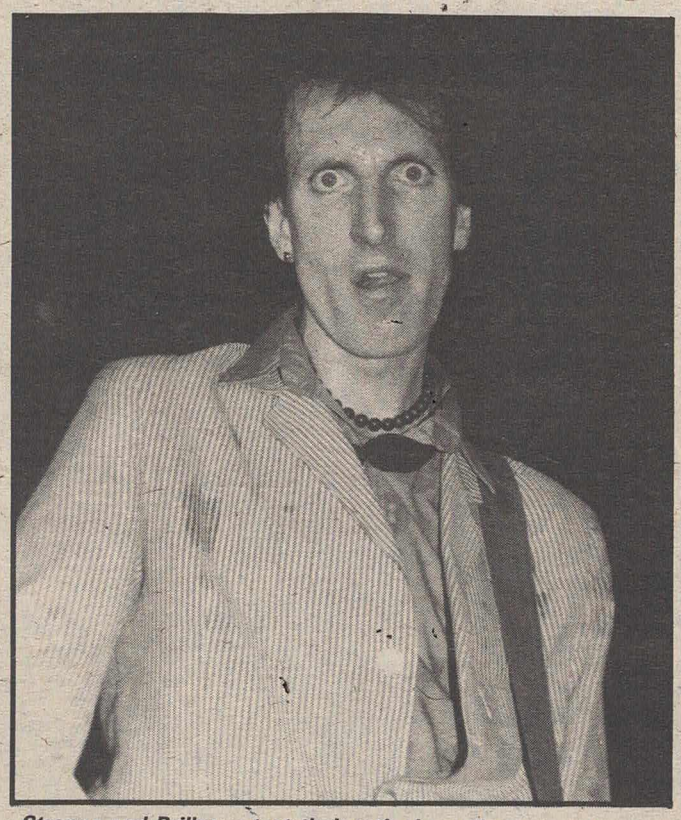
Would you let these men fiddle with your stethoscope?

THE DOCTORS OF MADNESS
Revisionism (Polydor)



Strange and Brilleaux test their retinal reactions

RICHARD STRANGE'S back pages, spruced up and sluiced out in black sleeve with the classic shot of the gangly Kid, blue hair intact, transfixed like some gaunt Peakeian undertaker. The death of rock and roll?

That's what the Doctors Of Madness wanted to be about. With punk barely at the nascent stage they turned heavy-lidded eyes to the grey city skyline, scuffed up the grime from the gutters, stalked dank alleyways of the urban psyche, scrambled scenarios of baroque coarseness and flung it all unmercifully at whatever rock audience they could find. Then they wondered why everyone hated them.

So, now, 'Revisionism': a history, a request for reconsideration, a clarification of the Docs' messy, tangled album output. Five from the twisted debut 'Late Night Movies, All Night Brainstorms', two from its tackily bloated successor 'Figments Of Emancipation' and four from the monochrome metal of 'Sons Of Survival'.

No doubt Strange sees it as his due. Chris Bohn's sleevenote speaks of the Doctors as "most everybody's favourite cult band" of this particular moment and of their being ahead of their time; the Kid vindicated as contemporary commentator. Maybe partly so — certainly the speedball nihilism of the Docs' particular brand of frenzy beat all the punky upstarts to it. But close examination reveals that Strange anticipated the most disposable elements of the New Wave: the facile neo-political tracts, the scrawny sub-heavy metal guitarese. Topped up with a sizeable slug of sepulchral self-pity — a theme that rings long and loud down the age-old catacombs of art rock — and blown out by the gothic gloom of Urban Blitz's violin and violectra, the Doctors reeled haplessly towards unlistenability.

Not always — sometimes they went far enough to turn excess to their advantage, as in the apocryphal angst of 'The Noises Of The Evening' (notably absent here), or their ragged anthem 'Mainlines', scissored in two to open and close the record. Mostly, though, it's stiflingly oppressive. Blitz's playing aside, 'Bulletin' could be any old anti-media diatribe by any old punk band, while the gratuitous rant in 'Sons Of Survival' against religion, big business and the state is perhaps the truest expose of Strange's desperate desire for soapbox notoriety. Or maybe this is— *"Alright, I've said nothing new, just old words in a slightly new way"* ('Triple Vision').

Only in the regretful sketch of an uncomprehending, hopeless coupling, 'Marie And Joe', does Strange let the personal intrude: *"They've never been in love, they just read all the books about how it should feel."*

There is little precedent here for Richard Strange's Phenomenal Rise. The clearest link between the Doctors and his recent recordings is their common concern for solipsistic concept over lumbering, slack-featured content.

The one occasion I saw The Doctors Of Madness was the night Elvis Presley died.

Richard Cook

DR FEELGOOD
On The Job (Liberty)

THERE COMES a point when certain bands seem to have been around for so long and to have been playing the same sort of music for such a stretch, that their career becomes a blur: you even forget how many albums they've done. However, the future is always clear: you know what to expect. Safe and predictable: that's what institutions are all about.

It sounds like the antithesis of rock 'n' roll. And it is. But not for the Feelgoods. They never take their status quo for granted; they build the institution anew on every album. They *function*.

That's the attraction: the pleasure of hearing them do it again, that persistent, committed, energetic old R&B trip. Maybe it's the very form of this music (no-nonsense drums and bass, pointed guitar, and broken but resilient voice) which makes it so inexhaustible. It has to be in the right hands, though. You'll know what I mean if you saw the recent South Barg Show on the blues. The ——— Band and Nine Below Zero were affected compared to Dr Feelgood: plodding horsepower against the taut machine, hard and working after . . . how many albums? Eight? Nine?

'On The Job' (recorded at Manchester University) is the band's third live offering. It doesn't have the impact of 'Stupidity', but — as the tickets and beer cans and the cigarette ends and papers imply on the cover — it's there to be used. One more time one more time.

It's impractical to dwell on individual tracks: the Feelgoods are a style, not a song. Even so, their version of Rick Danko's 'Java Blue' is worth a mention: it shows that there are a multitude of ways to be funky. 'Drive Me Wild' and 'Pretty Face' are also notable — and faster. The latter song (with its looks-don't-count message) isn't a wholly convincing attempt at playing on and against Lee Brilleaux's image as hard-drinking-living womaniser.

'Nomo Do Yakomo' is sure proof of the band's stature. When four grown men make mumbo-jumbo sound so compulsive . . . 'A Case Of the Shakes' is even better, its Diddleybeat menacing and clipped. Like it was meant to be, based as it is on the '30s hambone rhythm, in turn based on a West African one, sort of stripped-down minimalist Burundi.

Guitarist John Mayo is leaving, so this album is something of a farewell. He certainly made a job of replacing Wilko, and never participates in a dull moment, except maybe during the slow 'Shotgun Blues'. He can't be faulted for that too much, though: to these ears no whiteboy — apart from Peter Green — has sounded convincing taking it slow.

Faster R&B is a different matter; there's a few done that and Dr Feelgood are in the club — the institution. Use it: it's not going to wear out.

Paul Tickell

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ROUND-UP OF SUMMER SPECIALS

Ozzy to the rescue, as Sabbath nix Port Vale

BLACK SABBATH have pulled out of the 'Heavy Metal Holocaust' open-air concert at the Port Vale Football Ground, Stoke-on-Trent, on Saturday, August 1. But their short-notice let-down, ostensibly due to recording commitments, is more than compensated for by the Ozzy Osbourne Band stepping in to replace them — Ozzy himself, of course, was the linchpin of the original Sabbath for several years.

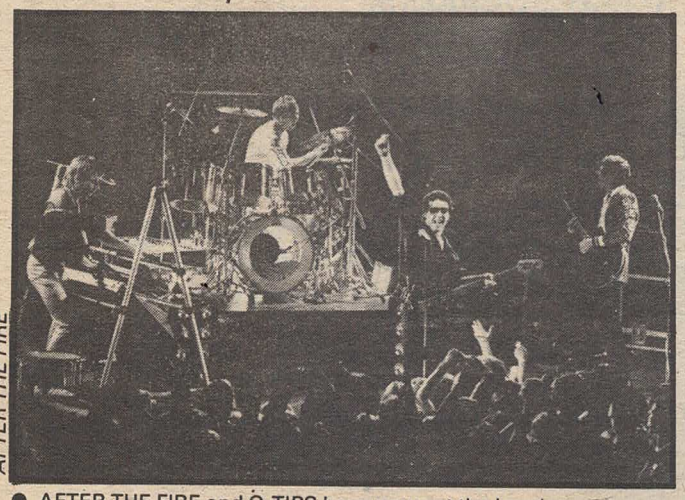
One further big-name act, probably a top American heavy metal outfit has still to be confirmed for the bill — negotiations were expected to be completed just after *NME* closed for press, and the name will be revealed in our next issue. Triumph and Vardis complete the line-up.

The concert was originally intended as a Motorhead and Black Sabbath double - header but, following the latter's drop-out, Motorhead will now be topping in their own right — which can't be bad, in view of their current No. 1 hit in the album chart.

Speaking of Sabbath's withdrawal, promoter John Curd commented: "They originally approached me to do the show, and I can only say that the next time they appear in England will be in court."

The Osbourne band are at present touring North America with Motorhead, and are due to stay on there after Lemmy & Co return to the UK — which means that they'll be flying in specially for the Port Vale event, arriving on the morning of the concert, and returning to America the next day. Now known simply as the Ozzy Osbourne Band, and no longer as Blizzard Of Oz, their line-up features Tommy Aldridge (drums), Randy Rhoades (lead guitar) and Rudi Sarzo (bass). They apparently agreed to do the show after learning of Sabbath's drop-out "because they didn't want the fans to be let down".

Tickets for the concert are £7.50 in advance, and they're available from numerous outlets around the country — or by post from Camouflage Ltd, 1 Munro Terrace, London SW10 0DL (postal orders only and enclose s.a.e.).



AFTER THE FIRE

● AFTER THE FIRE and Q-TIPS have now set the London venue which will climax their double-header "Summer Hop" tour, announced two weeks ago, also featuring a special disco hosted by Radio Luxembourg DJ Stuart Henry — it's in the Big Top in Battersea Park on August 11, and there'll be a matinee for youngsters as well as an evening show. But the gig at Scunthorpe Tiffany's on August 8 is cancelled, as Q-Tips are appearing that day at Milton Keynes Bowl with Thin Lizzy.

● FAIRPORT CONVENTION have now finalised plans for their annual reunion, which this year is a two-day event staged at Broughton Castle Park at Banbury. The main show is on Saturday, August 15 (2-11.30pm) and features Fairport in various incarnations — plus the Martin Carthy-John Kirkpatrick Band, Bert Jansch Band, Steve Ashley & Chris Leslie, Earl Okin and Captain Coco's Country Dance Band (tickets £4 advance, £5 gates). The previous evening (7.30pm) there's a concert with Ralph McTell, Richard Thompson, Dave Pegg and Dave Mattacks, plus the Fairport film *In One End And Out The Other* (tickets £2.50 advance, £3 gates). Advance bookings to Woodworm Music Ltd., PO Box 37, Banbury, Oxon OX1 7RR — postal orders only, and enclose s.a.e.

● WEAPON OF PEACE headline a Remembrance Festival in Hanley Park (Stoke-on-Trent) on Saturday, August 1. Organised by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, it's called "No More Hiroshimas", and it commemorates the dropping of the first atom bomb on Japan 36 years ago. The concert is the climax of a march from Newcastle-under-Lyme, and among other bands appearing are Plastic Idols and Esprit de Corps.

THE SCOTTISH INVASION

TV21 set to switch on

TV21, the Scottish-based five-piece who recently finished a support spot on The Undertones' UK tour, are now playing a string of dates in their own right — including four headliners at London Marquee (July 21, August 4, 11 and 18). Other confirmed gigs are at Leeds Warehouse (August 5), Sheffield Limit Club (6), Manchester Pips (7), Liverpool Brady's (8), Edinburgh Nite Club (15) and Glasgow Maestros (16). They are currently working with producer Ian Broudie on their new single 'Ticking Away', to be released in early August as the follow-up to their critically acclaimed 'Snakes & Ladders', and they're also recording tracks for their debut album.

Postcard from Josef K

JOSEF K are playing a string of dates to promote their debut album 'The Only Fun In Town', released this weekend by Postcard Records (through Rough Trade). The Scottish band visit Middlesbrough Gaskins (July 25), Grimsby Tiffany's (26), York Jaspers (27), Leeds Warehouse (28), Birmingham Cedar Club (30), Manchester De Villes (31), Liverpool Brady's (August 1), Bristol Trinity Hall (2) and Portsmouth Nero's Nightspot (4), before climaxing at London Victoria The Venue on August 5 with Aztec Camera — another Postcard band — supporting.

MORE KILLING JOKES

KILLING JOKE headline a London show at the Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, July 26, supported by The Meteors and Talisman — and tickets are now available, all at the one price of £3. This gig is the centre piece of a four-date mini-tour by the band, also taking in Sheffield Polytechnic (July 24), Aylesbury Friars (25) and Bath Pavilion (28).

AU PAIRS HEADLINERS

THE AU PAIRS, just back from a European tour, are headlining two major concerts coinciding with the release of their new single — at London Brixton Town Hall on July 30, with The Pinkies and The Outskirts supporting; and at Birmingham Imperial Cinema the following night (31) with Musical Youth and Tarzan 5 as support. The new single is 'Inconvenience'/'Pretty Boys', released by Human Records on July 31 — and there's also a 12-inch version which carried a bonus track, a re-mixed version of 'Headache'.

Reading running order, final bill

MORE ACTS have been added to the line-up of this year's Reading Festival — including The Enid, The Reluctant Stereotypes, Chicken Shack and the Jackie Lynton Band — and the organisers have now finalised the running order. Comperes for the three days will be Bob Harris and Jerry Floyd. These are the daily bills, subject to any last-minute enforced changes, and they're in reverse order of appearance:

FRIDAY, August 28 (2-11pm): Girlschool, Steve Hackett, Budgie, Telephone, Saga, The Lightning Raiders, Nightwing, 1990, Long Tall Shorty and a still-to-be-named local Reading band.

SATURDAY, 29 (noon-11pm): Gillan, Trust, Billy Squier, Rose Tattoo, Climax Blues Band, Roy Wood Band, Lionheart, Stan Webb's Chicken Shack, The Reluctant Stereotypes, Jackie Lynton Band and The Parachutes.

SUNDAY, 30 (noon-11pm): The Kinks, Nine Below Zero, Greg Lake Band, Wishbone Ash, Midnight Oil, 38 Special, The Desperadoes, The Enid, The Thompson Twins, Afraid Of Mice and Andy Allan's Future.

NME's special offer of £1 off the price of a weekend ticket has now closed, and the price has reverted to the standard £14.50, including camping and parking.

● HARLOW TOWN PARK is the venue for two free summer concerts, organised by the local council — maintaining their praiseworthy policy of previous years — in conjunction with Pyramid Artists Management. The first is on Saturday, July 25, and is headlined by Q-Tips (taking a night off from their package tour with After The Fire) with The Fix and The Fascinators supporting; the following Saturday (August 1) is topped by the Steve Gibbons Band, with support from Stan Webb's Chicken Shack and a yet-to-be-named local band. Both shows run from 6 to 10.30pm.

● MICK RONSON will not now be playing with the Ian Hunter Band, when they appear as special guests of Thin Lizzy in the MK2 concert at the Milton Keynes Bowl on Saturday, August 8 — this is due to solo commitments back in the States.

● BUDGIE have been confirmed as the headliners of the South Shields Rock Festival, to be staged at the local Gypsies Green Stadium on Saturday, July 25. As reported two weeks ago, the event is in aid of handicapped children, with tickets at £1.50. Also on the bill are The Piranha Brothers, Cirkus, Burlesque, Geordie, Mendis Prey and Black Rose.

HUMBLE PIE ARE BACK FULL-TIME

HUMBLE PIE have re-formed as a permanent unit, six years after they split — and they make their UK debut with a special one-off Royal Wedding Day concert (July 29) at London's Rainbow Theatre, with all tickets priced at £3.50.

The new line-up features two of the 1968 founder members, Steve Marriott (guitar and vocals) and Jerry Shirley (drums), plus two newcomers — stalwart British sideman Bobby Tench (rhythm guitar and vocals) and U.S. musician Anthony 'Sooty' Jones (bass). Besides Marriott and Shirley, the original personnel included Greg Ridley and Peter Frampton, though the latter was subsequently replaced by Clem Clempson.

The Rainbow show was, until last weekend, intended as the opening of a ten-date British tour. But the band have now decided to scrap all the other dates and, instead, headline a major tour here in the autumn to coincide with the release of a new album — they are signed to Atco in the States, and Jet here.

In the meantime, it's understood there's a chance of them playing two or three low-key club gigs in August, which would be recorded live — but details haven't yet been finalised.

● HOSTAGE are a new four-piece hard rock band, who will make their live debut on July 29 as support to Humble Pie at the Rainbow. They consist of Alan Ross (who has worked with John Entwistle and Eric Clapton, among others), Steve York (ex-Vinegar Joe), Melvyn Gale (a member of the original ELO) and Paul Elliott (ex-Trickster). They are currently in the studios recording their debut single.

Chevy in the limelight

CHEVY begin a new British tour next week, in company with another hard rock band from the Avatar Records roster, Limelight — and a third Avatar band, Dark Star, will be appearing as special guests on some nights. Dates are Aberdeen Victoria Hotel (July 22), Wick Assembly Rooms (23), Grangemouth Town Hall (24), Retford Porterhouse (25), Chester Northgate Arena (26), Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (28), Bradford Gatsby's (29), Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (30), Chadwell Heath Greyhound (31), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (August 2), Hull Tiffany's (3), Bristol Granary (4), Lincoln Drill Hall (5) and Kidderminster Town Hall (6).

TOUR NEWS

Sad Cafe's PAUL YOUNG

SAD CAFE this week announce plans for their major 23-date concert tour in the early autumn. They visit Preston Guildhall (September 23), Sheffield City Hall (24), Bradford St George's Hall (25), Newcastle City Hall (26), Edinburgh Odeon (27), Aberdeen Capitol (28), Glasgow Apollo (29), Birmingham Odeon (October 1), Liverpool Empire (2), Nottingham Rock City (3), Bristol Colston Hall (4), Portsmouth Guildhall (5), Poole Wessex Hall (6), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (7), Ipswich Gaumont (9), London Hammersmith Odeon (10), Croydon Fairfield Hall (11), Leicester De Montfort Hall (12), Hull City Hall (13), Manchester Appollo (14 and 15), Coventry Theatre (17) and Oxford New Theatre (18).

Ticket prices are £4, £3.50 and £3 at Hammersmith, Croydon, Manchester and Poole; £3.50, £3 and £2.75 at Hull; £3.50 only at Nottingham; £4 and £3.50 at Cardiff; and £3.50 and £3 at all other venues — and they are on sale now at all box-offices, except Croydon and Bristol where it's postal application only for the time being. Promoters are Kennedy Street Enterprises, who have yet to name a support act. Sad Cafe are currently recording a new album and single, for release to coincide with the opening of the tour.

Drawing by CLARE SWEETMAN.

KIM'S CAUTION

KIM WILDE is being very wary of venturing on the concert platform, despite the huge chart success she's been enjoying in recent months. Many readers have been phoning the *NME* office to ask about tour dates for Kim, but the fact is that she won't be going on the road until next year — probably late winter or early spring.

The caution stems from the determination of her father Marty Wilde and recording manager Mickie Most to ensure that she is absolutely ready, and properly produced, for her live debut — and when that comes, she will have her own band and the show will be "something rather special", thus emulating the meticulous care with which Kate Bush approached her first tour.

Meanwhile, Kim is busy doing promotion abroad — she leaves for Germany today (Thursday), then goes on to Australia. Her next single, to be released by Rak at the end of August, will be a double A-sider — one of the tracks is 'Water On Glass' from her debut album, but the coupling hasn't yet been chosen.

New Feat tracks

LITTLE FEAT are back in contention with a new double album titled 'Hoy Hoy', issued by WEA on August 7. It contains previously unreleased live and studio tracks, recorded with and without the late Lowell George. The live items date from the 1976-77 period (including 'Skin It Back', 'Teenage Nervous Breakdown', 'The Fan' and 'Feats Don't Fail Me Now') to extracts from the 1979 Lowell George tribute concert in Los Angeles, featuring Linda Ronstadt and Nicolette Larsen. Most of the studio tracks were recorded for various albums, but eventually not included on them.

● **The Belle Stars** have a new single rush released by Stiff this week, titled 'Slick Trick'. In fact, they were in such a hurry that they issued it on Tuesday, instead of awaiting the traditional Friday release — though we're not quite sure why!

● Second release from new independent label Mainstreet is the single 'Still It Feels Good' by **Arthur Louis**, best-known for his reggae version of 'Knocking On Heaven's Door' — and the backing musicians include no less a luminary than **Eric Clapton** on guitar. It's the title track from an upcoming album by Louis.

● **The Equators**, who toured here last autumn in the *Son Of Stiff* package, now have their first album released by that label. Titled 'Hot', it sells for £3.99 for the first 10,000 copies before reverting to the standard price of £4.99.

● Birmingham singer-writer **Bill Buckley** is so incensed by the sacking of Noele Gordon from *Crossroads* that he's recorded a single titled 'Meg Is Magic'. It's on the local Grandstand Records label.

● **Duran Duran** have a new single issued by EMI this week, titled 'Girls On Film'. There's also a 12-incher, which — as a bonus — includes an extended "night version" of the title track.

● **Jody Street**, the London band fronted by former Moon lead singer Noel McCalla, have pulled out of all live appearances for the next month in order to routine and record material for their debut album. It's scheduled for late summer release, and a major label deal is currently being finalised.

● **Huang Chung**, the four-piece London band who signed to Arista in April, have their first single on the label out this weekend — titled 'Hold Back The Tears', it was penned by lead singer Jack Hues, and it's coupled with 'Journey Without Maps'. The group are now in the studio working on their debut album, planned for early autumn release.

● Graduate Records have become the first independent label to achieve a platinum sale, and that's with the **UB40** album 'Signing Off', which they're still selling in large quantities even though the band is no longer on their roster. Latest Graduate signing is **The Chefs**, whose single '24 Hours' will be issued on July 31.

● The new **Fingerprintz** single is 'Bohemian Dance' / 'Coffee And Screams', released by Virgin on July 24. Both tracks are taken from their upcoming album 'Beat Noir', due out at the end of August.

● **Paul Gardiner** was the only member of Tubeway Army to remain with Gary Numan's band from beginning to end, and his debut solo single has been given a big boost by his former boss. Numan produced it, co-wrote the song with Gardiner, and plays bass on the track. Titled 'Stormtrooper In Drag', it's issued by WEA next week.

● **Electric Light Orchestra** have their first album for more than two years released by Jet on July 31 — titled 'Time', it comprises 11 new Jeff Lynne songs. It's preceded this weekend by a single culled from the LP, 'Hold On Tight'. And it's likely that the band will be going out on a major tour in the not-too-distant future.

● A new single by **The Polecats** is scheduled for July 24 release by Mercury, coupling 'Marie Celeste' and 'Jeepster'.

● The first album to be recorded by **Black Uhuru** in 1977, titled 'Black Sounds Of Freedom', is now available on Greensleeves Records (through Spartan and Jetstar). The group then comprised Duckie Simpson, Michael Rose and Errol Nelson, though the latter was subsequently replaced by Puma Jones — and both Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare are among backing musicians. The album was called 'Love Crisis' when originally issued, and it was re-mixed earlier this year by Prince Jammy.

Lewie invents 'raggy'

JONA LEWIE is back in action with another original concept, after putting the kitchen in parties and a stop to the cavalry. His new single, issued by Stiff tomorrow (Friday) is 'Shaggy Raggy' — the first word refers to a busker who is the subject of the song, while Raggy implies a cross between ragtime and reggae! And the B-side is titled 'Shaggy Raggied', which apparently carries on from where the A-side stops. Jona is currently on an European promotional tour and, while there are no plans for British dates at present, he's likely to be in action here in the autumn.

Debbie LP release set

DEBBIE HARRY'S long-awaited solo album 'KooKoo', produced by Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards of Chic, is now set for release by Chrysalis on July 31 — and it's preceded on July 24 by a single culled from the LP, 'Backfired'/'Military Rap'.

Recorded in New York over the past three months, the album features ten new songs, all written by Debbie, Chris Stein and the two Chic men — and among guests musicians are Chic members, Chris Stein on guitar and Spud and Pud Devo. The cover has been designed by renowned Swiss sci-fi artist H. R. Giger, who was responsible for the designs for *Alien*.

There are plans for Blondie to tour in the States with Chic in the near future, though exactly what form Blondie would have in this context is open to speculation — with the Chic men in attendance, the chances are that only Debbie and Stein would be involved, plus possibly drummer Clem Burke.

It's understood that Debbie and Chic are also likely to visit Britain soon — though, at this stage, only for promotional purposes.

STEVIE NICKS SOLO ALBUM

STEVIE NICKS of Fleetwood Mac has her debut solo album 'Bella Donna' released by WEA on July 31. It contains ten original songs, most of them written by Stevie, though one exception is 'Stop Draggin' My Heart Around' which was penned by Tom Petty and Mike Campbell — this particular track features a Nicks-Petty duet, and it's being issued as a single. The only other duet on the LP is 'The Highwayman', and that's between Stevie and Don Henley of The Eagles.

● **John Miles** is back in action after two years of sorting out contractual problems and concentrating on songwriting. He's now with EMI, having previously been with Decca, and his debut single for the label is out next week — titled 'Turn Yourself Loose'. It's taken from his new album 'Miles High', for release on August 10.

● Pre Records (through Charisma) are rush releasing the **Gregory Isaacs** single 'Front Door', which has been at No.1 in the reggae import charts for three weeks. It was written, arranged and produced by Isaacs, as was the B-side 'Substitute'. Both tracks are taken from his upcoming album 'More Gregory', to be issued on August 14.

● 'Youth In Asia' is the debut album by **Birds With Ears**, released on Brighton label Attrix Records (through Rough Trade, Pinnacle and Stage One).

● Phonogram and Eagle Records have concluded a deal involving material by Eagle artist **Gary Glitter**, whereby Phonogram will be releasing his product, though records will carry the Eagle logo and name. The first is Glitter's previously reported new single 'When I'm On, I'm On' / 'Wild Horses', which appears via this outlet on July 24.

● Polydor have signed **The Loved One** (Dryden Hawkins and Zeb), who appeared on the recent 'Some Bizzare' compilation. The Duo's first single is a revival of The Tornadoes' 1962 chart-topper 'Telstar', released on July 24.

● Follow-ups to recent No.1 singles by **Smokey Robinson** and **Michael Jackson** have now been confirmed by Motown. As previously forecast by *NME*, Robinson's is 'You Are Forever', and it's out this week. Jackson's is 'We're Almost There', taken from his 'One Day In Your Life' compilation album, but never before issued as a single in the UK — release is expected in two or three weeks. Also from Motown, the new **Stevie Wonder** single 'Happy Birthday' is out this week, with **Teena Marie's** 'Square Biz' following next Monday.

● Leicester label S&T Records (through Rough Trade) release the debut single by five-piece local band **Future Toys**, who've played with Classix Nouveaux and The 4"be2"s, among others. Titled 'Perfect Strangers', it's out this weekend.

● **The Charge** have a three-track single out this week on Test Pressing Records (through Rough Trade and Bonapartes) featuring 'Kings Cross', 'Brave New World' and 'Godz Kids'. From the same source on August 1 comes the **Erazerhead** single 'Apeman' / 'Rock'n'Roll Zombie'.

● Balaclava Records is launched this week, with distribution by PRT, and the first single is 'Xhabbo & Tara' by boy and girl due **Freehold** — with upcoming releases featuring **Steve Francis & The Rattlers, Bobby Bizarro** and Ipswich band **Gypp**. The label is being run by Piers Ford-Crush and Philip Love, as an outlet for their company Beaumont Productions.

● 'Mother's Hour' / 'Patient' is the new single by **Ludus**, issued this week by New Hormones, and the band will shortly be gigging to aid promotion. From the same label comes a 30-minute cassette by **C.P. Lee** of the Albertos — titled 'Radio Sweat', it's a sound and music reconstruction of a commercial radio broadcast.

● Ex-Korgi Andy Davis has formed a five-piece band called **Slow Twitch Fibres** *(no kidding!)*, and they've been signed by Rialto Records. Their debut single 'This Is Your Lunch' is due out next month.

● British singer, musician and producer **Adrian Baker** has joined **The Beach Boys** — and he'll be working with them in California, as well as co-producing new recordings with Bruce Johnston. It was Baker who recorded 'Beachboy Gold' two years ago under the name of **Gidea Park**, and the reissued Sonet single made its *NME* Chart debut last week.

● Top French band **Telephone**, who've been touring here with Iggy Pop, have been signed to a UK licensing deal by Virgin. Their album 'Au Coeur De La Nuit (At The Heart Of The Night)' is out this week. The band have several No.1 hits and sell-out tours to their credit in their home country.

● Liverpool band **Afraid Of Mice**, recently signed by Charisma, have their debut single out this week — titled 'I'm On Fire', it was produced by Tony Visconti. They play at the Reading Festival next month, and their first album is scheduled for September.

● Leading Manchester band **The Out** have signed to Cargo Records with distribution through Pinnacle — and their single 'Better The Devil' / 'Not Enough' is out this week. Also out on the same label is the single 'Still Not Over You' by Crewe outfit **The Nigel Stonier Band**.

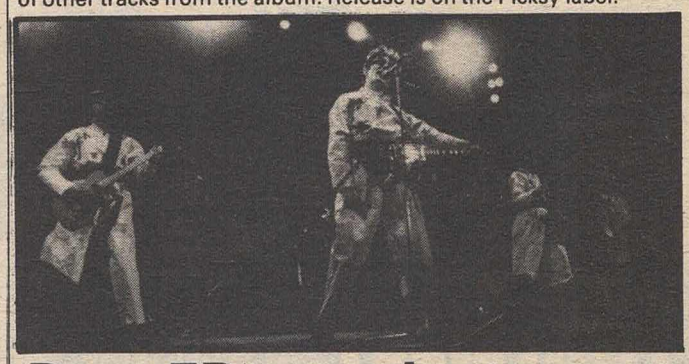
Tenpole's Starsound

TENPOLE TUDOR follow their 'Swords Of A Thousand Men' hit with a new single titled 'Wunderbar', released by Stiff this weekend. The song originally appeared on the 'Eddie, Old Bob, Dick And Gary' album, but this is a specially re-recorded version — and it's the first to feature Munch Universe, who recently joined the band. And in the light of the 'Stars On 45' success, they've recorded their own melange on the B-side of the single, which they call 'Tenpole 45' — it contains six songs from their repertoire, plus a new intro, all in the space of just over four minutes.

RECORD NEWS

Now it's Startrax

STARTRAX is Phonogram's answer to the success of Starsound on CBS. Under a pressing and distribution deal with Pickwick, Phonogram release an album and single this weekend, both titled 'Startrax Club Disco' and retailing at special low prices. Side One of the LP contains 64 non-stop segued titles, including a medley of 30 Bee Gees songs, and Side Two is a further selection of hit songs made famous by other artists. The seven-inch single features 14 Bee Gees songs, while the 12-incher contains these plus a sampling of other tracks from the album. Release is on the Picksy label.



Devo EP precedes tour

DEVO have a 12-inch EP issued by Virgin this weekend, featuring material recorded in San Francisco during their US tour last summer — it contains 'Freedom Of Choice Theme Song', 'Whip It', 'Girl U Want', 'Gates Of Steel', 'Be Stiff' and 'Planet Earth', and it sells at £2.99. This is an interim release while we're awaiting their next album, which is due out in the autumn — and there's a good chance of them playing UK dates at the same time. Their last LP 'Freedom Of Choice' went platinum in the States.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

Robert Hunter

(Grateful Deads' Lyricist)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE

HAYMARKET, SW1

SUNDAY 19th JULY at 8·00

TICKETS £4·00, £3·50, £3·00 (INC VAT) AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE BY POST OR PERSONAL APPLICATION FROM: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, 96 SHAFTESBURY AVE., W1 (NO BOOKING FEES CHARGED) ALL ENQUIRIES TEL: 439 3371 TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ALSO ACCEPTED (THEATRE BOX OFFICE CLOSED FOR ADVANCE BOOKINGS) TICKETS WILL BE AVAILABLE AT DOOR ON NIGHT. TEL: 439 3371

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

PRETENDERS

WITH GUESTS

the BUREAU

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WEDNESDAY 22nd JULY at 8·00

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HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

242 SHEPHERDS BUSH RD., W6

TUESDAY 28th JULY at 8·00

TICKETS £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812 LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245; ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·50 ON NIGHT

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

QUEEN CAROLINE ST., W6

THURSDAY 30th JULY at 8·00

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STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

Ian Dury & The Blockheads

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

QUEEN CAROLINE ST., W6

WEDNESDAY 29th JULY at 8·00

TICKETS £4·50, £3·50, £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS, OR ON NIGHT.

Rainbow: three more

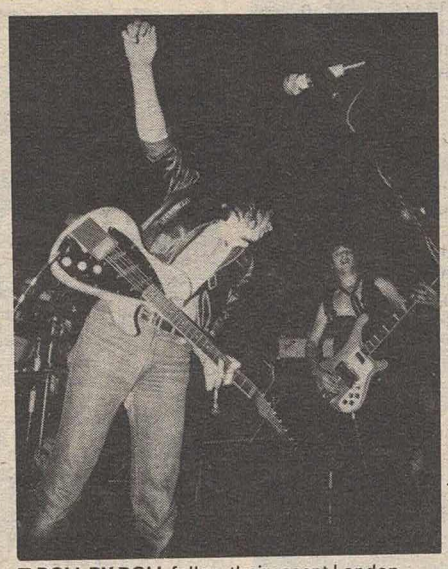
RAINBOW have added three more dates to their current British tour. The first is a second night at Newcastle City Hall on July 24, and this is followed by two more London concerts — this time at the Hammersmith Odeon on July 26 and 27.

☐ **JUDAS PRIEST** have added another date to their previously reported autumn tour. It's at Crawley Leisure Centre on November 20, and tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £4.25.

☐ **SHEENA EASTON**, currently recording her second album at the Caribou Studios in Colorado, has slotted another London show into her autumn tour itinerary — at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, on October 18. She has also added an early evening performance (6pm) at Reading Hexagon on October 16.

☐ **NICKY MOORE BAND**, who supported Wishbone Ash on their recent UK tour, have gigs in their own right at Bristol Granary (this Saturday), London Fulham Golden Lion (July 20), Burton 76 Club (24), Tonypandy Naval Club (25), Newbridge Memorial Hall (26), Tonbridge George & Dragon (27) and Maidstone The Ship (28).

☐ **THE Ak BAND**, who've just released their debut album 'Manhole Kids' on RCA, have London gigs at Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (July 21), Clapham Two Brewers (22), Tooting Castle (29), Woolwich Tramshed (30) and Fulham Golden Lion (August 11) — and out of town, they visit Bournemouth Moathouse (July 23) and Hastings Chatsworth Hotel (August 18). Their new single 'Over You' is released on August 7.



☐ **DOLL BY DOLL** follow their recent London shows at The Venue and Dingwalls by headlining at the Embassy Club in Bond Street next Tuesday (21). Then they're off to Finland to top a festival, returning here in time for the release of their second Magnet single in early August.

☐ **THE INMATES** make a one-off appearance at London Victoria The Venue this Saturday (18). And appearing there next Monday (20) are THE THOMPSON TWINS, supported by Ski Patrol and King Trigger.

Additional Depeche

DEPECHE MODE, whose July 23 show at London Victoria The Venue was announced last week, have now added Slough Alexandra's (30), Brighton Jenkinson's (August 2) and Leeds Warehouse (6). A couple more have still to be finalised, and these will be their last gigs until autumn, when they'll be playing further dates to tie in with the release of their album.

☐ **THEATRE OF HATE**, whose gig at London Oxford St. 100 Club on Tuesday this week was originally intended as a one-off, will now be returning there for a second date next Tuesday (21). The Charge and Erazerhead support.

☐ **MICHAEL SCHENKER BAND** have switched the date of their concert at Wolverhampton Civic Hall, announced two weeks ago (together with their other UK dates) as September 16. It now becomes the opening date of the tour on September 1.

☐ **JIMMY LINDSAY** headlines a benefit concert at Huddersfield Cleopatra's this Sunday (19). It's being staged by the Black Unity Organisation, with proceeds going towards the building of a community centre and the maintenance of their newspaper. Admission is £2.50 (advance), £3 (doors) and £1.50 (dole card holders).

☐ **THE BELLE STARS** have a major London date next Tuesday (21), when they headline at The Venue, Victoria — support act is OK Jive, and tickets are £2. The girls warm up with gigs at Bristol Trinity Hall (tonight, Thursday) and Cardiff Nero's (Friday).

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Sun 19th July — Adm £1.50
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Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Mon 20th July — Adm £2.00
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Tues 21st July — Adm £2.00
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THE GREATEST SHOW ON LEGS

Monday 20th July — £1
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Tuesday 21st July — £1
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Wednesday 22nd July — £1.25
THE DIRECTIONS + Dummies Dont Talk

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
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The Weathermen
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TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 CAROLGATE, RETFORD, NOTTS
Tel: 0777 704981 — Open 8pm–2am

Friday 17th July — Adm £2
New Romantic Night featuring
MONOCHROME SET + The Shy Tots

Friday 24th July — Adm £2
FUTURIST NIGHT
SURPRISE FUTURIST BAND

Wednesday 29th July Adm only 75p
Royal Wedding Celebration
PARTY NIGHT

Saturday 18th July — Adm £2
HEAVY METAL ROCK
MAGNUM
+ Dark Star

Saturday 25th July — Adm £2
HEAVY METAL ROCK
CHEVY
+ LIMELIGHT

Friday 31st July — Adm £2
THE PHOTOS
+ The Nice Guys

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 15th July — £1
LUCKY SADDLES

Thursday 16th July — £1
EL TRAINS

Friday 17th July — £1.25
BIM

Saturday 18th July — £1.25
DADDY YUM YUM

Sunday 19th July — £1
CROWN OF THORNS

Monday 20th July — £1
THE KEYS

Tuesday 21st July — £1
THE OUTSKIRTS

Wednesday 22nd July — £1
THE FORCE
Featuring Deke Leonard & Sean Tyla

THE Venue

160-162 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON SW1E 5LB
TEL. 828 9441
Opp. Victoria Tube Station
Main Band on at 9.00 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday, July 16th — £2.00
BLUE ORCHIDS
+ BIRTHDAY PARTY
+ THE NIGHTINGALES

Friday, July 17th — £3.50
ALAN PRICE

Saturday, July 18th — £3.00
THE INMATES
+ THE KEYS

Monday, July 20th — £2.00
THE THOMPSON TWINS
+ SKI PARTROL
+ KING TRIGGER

Tuesday, July 21st — £2.00
THE BELLE STARS
+ OK JIVE

Wedensday, July 22nd — £2.00
From Australia
ICE HOUSE

Thursday, July 23rd — £2.50
DEPECHE MODE

COMING SOON

Friday, July 24th — £3.00
SHAKATAK

Saturday, July 25th — £3.50
9 BELOW ZERO

Tuesday, July 28th — £2.00
MISTY IN ROOTS

Wednesday, July 29th — £5.00
Alternative Wedding Reception
HOT GOSSIP + PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA + BIDDLE & EVE

Thursday, July 30th — £2.00
DELTA 5

Tuesday, August 4th — £3.50
KATE AND ANNA McGARRIGLE

101 CLUB

101 St John Hill
Tel. 01 223 8309

Wednesday 15th July
MALCHIX + To the Finland Station
Thursday 16th July
RYE & THE QUARTER BOYS
+ The Pope
Friday 17th July — Private Party
Saturday 18th July
DUX HILL DANCE
+ Things in Bags
Sunday 19th July
RED LETTERS + Street Aliens
Monday 20th July
EYE WITNESS
+ Design for Living
Tuesday 21st July
THE FLOOD + Tuniks
Wednesday 22nd July
KATIE HEATH BAND
+ Pressure
Thursday 23rd July
ALTERNATIVE T.V.
+ Empty Vessels

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB

100 West End Lane, West Hampstead NW6

Wednesday 15th July — £1.50
THE PASSAGE + The French
Thursday 16th July — £1.50
THE LEMONS + Profiles
Friday 17th July — £1.75
SKI PATROL + The Kindergarten
Saturday 18th July — £1.75
FLYING PADOVANI'S
Blackheart
Sunday 19th July — £1.50
KABALA + Artery
Monday 20th July — £1.50
BUMBLE & THE BEES
+ THE ALMOST BROTHERS
Tuesday 21st July — £1.50
THE DIVERS + Afraid of Mice
Wednesday 22nd July — £1.50
THE IVORY COASTERS
+ The Daughters
Club DJ's Joe Lung & Mike Hope

Please phone before setting out! check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

AERIAL FX THU. 16. 5-piece whose debut 45 was a real whimp. Live, however single and set is sharp and attacking — the k-board atmospherics being specially effective.

WEAPON + BUMBLE & THE BEEZ PEACE FRI. 17. PEACE are a reggae band from Brum — the play a fine set of harmony music with, said sounds, "irresistable results". BEEZ also play reggae but don't have a drummer (gosh!) still fluent and fine for dancing.

THE CHEATERS SAT. An outfit whose energy and humour make monotony impossible. R&B for fun!

SUN. BENEFIT FOR MILITANT NEWSPAPER

MON. HOUSEWIVES CHOICE + WATCH WITH MOTHER + ROOM FOR HUMANS

SOUNDS WED 22. Single Demistification currently in alt' charts. Roots in Punk but more lyrically committed to rise above the 3 chord thrash.

THE CHEFS THU 23. 4-piece with a crisp set of bouncy pop which over bails into full-blooded rock.

IMBIBERS NOTE! Sedation happy hour- 7.30pm to 9.30pm every night. Drinks are half price.

THE DOORS OPEN 7·30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8·30 A.M till 6A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1254 PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

ANTI APARTHEID MOVEMENT PRESENTS
JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENDERS
Plus ***CHICKEN SHACK***
Saturday August 1st at 8.00pm
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION, MALET ST., LONDON WC1
Tickets £3.00 in advance, £3.50 on door
From A.A.M., 89 Charlotte St, London W1 01-580 5311
NUS CARDS/GUESTS

Tickets available for all London Concerts of the following
July 8/9 RAINBOW

LONDON CONCERTS
JULY
19 Monochrome Set
19 Robert Hunter
23 Siouxsie & The Banshees
24 Bad Manners
25 Def Leppard
26 Killing Joke
26,27 Rainbow
28 The Prentenders
29 Humble Pie
29 Ian Dury
30 Mike Oldfield
30 The Pretenders
AUGUST
10 Hazel O'Conner
18 Barbara Dickson
24 Siouxsie & The Banshees
26 Foreigner
SEPTEMBER
3 Siouxsie & The Banshees
13,14 Michael Schenker
OCTOBER
5-10 Andy Williams
11 Steve Hackett
17,18 Sheena Easton
24,25 Saxon
30,31 The Shadows
NOVEMBER
8 Styx
21,22 Judas Priest

FESTIVALS
JULY
18, 19, 25, 26 Capital Jazz with Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, Ella Fitzgerald
AUGUST
1 Cambridge Folk Festival with Donovan & Steeleye Span
1 Black Sabbath/Motorhead
8 Thing Lizzy/Ian Hunter
15,16 Roots Rockers with Sugar Minott & Errol Dunkley
22 AC/DC, Whitesnake, BOC
28,29 Ian Dury, Elvis Costello, U2, Rory Gallagher, Doctor Feelgood
28-30 Reading Rock with Gillan, Kinks, Wishbone Ash.

"TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS"
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

ROCK CITY

TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel 0602 412544 — Open 8pm — 2am

Friday 17th July — £1.50 on door, £2.00 after 10 pm
FUNK FESTIVAL
Featuring 1st Rock City Roller Disco Championship — *1st Prize VIP Roller Disco Weekend in London + Pairs of skates to be won*
Top Midland Funk D.J's

Saturday 18th July — £1.00 on door, £1.50 after 10 pm
FUTURIST DISCO
IN THE LOUNGE CLUB
Special Guest D.J. Steve

Friday 24th July — £3.50 Adv
HAZEL O'CONNERS MEGAHYPE
with Special Guests ICEHOUSE

Saturday 25th July — £1.50 Adv
SOUL OLDIES NIGHT
All the best Soul Sounds from the 60's & early 70's — DJ's Rob Smith / Denny/Dave Evison

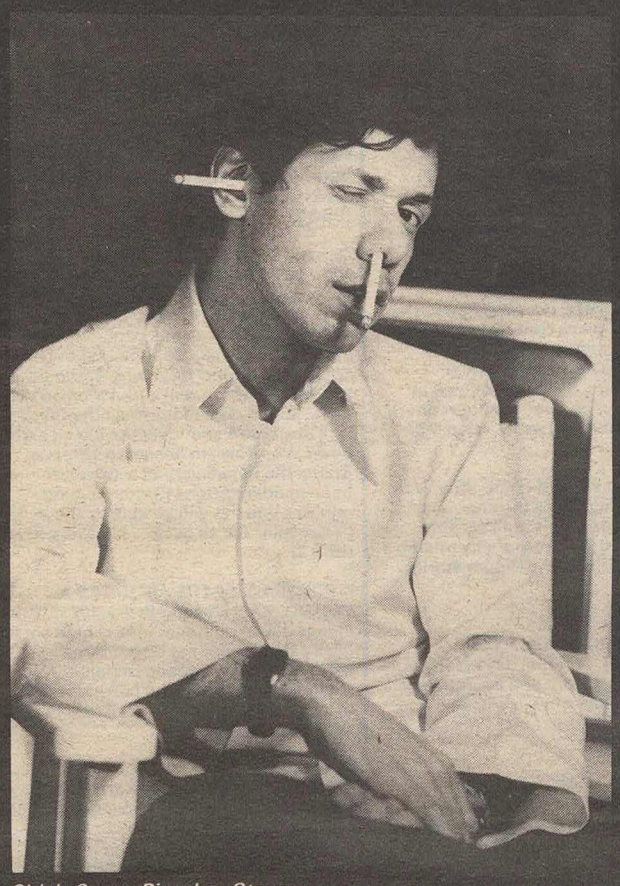
Thursday 30th July — £3.00 Adv
SPIRIT
+ Special Guests

Saturday 1st August — £2.00 Adv
THE PHOTOS

Thursday 27th August — £3.00 Adv
STEVE HACKETT

Tickets from:- Rock City Box Office, Virgin, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — RE Cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks & Sanctuary, Lincoln or by Post from Rock City. Enclose SAE.

Nationwide Gig Guide



Chick Corea Pic: Joe Stevens

LONDON's Capital Radio presents its second annual Jazz Festival this month, and let's hope it meets with a better fate than last year's inaugural event — when Alexandra Palace, where it was due to be staged, went up in flames the day beforehand. This year, the organisers have opted for Clapham Common in South London as the festival site, and it's spread over two successive weekends. Among the American visitors for the first half are CHUCK BERRY, CHICK COREA and LARRY CORYELL (Friday); and AL JARREAU and HERBIE HANCOCK (Saturday). The rest of the bills can be found under the daily listings.

Not a great week for new tours starting — in fact, there's only one of any significance, and that's a double-header "Summer Hop" featuring AFTER THE FIRE and Q-TIPS, with Radio Luxembourg's STUART HENRY in charge of the disco interludes. Opening dates are at Portsmouth (Sunday), Poole (Tuesday) and Southampton (Wednesday).

A couple of mini-tours worthy of note: THE ROCHES are over from the States and, prior to their appearance in the Cambridge Folk Festival, play concerts in Sheffield (Friday) and Edinburgh (Saturday); and THE BELLE STARS visit Bristol (Thursday) and Cardiff (Friday), before headlining at London The Venue on Tuesday.

The principal one-off of the week is on Sunday, when Grateful Dead lyricist ROBERT HUNTER makes a rare London appearance — and at a venue which rarely stages rock, Her Majesty's Theatre. And THEATRE OF HATE, whose gig at London 100 Club last week was originally intended as a one-off, return to the same venue on Tuesday.

Not the most inspiring of weeks, maybe. But we're already licking our lips in anticipation of next week, when we have tours by SIOUXSIE, HAZEL O'CONNOR and BAD MANNERS — plus Royal Wedding specials by IAN DURY, KILLING JOKE and HUMBLE PIE, among others.

Chuck Berry Pic: Chris Walter

Thursday 16th

Little Roosters

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **The Pretenders**
Aylesbury Chitten Club: **Gonzalez**
Bath Nero's: **Recorded Delivery**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **021**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bolton The Gaiety: **Katches**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Tiffany's: **Vice Squad / Splodge / 4-Skins**
Bristol Granary: **The Meteors**
Bristol Stars & Stripes: **Jets**
Bristol Stonehouse: **The Android Pups**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Belle Stars**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Plain Characters / Skating Vicars**
Chester Troubador: **Sans Culottes**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Crewe Hunters Lodge: **Vermillion Hair**
Croydon Ashcroft Theatre: **'Joseph & The Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat' (until August 8)**
Eastcote Clay Pigeon: **Morrisey Mullen**
Edingburgh Nite Club: **Magnum / Dark Star**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **The Lulu Boys**
Faversham The Phoenix: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Legend**
Hastings Chatsworth Hotel: **Pat Halcox — Pete York Allstars**
Hayle Penmare Hotel: **The Artists**
Keighley Kings Head: **The Elements**
Leeds Brannigans: **Male Order**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Byron Band**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Monochrome Set**
Leicester Granby Halls: **Rainbow**
Liverpool The Dolphin: **The Chase**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Acton White Hart: **The Idiot Actors / Grif**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Arthur 2-Stroke / The Chart Commandos / The Papers / Broadcast / The Answer**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Mark Ryder & The Heroes**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Park Avenue**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Rye & The Quarter Boys / The Pope**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Aerial FX/The Risk**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **Macondo**
London Edmonton The Cock: **Talk Like That**
London Euston The Pits: **The Monsters / The Umpires**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bumble & The Beez**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Little Roosters/Slaves Of Janet**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Flood**
London Fulham The Swan: **Zitz**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Suspect**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Prime Suspect / The News**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Arrogant**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **El Trains**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Leytonstone Green Man: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London Marquee Club: **The Dumb Blondes**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Syco & The New Yorkers**
London Putney White Lion: **Jaxs**
London Shepherds Bush Wellington: **Black Market**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Greenow Quintet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Blue Cats**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Influence**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Mickey Jupp**
London Victoria The Venue: **Blue Orchids / The Birthday Party / The Nightingales**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Fredyy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Lemons / Profiles**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Nuthin Fancy / The Dumpies / Rusty Nuts**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **The Original Bucks Fizz**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Terry Smith / Joe Palin trio**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin' Horse**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Not The Money Savers/The Zap Somethings/Jah Lizard**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Coco Canyons Amazing R & B Spitfires**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Vetoes**
Peterborough Bull & Dolphin: **The Pleasure**
Peterlee Norseman Hotel: **The Toy Dolls**
Ramsgate Sands Hotel: **Back Door Man**
Sheffield Limit Club: **b-Movie**
St. Albans Horn Of Plenty: **Shader**
Stockport Smugglers Nite Spot: **Que Bono / Walter Mitty's Little White Lies**
Winchester Railway Inn: **The Motifs**

Friday 17th

Geno Washington

Aylesbury Hazel's Club: **Chas & Dave**
Bath Moles Club: **Blue Orchids**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Nightingales / The Great Outdoors**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham (Sheldon) Post Office Sports Club: **Aragon / Tortured Souls / Hurt**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **The Cruisers**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Def Leppard / More / Lionheart**
Bridport Greyhound: **Nois Boiz**
Bristol The Old Duke: **Sweet Substitute / Pat Halcox-Pete York Allstars**
Broadstairs St. Peter's Hall: **Naughty Thoughts**
Burton 76 Club: **Bandanna**
Cardiff Grassroots Club: **The Meteors**
Cardiff Nero's: **The Belle Stars**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Janine / Wish**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Limelight / 720**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Nicky Barclay Band**
Durham Brewers Arms: **The Toy Dolls**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Cuban Heels**
Exeter Samantha's: **The Artists**
Farnham Crondall Village Hall: **Yakety Yak**
Feltham Football Club: **The Strollers**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Lau Trec / Slayve**
Haywards Heath Taverners: **Shakatak**
Hertford The Wolpack: **Scarlet O'Hara**
Kingswinford The Woodman: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
Lancaster Greaves Hotel: **Natural Scientist**
Leeds Brannigans: **All Over The Carpet**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Shattered Dolls**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Talisman / Talkover / Infinity**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jane Aire & The Belvederes / Slaves Of Janet**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Wasted Youth/ Mad Shadows**
London Chalk Farm Enterprise: **English Country Blues Band**
London City Polytechnic: **Cry Shark / Tic Douloureaux**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Weapon Of Peace / Bumble & The Beez**
London Euston The Pits: **Red Beans & Rice / Mood Elevators**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Rialtos**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Geno Washington / Wipe Out**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: **Jets**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Holograms / Between Pictures**
London Hendon Rugby Club: **Treatment / The Beards**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **OK Jive**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **BIM**
London Islington Screen On The Green: **Havana Let's Go!**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Marquee Club: **T.V. Smith's Explorers**
London N.1 The George: **Damaged Youth / To The Finland Station**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Tropicana**
London Putney Half Moon: **Micky Jupp**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The Feelers**
London Putney White Lion: **Black Market**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Velvet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Muskrats**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Taiwan Pins / Empty Vessels**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Apocalypse**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Ray Carless**
London Victoria The Venue: **Alan Price**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Ski Patrol/The Kindergarten**
London W.C.1 Action Space: **This Heat / Safe House / 23 Skidoo**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The D.T.'s**
Manchester De Villes Club: **Pigbag/The Liggers/Maximum Joy**
Manchester Miracle Club: **Euphorics / Screw Loose & The Nuts**
Manchester Night Shelter: **The Freshies / Massagana / Cinema Eluminare**
Manchester Pips: **Orange Juice**
Manchester Polytechnic: **b-Movie**
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: **J.G. Spoils**
Manchester (Tameside) Spread Eagle: **A Formal Sigh**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Magnum / Dark Star**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Results**
Norwich Star Ballroom: **Wah!**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Arrogant**
Passfield Royal Oak: **Paul Thane Quintet**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Monochrome Set**
Salisbury The Grange: **The Papers**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Roaring Jelly**
Sheffield Radio Sheffield Festival: **The Roches**
Sheffield University Students Union: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Breed**
Southampton (Waltham Chase) The Shed: **Dream Sequence**
Wallasay Leasowe Castle Hotel: **Michael Chapman**
Winchester Tower Arts Centre: **Drum Culture**

Saturday 18th

Larry Coryell

Balloch Roundabout Inn: **Possessor**
Basingstoke Bass Handle: **Caricature**
Bath Moles Club: **The Beat Roots**
Bath St James Theatre: **The Thompson Twins**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Cedar Club: **Blue Orchids**
Birmingham Crown Hotel: **Xpertz**
Birmingham (Digbeth) The Soft Club: **Year Zero/Lose Control**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Vision Collision/Hot Pencils**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Bolton Silverwell Leisure Centre: **Que Bono/Hot Gospels**
Bristol Granary: **Nicky Moore Band**
Bude Headland Club: **The Artists**
Canterbury Technical College: **Siris/Denbigh/Mick Muff & The Divers**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Robin Williamson**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Dumb Blondes/The Whizz Kids**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Codsall Crown Inn: **Pat Halcox-Pete York Allstars**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Wah!**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Barbara Dickson**
Eastbourne St Mary's Hall: **Back Door Man**
Edinburgh Queens Hall: **The Roches**
Exeter University: **The Papers**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Natural Scientist**
Ilkley Crescent Hotel: **Nick Toczek & Surfin Dave**
Lancaster Greaves Hotel: **Walter Mitty's Little White Lies**
Leeds Brannigan's Bar: **Knife Edge**
Liverpool Brady's: **T.V. Smith's Explorers**
London Acton White Hart: **The Ak Band**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **The Flatbackers/The Outskirts/True Life Confessions**
London Brady Club: **Pigbag/Maximum Joy**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Cruisers**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Canon Hill Park Arena Theatre: **The Dealers**
London Clapham Common Capital Jazz Festival: **Chuck Berry/Chick Corea/Mel Torme/Basie Alumni/Morrissey Mullen/Larry Coryell/Ronnie Scott**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Talk Like That**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Dux Hill Dance/Things In Bags**
London Covent Rock Garden: **The Cheaters/Out Of Order**
London Covent Garden The Basement: **Mirror Co./Miles Over Matter/Rhythem Method**
London Edmonton The Cock: **Rye & The Quarter Boys**
London Enfield Starlight Rooms: **Denise Nolan**
London Euston The Pits: **Long Tall Shorty/Eddie Steady Go**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Flying Saucers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Laverne Brown Band/The Dee Tee's**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Feelers**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Sphere**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Watts-Noys/Baby Amplifiers**
London Harrow Road. Windsor Castle: **Accelerator**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **BIM/The Imports**
London Highgate Duke of Wellington: **Apocalypse**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Daddy Yum Yum**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **The Fascinators**
London Marquee Club: **No Dice**
London N.14 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Irving Street Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Ray Carless**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Inmates**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Flying Padovanis/Blackheart**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **J.J. & The Flyers**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Vermillion Hair**
Middlesbrough Plus One: **The Toy Dolls**
Newcastle City Hall: **Def Leppard/More/Lionheart**
Nottingham Boat Club: The Byron Band
Ossett B.R.S.A.: **Rockabilly Rebs**

Nationwide Gig Guide

Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Sunfighter**
Portsmouth Kimbals Social Club: **Jets**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **The Pretenders**
Retford Porterhouse: **Magnum/Dark Star**
Saffron Walden Market Square: **The Work**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Review/Mature Young Adults**
Sidcup The Woodman: **Blueprint**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Rainbow**
Stoke (Mier) Wagon & Horses: **Grace**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (Lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wollaston Nags Head: **C-Saim**
Worcester Waterside Club: **96 Tears**
Yeovil Carnaby's: **Shakatak**

Sunday 19th

Herbie Hancock

Ashford Stour Centre: **Sweet Substitute / Pat Halcox — Pete York Allstars**
Bath St. James Theatre: **The Thompson Twins**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Morley Carr Club: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Brighton Jenkinsons: **Wah!**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Steve Lynton Band**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts (lunchtime) / The Drivers (evening)**
Eccles Town Hall Tavern: **Dead Giveaway**
Edinburgh Ital Club: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Edingburgh Odeon: **Def Leppard / More / Lionheart**
Falmouth The Laughing Pirate: **The Artists**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Magnum / Marquis de Sade**
Galsgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Glasgow Maestro's: **FK9**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **The Mode**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Black Market**
Hartlepool Birds Nest: **The Toy Dolls**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Jimmy Lindsay**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Wreckless Eric / Normil Howaiians / Calling Hearts / The Big Combo / Spoon Frazer**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Club 94: **Back Door Man**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Sunfighter / The Pope**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham Common Capital Jazz Festival: **Al Jarreau / Herbie Hancock / Dizzy Gillespie / Lee Konitz / Shelly Manne / Bobby Lamb — Ray Premru Big Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Red Letters / Strait Aliens**
London E.11 The Eagle: **The Old Swan Band**
London Finchley Torrington: **Johnny Mars Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Greatest Show On Legs**
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: **Flying Saucers**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Micky Jupp / The Hit Factory**
London Haymarket Her Majesty's Theatre: **Robert Hunter**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Piranhas / Taiwan Pins**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Crown Of Thorns**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Marquee Club: **La-Rox**
London N.19 Wittington Park: **Talk Like That**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Alfarhythm Boys**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ronnie Lane's Big Dipper**
London Putney Half Moon: **Gordon Giltrap**
London Putney White Lion: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt Trio**
London Southall White Hart: **Relay**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Monochrome Set / DAF / The Weathermen / The Past Seven Days**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Green Man: **Wide Open**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Pigbag / Artery**
London W.1. Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Tony Milliner Quartet**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Brian Knight Band**
Mansfield Leisure Centre: **The Pretenders**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton The Romany: **The World Service**
Pontefract Blackamore Head: **Dark Star**
Portsmouth Tiffany's: **After The Fire / Q-Tips**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Ar Log / Abalon**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Roaring Jelly**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Southampton Park Hotel: **The Secret**
Southport Blundell Arms: **John Kirkpatrick**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Rainbow**
Stevenage Fairlands Valley (afternoon): **Ground Attack**

Monday 20th

Aswad

Bath Roxpot: **The Spies/The Tropics**
Brimingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Doll By Doll**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bristol Granary: **Magnum/Dark Star**
Burton New Hall Club: **Shades**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Sacre Bleu**
Hanley Vinelm: **Saturnalia**
Hemel Hempstead Warners End Youth Club: **M.S.Q./Blazing Red**
Huddersfield The Jungle: **Sans Culottes**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Sammy Rimington Band**
Leeds Big-Top in Roundhay Park: **Gary Glitter**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Goff Jackson & The Huns**
London Battersea The Cricketers: **The 45's**
London Camden Club 94: **Back Door Man**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Clocks/Martin Besserman Band/Prisoner**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Purple Hearts/The Time**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Wah/Last Chant/Send No Flowers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Eye Witness/Design For Living**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Housewives Choice/Watch With Mother/Room For Humans**
London Euston The Pits: **Animal Magnet**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Nicky Moore Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Rythem Method/Dan Russell Band**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Chris Thompson & The Islands**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Keys**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Kentish Town Railway Club: **Mike Weaver Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Fred Hunt & Guests (for a week)**
London Marquee Club: **Tour De Force**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Secret Seven**
London Old Kent Rd: Thomas A'Beckett: **Legend**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
London Southall White Hart: **The Lambrettas**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Black Market**
London S.W.18 Roundhouse: **The Harfoot Brothers**
London Talk Of The Town: **Wall Street Crash (for four weeks)**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Thompson Twins/Ski Patrol**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Bumble & The Beez/The Almost Brothers**
London W.1. Embassy Club: **Jazz Sluts**
London W.1. Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Slaves Of Janet**
Northampton The Morris Man: **The Work**
Sheffield Byron Arms: **Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers**
Sheffield City Hall: **Def Leppard/More/Limelight**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Rainbow**
Sunderland Annabels: **Erogenous Zones**
Thorne The White Hart: **Thin Red Line**

Tuesday 21st

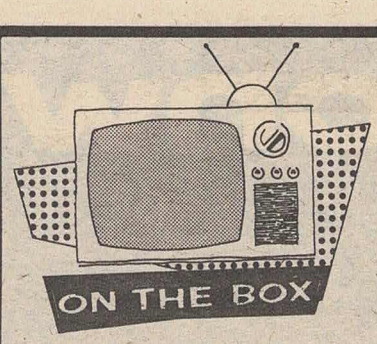
Belle Stars

Bath Pavilion: **The Pretenders**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Vermillion Hair**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bolton (Bromley Cross) Railway Hotel: **J. G. Spoils**
Brighton The Richmond: **Eye To Eye**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Night Visitors / Smack**
Cardiff Casablanca: **The Beat Roots**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice / The Results**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Italian Parcels**
Jesmond The Lonsdale: **Prefab Sprout / Rockall**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Icicle Works**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Queen Ida & Her Bon Temps Zydeco Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Flood / The Tuniks**
London Euston The Pits: **The Step / The Bumpers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Final Frontier**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Spangs / The Europeans**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Ray Shell & The Fallen Angels / Souls Valiant / The Patrol**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Sax Maniax / The Fascinators**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Outskirts**
London Marquee Club: **T.V. 21**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Black Market**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Theatre Of Hate / Charge / Erazerhead**
London Palmers Green Intimate Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The 45's**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Trummy Young / Brian Dee Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Idlers**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators / The Wrecktangles**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Belle Stars / OK Jive**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Divers / The El Trains**
London W.2 The Shakespeare: **The Harfoot Brothers**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Street Arts Centre: **Grace**
Poole Arts Centre: **After The Fire / Q-Tips**
Rawtenstall Rossendale College: **The Byron Band**
Southampton (Bishops Waltham) Jubilee Hall: **Dream Sequence**

Wednesday 22nd

Gary Glitter

Alton Training Centre: **Sweet Substitute / Pat Halcox—Pete York Allstars**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Soft Asylum**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Cobham Silvermere Golf Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Ilford Oscars Club: **Remember This**
Leamington Crown Hotel: **021**
Leeds Pack Hourse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Def Leppard / More / Lionheart**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Arkys Toast / John Gregory & John Townsend**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Queen Ida & Her Bon Temps Zydeco Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Katy Heath Band / The Pressure**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Out On Blue Six / The Close-Ups**
London Euston The Pits: **A Flock Of Seagulls / Killer Wales**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Metro Glider**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Directions / Dummies Don't Talk**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Recruits**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Brian Knight Band / The Morris Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Force with Deke Leonard & Sean Tyla**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Leytonstone Green Man: **Marquis De Sade**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **the London Apaches**
London Palmers Green Intimate Theatre: **George Chisholm / Keith Smith / Hefty Jazz**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Legend**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **H.G. & The 100 Years**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Trummy Young / Brian Dee Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Icehouse**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Ivory Coasters / The Daughters**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Monty Sunshine Band**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **The Original Bucks Fizz**
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: **J.G. Spoils**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades; **The Politicians**
Manchester Belle Vue: **Rainbow**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Dance Class**
New Romney Seahorse: **Mik & Martyn**
Shrewsbury The Barbaric: **Sans Culottes**
Southampton Top Rank: **After The Fire / Q-Tips**
Southampton (Woolston) New Bridge Inn: **High Risk**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Shakatak**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Pretenders**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Warsop Tudor Barn: **Roaring Jelly**
Wigan The Pier: **Magnum / Dark Star**
Winchester Railway Inn: **The Time**
York Big Top at Knavesmire: **Gary Glitter**



Thursday July 16
ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS (Directed by Howard Hawks 1939). Studio-bound saga of a group of cargo pilots in a remote banana republic; Cary Grant's the boss, Jean Arthur the showgirl who falls for him, and Rita Hayworth and Richard Barthelmess are the bickering married couple. Too long at two hours, but it has its moments. **(BBC 2)**

Friday July 17
THE LEARNING TREE (Gordon Parks 1969). Pre-*Shaft* black consciousness, based on Parks' own adolescent tribulations in 1920s Kansas. Never released over here, it's lovely to look at (Parks started out as a still photographer), sensitive to a fault and, sadly, not a little dull. **(BBC 1)**

DR JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE (Roy Ward Baker 1971). Ralph Bates the anguished doc, Martine Beswick his unlikely alter ego-and-everything-else in a silly mixing of the Jekyll and Jack The Ripper stories. **(ITV London)**

Saturday July 18
NORTH WEST FRONTIER (J. Lee Thompson 1959). Colonial days, don't you know, as Kenneth More and Lauren Bacall (!) teach the Indians a few tricks. The real star of this juvenile caper is the eccentric steam train. **(BBC 1)**

BEDTIME FOR BONZO (Frederick de Cordova 1951). The President of the United States stars in one of his most successful vehicles, as a college prof bringing up a chimp as his own baby, to prove something or other about heredity. The chimp is now Secretary of State. **(BBC 2)**

PARADISE CONNECTION (Michael Preece 1979). Buddy Ebsen goes to Hawaii in search of Barnaby Jones, only to find that Jed Clampett is smuggling dope. ITV love this stuff; they get it dirt cheap and they don't have to cut it. **(ITV all regions)**

THE SEVENTH VICTIM (Mark Robson 1943). This week's mini-masterpiece from the Val Lewton collection is genuinely bizarre, a study of diabolism in New York in which the cast appear merely to sit around and talk about death. Again, by the power of suggestion, Lewton's able to instil fear in his audience. Polanski should've watched this before making *Rosemary's Baby*. **(BBC 2)**

RACE WITH THE DEVIL (Jack Starrett 1975). Predictable witchcraft melodrama which all too soon degenerates into a mindless chase flick. Warren Oates and Peter Fonda are badly served by the humourless script and Starrett's direction relies heavily on mechanical violence. **(BBC 2)**

Sunday July 19
MODESTY BLAISE (Joseph Losey 1966). In the year that England won the World Cup, posey Joseph Losey turned his attentions to a precious comic strip that used to — may still do for all I know — appear in London's *Evening Standard*. Did Jack Charlton really foul Monica Vitti in the last minute of normal time? Was Dirk Bogarde's shot over the line in extra time? Was Russian linesman Terence Stamp the beneficiary of a sizeable back-hander? After 119 excruciating minutes you too will be able to shout "They think it's all over . . ! It is now!" **(BBC 2)**

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN (Joseph Strick 1973). The James Joyce potboiler luridly brought to life by Oscar-winning Bosco Hogan as mass murderer Stephen Dedalus. John Gielgud appears by kind permission of Monte Bermans, purveyor of silly hats to the gentry. **(BBC 2)**

Monday July 20
VISIONS OF DEATH (Lee Katzin 1972). Prescient college prof suspected by police of being mad bomber. Telly Savalas and world famous Monte Markham lead average made-for-TV flick. **(BBC 1)**

Tuesday July 21
CROSSPLOT (Alvin Rakoff 1969). Roger Moore, typecast as ad exec, gets caught up in unlikely international espionage mystery; staid, static and dull. **(BBC 1)**

Monty Smith

A brief guide to current releases

ALL NIGHT LONG (Directed by Jean-Claude Tramont). Unlikely team of Gene Hackman and Barbra Streisand battle it out in low calorie trifle from once witty scriptwriter W. D. Richter. **(Distributed by CIC)**

ALTERED STATES (Ken Russell). Predictably, the old fogey national critics have prosaically trashed Russell's brilliant, batty epic, a preposterous mix of pseudo-intellectual sit-com and mind-battering special effects; reviewed in *Silver Screen* 4.7.81. **(Warner Bros)**

THE CANNONBALL RUN (Hal Needham). Bizarre all-star cast — from Burt Reynolds and Dean Martin to Roger Moore and Bianca Jagger — all in the ultimate cross-country car race flick. Cunning stunts galore; to be reviewed. **(20th Century Fox)**

CHARIOTS OF FIRE (Hugh Hudson). Survives a dodgy double flashback beginning to be a genuinely involving and inspiring story of two athletes' singleminded pursuit of ultimate glory — an Olympic Gold in 1924; reviewed 18.4.81. **(20th Century Fox)**

CLASH OF THE TITANS (Desmond Davis). Ray Harryhausen's the hero again as he provides more wonderful creatures and creations to successfully pad out a schoolboy vision of ancient Greece. The actors, Olivier included, don't stand a chance; reviewed 11.7.81. **(CIC)**

DEATH HUNT (Peter Hunt). Lee Marvin's the mountie, Charlie Bronson the man he must get in the frozen wilderness of the Yukon in the '30s. A man against mob saga, it seems to exist purely for its frequent sequences of savage violence; reviewed 11.7.81. **(20th Century Fox)**

EXCALIBUR (John Boorman). An innovative and magical treatment of the Arthurian legend, with Nicol Williamson in fiery form as mystic consellor Merlin; reviewed 11.7.81. **(Warner Bros)**

EYES OF A STRANGER (Ken Wiederhorn). Minor league Jane Fonda impersonator Lauren Tewes goes it alone against the Miami Strangler in a Biscayne towerblock; reviewed this week. **(Warner Bros)**

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY (John Glen). Bond's back with less bombast than before, but maybe that's because Old Moore is showing his age at last; reviewed 4.7.81. **(United Artists)**

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME (J. Lee Thompson). A canadian college's Top Ten (snobby clique of obnoxious students) gets bumped off one by one, each in a ridiculous manner; reviewed this week. **(Columbia)**

THE LAST METRO (Francois Truffaut). Hypnotic study of the London Transport timetable, starring Reg Varney; reviewed 27.6.81. **(Gala)**

The agony and the ecstasy — Julie Andrews suffers for her art in hubby Blake Edwards' comedy SOB.

NIGHTHAWKS (Bruce Malmuth). A brace of New York's finest (Bing Crosby and Bob Hope) take on Rutger Hauer's looney European terrorist in routinely implausible thriller. Sylvester Stallone looks stunning in a frock; reviewed 20.6.81. **(CIC)**

QUARTET (James Ivory). Another impeccable, tasteful, deadly dull drama from that *Shakespeare Wallah* wallah; music by Fats Waller. **(20th Century Fox)**

S.O.B. (Blake Edwards). Frenetic farce which promises more dirt than it delivers (in true Hollywood style). The titular initials, by the way, stand for Size Of Bust; reviewed 11.7.81. **(ITC)**

TERROR EYES (Kenneth Hughes). Meaningless title for a mangy thriller; reviewed this week. **(Rank)**

TESS (Roman Polanski). Nastassia Kinski is the Hardy heroine, Peter Firth and Leigh Lawson her Laurelesque suitors, in Polanski's ponderous adaptation of *Tess Of The D'Arbervilles;* reviewed 11.4.81. **(Columbia)**

THIS IS ELVIS (Malcolm Leo and Andrew Solt). Col. Tom Parker's whitewash job on the Presley legend. Appropriately, a sad debacle; reviewed 11.7.81. **(Warner Bros)**

TIME BANDITS (Terry Gilliam). Striking fantasy extravaganza; reviewed this week. **(HandMade)**

Monty Smith

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DOLLY MIXTURE
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DUMB BLONDES
+ Whizz Kids
Sunday 19th July
STEVE LYNTON BAND
Monday 20th July
FIFTIES FLASH ROCK & ROLL & ROCKABILLY HOP
Tuesday 21st July
CHEMICAL ALICE
+ Results
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NEIL KAY HEAVY METAL
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HEARTBEAT
+ BADLANDS
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+ SWINGTIME
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+ ADELE H

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Thursday 16th July
Romero's NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD (X)
& Cronenberg's **SHIVERS** (X)
Friday 17th July
Henzell's **THE HARDER THEY COME** (X)
& Bafalouka's **ROCKERS** (AA)
Saturday 18th July
Coppola's **APOCALYPSE NOW** (X)
Sunday 19th July
De Palma's **CARRIE** (X)
& Scorsese's **NEW YORK, NEW YORK** (A)
Thursday 23rd July
Leone's **FOR A FEW DOLLARS** (X)
& Post's **HANG EM HIGH** (X)

PHOENIX
OPP EAST FINCHLEY STATION 01-883 2233
LATE NIGHT SHOW 11pm
Friday 17th July
Cronenbergs **SHIVERS** (X)
& Romero's **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** (X)
Saturday 18th July
De Palma's **CARRIE** (X)
& Scorsese's **NEW YORK, NEW YORK** (A)
Friday 24th July
Teague's **THE LADY IN RED** (X)
& Cohen's **DEMON** (X)

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2 Jack Nicholson
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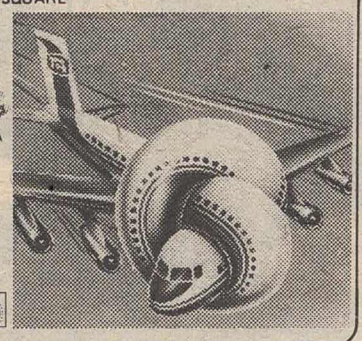

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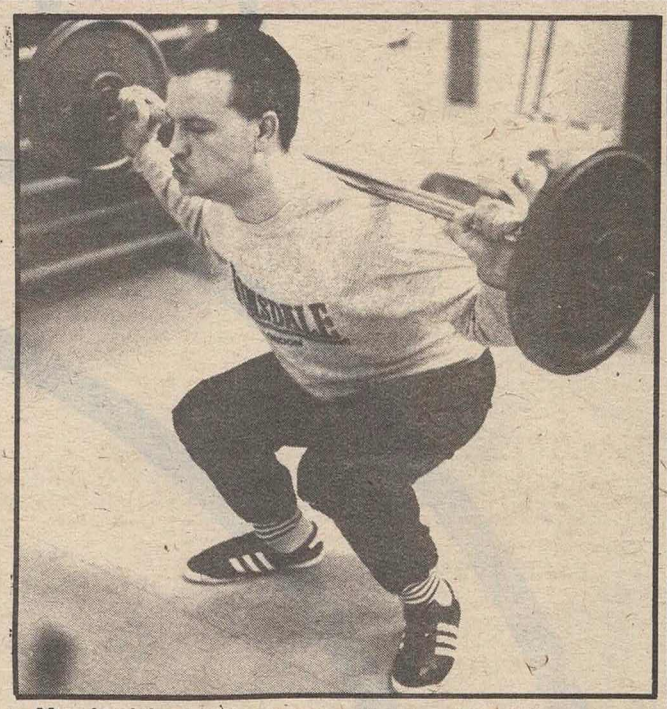

Mensi training to take the cares of the world on his shoulders. Pic: Pennie Smith.

UNEMPLOYMENT. On the cover a working man idly leans against a wall outside closed factory gates. Current affairs. England.

These are some of the topics about which Angelic Upstarts are singing on '2,000,000 Voices,' their third album and a good one too.

Musically they've moved away from the iron spikes and black spaces of punk and back to cultural roots, which are English, specifically Geordie. If they weren't rockers, using studios and recording for a record label, they'd be singing folksongs. Everything but the technology involved, their sense of news and their use of the rock tradition makes this a folk album.

A song like 'England', for instance, has a singalong quality and emotional appeal miles beyond the artifice of much current rock. It takes some courage to sing earnestly and honestly about one's own country without sounding pompous, or Chauvinistic, or deluded one way or the other.

The centre of their message here is *"I never want to move away from these golden shores."* They don't say they love England, but they'll never leave it, or betray it. This is worth saying, especially as it follows a song about being mistreated by the police, and is followed by a poem where friendship (one of the strong emotions on the album) comes into tragic conflict with involvement on the picket line, and especially in the general context of post-industrial decline.

The title track opens the album with a feeling of 1977 punk urgency. It's loud and powerful, kinetic and noisy, and its urgency is increased by the fact that the number in question now approaches three million.

'Ghostown' offers angry testimony about unemployment in a steel town. There's not much irony here, nor indeed elsewhere; but the message — *"There isn't much to live for without a working day"* — is delivered starkly and articulately.

'Mensi's Marauders' is a song about the group itself, taking in the fans and the roadies as part of a larger group, and seeking to break down regional and racial differences. The feeling is *"We're the lads"*, and the chorus here, as on other parts of the album, has the sound of a football chant.

'Kids on the Street' releases 1977 energy again, and brings in a sense of geography which has strangely been missing from British rock. While Chuck Berry sings about Flagstaff, Arizona ('Route 66') and Bruce Springsteen makes Asbury Park NJ seem like a city in the sky, British rockers have shied away from Provinciality. The Upstarts break through that, and call out to Birmingham, Belfast, Geordie and Glasgow kids to unify the energy of the streets.

'Last Night Another Soldier' sketches the background to the news reports of deaths in Ulster. 'Jimmy' is an elegy to a lost friend. The guitar break articulates the sadness of the loss, the broken bond of friendship, and Jimmy's personal glory.

Musically this LP is a great leap forward from their first album, 'Teenage Warning', with the addition of sax and folk-dance violin. It should enlarge their following from politically - minded punks to politically - minded English youth in general.

Edward L. Fox

ART BEARS
The World As It Is Today
(Re Records)

Art Bears' Fred Frith.

THE WORLD of the Art Bears' third LP is one of slavery, violence and gross injustice. Hunger stalks the earth hand in hand with despair while the rulers mouth abstractions like 'democracy' and prepare to blow us into bloody oblivion.

This is the world under Capital(ism) — where people are threatened with imminent nuclear catastrophe for the sake of protecting a system in which most are exploited for the profit of a few. Here, say Art Bears, is your real freedom of choice — a quick, horrific death or a long, slow, painful one — and that's no choice at all.

All the power and rigour of the Bears' language, drastically stark on their first two LPs, is honed down even further here to depict their visions of desolation. And, apart from a final cryptic 'Albion Awake!', these songs are very desolate indeed. Six tracks — 'Democracy', 'Law', 'Freedom', 'Truth', 'Peace' and 'Civilisation' — have the sardonic subtitle "six corpses in the mouth of the bourgeoisie", while the gist of the remaining 'Four Songs' — of the martyrs, monopolists, capital investment overseas and the dignity of Labour under Capital (this last title bitterly ironic) — could be summed up by the refrain *"oh as we look about us, things seem worse than ever"*.

As before, Art Bears style seems a unique amalgam of influences: notably, a dash of mediaeval allegory and another of Brechtian cabaret, whose sour jauntiness is now turned to venomous bile.

Between them, Chris Cutler, Fred Frith and Dagmar Krause stir up a dense, turbulent music with an eerie subtext of hums, groans and bleeps, ghostly clangs and eruptive discords. 'Albion Awake!', the one glimmer of hope(?), is a mess of electronic sreeching in which the lyrics get completely lost. But the skill and imagination with which this music is presented is, for me, overshadowed by the bleakness of its message.

I wonder here at Art Bears' tactics. Their press release concludes "Freedom means an end to ALL oppression and it won't fall out of the sky", and presumably the LP is designed to partake of the fight for this freedom. But its catalogue of horrors seems as likely to drive you to despair as to fight back — more so, perhaps, as the LP itself offers no hint as to how oppression might be ended. Even the Bears' own (implicit) hope in a class-based revolution is undercut by 'Song Of The Martyrs', which bewails the way the working class is now *"complacent and bought off with scraps . . . workmen and women divided"*.

If the Bears' aim is — as I think it must be — to *shock* us into action, almost via a kind of desperation, this is a risky and double-edged project: for me, the LP inspired a stunned hopelessness rather than the will to revolt.

There's no doubt that the world as it is today is a fucking mess and Art Bears point beyond the mere fact to causes. This is useful and, in pop, too rare. But I still wish they'd made a little clearer the point that we *can* fight back — we don't just have to grin and Bear it!

Graham Lock

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JIVE!

Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive

The Venue

IT DON'T mean a thing if it ain't got that swing. Well, this is what we find, and Joe Jackson sure meant nothing much to me before tonight. Now, an inspired career change finds him fronting Jumpin' Jive, a swing-style biggish-band who are winning friends and influencing people with considerable panache and ease.

By his own frequent admissions, the man at the mike considers this Venue show a definite brown-trousers job. "The big London gig," he keeps saying, as if about to faint. But his own nerves aside, nothing really goes wrong at all. On the evidence of the audience's acclaim, Jackson's gamble has paid off handsomely: the style-switch has made a new man of him and pulled him out of a musical rut in what may have been the proverbial nick of time.

The rootsie-tootsie zoot suit'n'kippers look is taken aboard in whole-hearted '40s fashion — but the effect is strictly good-time. As he says in the new LP's liner-notes, this revival isn't for the purists. It's just for fun. In that respect, it works — it won't do indefinitely, of course, but for now Joe Jackson can be complimented on rescuing a neglected sound from cult obscurity and then re-creating it with affection, honesty and expertise.

Mainly album-based, tonight's set mines a rich nostalgic vein. Some of those old titles alone convey the taste and flavour: 'We The Cats (Shall Hep Ya)', 'What's The Use Of Getting Sober (When You're Gonna Get Drunk Again)', 'You Run Your Mouth (And I'll Run My Business)'. The numbers recall a time when songwriting was far more of a craft than it is now, when lyrics were cherished for wit and cleverness and the tunes for freshness and simplicity. Where I knew enough to compare, the material (chiefly Louis Jordan) kept pretty close to the originals, but was no less spontaneous for that.

JJ's JJ are ordinary blokes in extraordinary ties (unless they'd all just been sick down their shirt-fronts) lining up like this: Graham Maby (a Jackson Band stalwart) on bass; Larry Tolfree on drums; Pete Thomas, sax; Dave Bitelli, sax and clarinet; Nick Weldon, piano and Raul Olivera on trumpet. Once relaxed and into the, uh, swing of things, Joe & Co radiate enjoyment.

They encore with that old standard 'Nobody Loves You When You're Down And Out', the sob-potential getting played up for all it's worth — but humorously. Joe Jackson left the stage, clearly reassured that it wasn't *his* song the band had just played.

Paul Du Noyer

DURAN DURAN OBLIVION THE FAST WAY

Duran Duran

Glasgow

WAS IT a recession reaction?

London, last year, on pink lemonade, in pretty clothes; a latent elite, styled young and clean, individual and original. A music bred from within, select and seldom seen. Bowie was suitably back in fashion and, well, to cut a long story short, tags were slapped on, and the provinces were eager. Do you follow?

Now the High Street stores in Anytown are clearing the beaded suede jackets and fringed boots into the sales to make room on the racks for rows of frilly shirts, baggy trousers, long scarves and sashes; Depeche Mode are on *TOTP*, and the New Romantic / Futurist lark is business, baby!

Duran Duran (on The Tour to promote The Album and New Single) have obviously been groomed specifically for this market. Whether they qualify (or, indeed, wish to) is now neither here nor there. Lured by videos, publicity shots and a couple of catchy chart singles, the shop - styled audience is out in force to flaunt their allegiance to the fashion. Under cold purple lights in Daz-white shirts they glow like fat little worms. Onstage a machine belches out swirls of smoke, a Duran Duran strikes up a lengthy synth intro and the group troop on. As the smoke clears to reveal them in grey suits, suede boots, and striped T-shirts, they remind me instantly of an older, flabbier Bay City Rollers. (Remember them — young! Scottish! — early futurists in tartan pedal pushers, scarves and with catchy chart singles?)

Musically, Duran Duran are a dull deceit.

They scrape the surface of a variety of styles without a hint of imagination. The set is laden with pompous, tedious synthesizer parts, Gillanesque guitar; their material is completely inadeqate: the performance laborious. Like the title of their first single ('Planet Earth') their music is a redundant statement of the totally obvious.

They should try out some Racey dance routines, use backing tapes, hire songwriters. But why they ever ventured out of their videos is beyond me. As they plod on, their make-up starts to run and the clothes start to crease, I fail to understand why these imposters play live at all — these big boys cavorting clumsily around the stage, with no charm, no dash, no panache.

The oblivious crowd (we've paid, dressed-up, and we will damn well dance) wait patiently to hear the singles, which are barely recognisable. The group encore with turgid, extended versions of 'Planet Earth' and 'Girls On Film' ("our New Single"). Of Course the trend is for the transient, the disposable, (nothing particularly new, just a faster turnover), but Duran Duran have taken things too far. They completely lack identity — individual or otherwise. They are Anygroup and I bet you can't name one of them. There's a whole host of across-the-board pop personalities: and whoever heard of nameless popstars? (And Duran Duran aren't even good looking).

Around the time that the frills and lace start hitting the sales racks Duran Duran records will be filling the cheap bins.

And it won't be a moment too soon.

Kirsty McNeill

Mark Springer Rip Rig And Panic

Venue

Y BRINGS its living-room into the Venue. Two tasseled lampshades adorn the Victoria stage. Between them sits a man in a vest and running shorts. He plays an upright piano. It is Assembly for the onlookers. Elementary hymn-like melodies are struck out, accompanied by the sounds of a Namibian war chant.

Warbling frantically Mr Springer changes style imperceptibly into bar room honky-tonk and we are in the OK Corral. However the Namibian war chants continue. I couldn't quite catch the words — it was something like *"Ula aleppo unayus"*: not quite music hall stuff. Maybe he should have brought on an elephant. Too late, the music has changed to that of the Moulin Rouge and the Can Can is kicking us in the eardrums.

The assault continues with a snippet of Beach Boys either after a heavy Wipe Out or a heavy Trip. Finishing with Jarrettesque waterfall tinkling, we had a 30 second breather before the entrance of Gareth and Bruce (ex-Pop Group), now half of Rip Rig And Panic, together with bassist Sean.

At their debut gig at the Primatarium R, R & P played to a complimentary backdrop of projected jungle panoramas and swinging apes while we were carefully informed on the evolution of man. Their roots ethos stood up well in that environment; however, at the Venue they were regarded as no more and no less than another support group (to The Slits here).

While their rhythm section is impeccable, the free jazz that screeches over the top does nothing but detract from the tribal pattern set up underneath. Their derisory attempts at vocalising also lack a discipline and control which would give the music much more pointed attack and meaning.

No doubt this would involve compromise, something the band deplores, yet without a more realistic approach they will simply fade out into a redundancy they essentially don't deserve.

Simon Fellowes

Jumpin' Joe: Pic Andre Csillag

Simon Le Bon by Robert Sharp.

the B-52's

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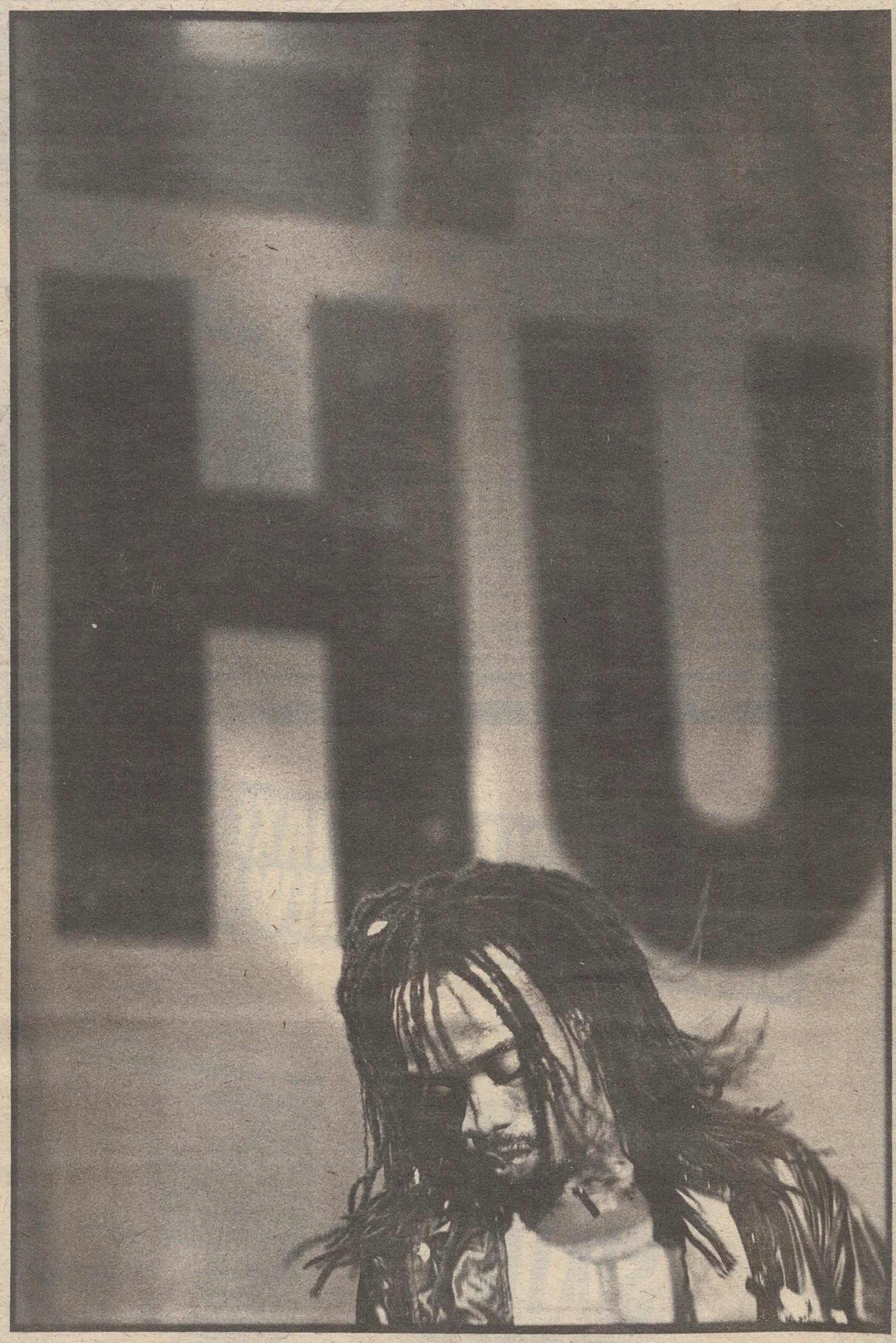

Black Uhuru's Michael Rose. Pic Anton Corbijn.

Black Uhuru

Aylesbury

"FASTEN YOUR seat belts, extinguish your cigarettes. And guess who's coming to dinner?"

Black Uhuru's cooking is equal parts fire and finesse, with all sorts of ingredients boiling in their funky-reggae brew. Onstage they're wild exotic creatures flouting red, green, gold and above all buoyed up by a solid sense of uncertainty. Their faith and radiance, their air of something unsullied, is irresistibly alien.

Surrendering to Black Uhuru for an evening is entering an ordered realm where everything is positioned in its perfect rhythmic place.

Live they're harder and rougher and warmer than they seem on record. What comes over is the iron strength of their commitment, the epic size of their scale. Sly and Robbie's beat is huge and enveloping, there's a natural rapport between the group's central core.

Duckie Simpson is impassively leonine with slow, massive movements and, in the middle, Puma's svelte, self-contained grace is essential to Black Uhuru's balance. Bounding like a boxer, Michael Rose slinks, flirts and feints through a fierce communal celebration. Watching his transported face and sublime smile, it's hard to avoid the conclusion that Black Uhuru look set to inherit Marley's mystic mantle. They have the same spirituality that translates across cultures, an eclectic sound that spans musical sensibilities.

Through 'Red', 'Sinsemilla' and back beyond, it's a set that's caught on a constant upswing. There's a uniform excellence in the slow, sweeping waves of melody, an innate dignity in that stately rhythm. It's a righteousness that is its own reward; and a firm sense of inherent power tips the performance towards greatness.

The crushing emotion at the heart of Black Uhuru makes for an experience that is almost cathartic for an envious outsider who has lost the capacity for praise. Under these charged circumstances, it's tempting to take Black Uhuru wholesale; bigoted beliefs, moral certainties and simple solutions. If, like me, you find their stated views on sexual oppression abhorrent and their religion incomprehensible, then appreciating the pure, poignant spirituality of a song like 'I Love King Selassie' involves rather more than a temporary suspension of disbelief.

Yet if you can't accept many of the tenets central to Black Uhuru's creative impulse, then their saving grace is a general, transcendent sense of salvation, something to do with spontaneity, self-respect, sympathy and resolve; a loose evocation of accepted sorrow that incorporates the need for some sort of felt hope for the future. An essential commitment to human cohesion, a scalding black and white blues, makes their music even more attractive in the current climate.

Black Uhuru, Rose in particular, personify youthful pride and vision, and the fluent grace of the Uhuru organism is an escape from drab discord into realms of romance and mystery that remain tempered by a recognition of reality. It's a sound that is fervent, sinuous and sensual with an effect which is complete and unselfconscious, imposing but never inhuman. Black Uhuru create a concert that's both testament and exhortation, an atmosphere that glows, grows and slowly explodes.

Tonight, for a short time, there is fire.

Lynn Hanna

Modern Romance

Rock Garden

MODERN ROMANCE were formed in the early part of 1980 by Geoffrey Dean (vox) and David Jaymes (bass). They are now a five-piece augmented by the obligatory congas and Max Factor. They asked me to inform you that the fact that Modern Romance just happen to look like a 100 other bands currently flying under the futurist banner is *pure coincidence*.

Also, that they are moving away from electronic and synthesized music towards Latin-American funk rhythms (in the wake of growing interest in Kid Creole's Coconuts and the Ze faction) is, too, *entirely coincidental*.

However, the group organises many of its activities on the Warhol theory of 'Business Art Productions' — a blatant testament to the callous manufacture of an art form. And if you look behind their fashions, you find an ethos of complete contrivance without a milligramme of all-redeeming wit.

Unlike the Chicano Funkateers or the Albino Socialite from New York, there is absolutely nothing organic in the work that this band produces; no soul, no balls, no sex, nothing. Simply empty gestures, sterilised stabs at reflecting some sense of human emotion. Yet the band seem too insecure to take risks, to lay themselves on the line, to chance making fools of themselves, for to do so would challenge the beautific, flawless aura needed to maintain their desire for outward individuality linked (inevitably) with the feeling of superiority.

Warhol on the other hand has always been quick to deflate his own status: "Being famous isn't all that important. If I weren't famous, I wouldn't have been shot for being Andy Warhol. Maybe I would have been shot for being in the Army. Or maybe I would have been a fat schoolteacher. How do you ever know?"

At the same time listen to the most influential white singers of the last decade; Bowie, Iggy, Rotten and David Byrne. They stretch their abilities often to the point of the seemingly lunatic: whines, whispers, groans and shrieks are all means by which they convey a genuine emotive link with their words and music.

Modern Romance wouldn't dare attempt this for fear of fracturing their carefully created image of the ice-cool, fragile 'New European'. This excrement has slowly turned white. It merely reflects the stagnant escapism that we naturally cling to when the going gets tough, and these boys are going into the valley dressed for the occasion but unarmed to a man.

Their songs are essentially nothing but hard rockist riffs embossed with a disco beat and executed with an insidious efficiency. Numbers such as 'I Stand Alone' and 'I Can't Get Enough' are just predictable and lame imitations of Roxy before and after Eno.

They are planted on stage, showroom dummies, fringes hanging over one eye . . . symbols maybe of the lop-sided blindness with which they seem to approach their lives.

If this is youth music then Me No Pop I.

Simon Fellowes

Talk Like That Alexei Sayle Disband

University Of London Union

RESIDENT TO the Communist Party's debate week, Disband, (ex-Sadistas, ex-Belt And Braces, Bill Oddie (!) on drums), dedicated their opener to the nation's rioters, then embarked on a polite repertoire of obvious protest ballads and boogies about race, sex and class. Surrounded by friends, Disband filled the floor. Christian lyrics would endear them to trendy vicars.

Only comedian Alexei Sayle brought insight to tonight's situation. A furious improviser, Alexei is a clumsy figure in an undersized suit. Relating his week in Liverpool, ("Entertaining the troops . . . they call me the rioters' sweetheart."), he snapped into a superb impression of Whitelaw in Toxteth, then hurtled into his frenzied comedy cocktail, wherein he battered intellectuals, the anti-brigade, rock 'n' roll too, and kicked pomposity in the teeth. No one is sacred.

His explosiveness, and gloriously foul language brought shrieks of shock from the casually seated theorists. He combines the sheer nerve of the classic stand-up comic with the deceit of the traditional jester; whilst acting as his master's mouthpiece, he simultaneously massacres the latter's stupidity. True to the script, the believers bawled their approval without appearing to notice.

I'd have run behind Alexei's bus rather than witness star attractions, Talk Like That (formerly Red Rinse), a kind of agitprop Bucks Fizz without the broad base of support. They commenced with tight, Police-type rockers before lapsing into a muddle of croons, whines and strumalongs.

A peculiar blend of cleanliness, scruffiness and baldness, Talk Like That were well appreciated. Professional benefit fodder, and nothing to do with soul, anger or cultural disruption, they are inspired by the most conformist elements of rock's past, and add only the most predictable of political messages. It's music for the converted, people for whom music is irrelevant anyway.

Tonight was a neat indication of the CP's own capacity for cosiness, missing the point, and the boat as well. Meanwhile, from Southall to Sefton, people are trying it for themselves.

But Alexei Sayle; now *that's* righteous indignation.

Dave Hill

Outer Art

Embassy

I CAN'T think why anyone would want to play in this chic hole, with Rusty Egan propping up the bar and a round of drinks (for two) running at nearly £4.

Anyway, Outer Art came on and did their stuff, but soon discovered that they had equipment problems. American expatriate singers Debra Street and Roberta Sali informed the audience about the hitch, each repeating what the other said. Like Siamese twins!

As it happens, the band (synth, guitar, bass and drums) have their similarities to recent A&M signing Siam: uninspired rock dressed up in a bit of futurism. Although Outer Art's trappings are a lot more sophisticated, the results, in spite of a reasonable beat, are still numbing.

Do we need yet more songs about Tokyo and robots accompanied by fan dances? The B-52's meet Ultravox! The concept is noble, but the execution an embarrassment. Famous people laughed into their drinks.

I couldn't afford to do that, but now I think I've covered enough space to just about break even . . .

Paul Tickell

THE CHAIRMAN'S PARTY LINE

Iggy. Pic David Corio.

Iggy Pop
Telephone

Rainbow

TELEPHONE, the supporting turn from France, start their songs with an *"un, deux, un-deux-trois-quatre!"* and take it from there. The group's language (and they stick to it loyally) might, to English ears, be about the only twist of originality in a set of otherwise straightahead rock'n'roll.

The French idea of *punque* is hoodlum-chic black leather music — from Ramones and Iggy, back through Velvets, Doors and Stones, all the way to Gene Vincent. And Telephone's homeland success confirms their skill at perpetuating that tradition, avoiding anything strange or new. They *can* write songs; numbers such as 'Fait Divers' and 'Crache Ton Venin' are memorable and attractive. Singer Jean-Louis projects his tough/pretty stance, tight pants, T-shirt, while bass-player Corine plays a kind of tomboy female equivalent. Their star status isn't hard to credit.

In the end, it's just well-played *rock ordinaire*, really. It's difficult to see them having any great impact over in this country, suffering as we are from an OD of exactly the same stuff.

Iggy Pop, on the other hand, no matter what quality-control lurches his output might take, will always be unique. That might endear him to you; it might lead you to believe that he's an insufferable prat. Either way, as institutions go, his durability is deserved — the motions he goes through are his alone. The man's 1981 show, based on the 'Party' set, is more subdued than some we've seen from him before — or maybe its effect is just a little dulled by familiarity — but it would be very unwise to write him off.

He opens with 'Search And Destroy' from 'Raw Power', the set's solitary not to Pop's classic repertoire. And it's always good to hear numbers like that, even if he's hardly *"The world's forgotten boy"* these days. 'Eggs On Plate', 'Bang Bang' and 'Rock'n'Roll Party' take us straight up to date: minus the LP's dynamic brass, the new songs are solid and driving, rescued from mundanity by his own performance rather than that of the rather anonymous band.

'Pumpin' For Jill', also off 'Party', breaks the mould somewhat: it's funny and poignant and dirty. That, and 'Lust For Life' (in which he leaps on to the keyboards and apparently wrecks them in the process) and 'Knockin' 'Em Down In The City' round off a short set. He never even took his shirt off.

As if determined to test the crowd's commitment, Pop delays the encores as long as possible, finally re-emerging in his Chairman Of The Bored character, complete with some chest-beating bravado to the effect that whatever his critics might say, he can still cut it. ("Tell those fucks at *Melody Maker* I'm not a washed-up drunk!"). 'Dog Food' and a lengthy version of Them's 'Gloria' conclude, the latter stressing a certain tendency to lapse into aimless, grinding boogie, even if it does climax with Iggy's Tarzan-like declaration: *"I live for the Glory of Life!"*

Iggy Pop's shows aren't for voyeurs anymore; the orgies of self-destructive excess are long gone. Nowadays he stands or falls by the power of his own charisma and the intelligence of his newest material. Musically, it's not the most imaginative period of his career, at least off-vinyl, but what's left is still plenty.

Paul Du Noyer

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ISLAND

Johnny Osbourne

The Venue

JOHNNY OSBOURNE belongs to that branch of reggae known as JA Lovers Rock which has as much to do with the sugary sweet Brit version as funk has to disco.

Osbourne has a mature voice — an earthy sound. Tonight he's backed by some members of Creation Rebel, not quite heavy enough for a singer of his stature but quite pleasant nevertheless.

The band come on first to play an instrumental before Osbourne bounces on stage, wearing a black sparkling barrow boy cap and matching waist-coat, and zips straight into his extraordinarily large repertoire which includes: 'Mr Walker,' 'Play Play Girl', 'Trenchtown School', 'Back Off' and the mighty 'Truths And Rights'.

Johnny Osbourne is a good humoured and amiable performer. When JA film star and celebrity drummer, Leroy 'Horsemouth' Wallace lopes into the Venue late, Osborne acknowledges him and even invites him on stage to do one quick number, 'Warrior'. Not the best idea as it happens, because 'Horsemouth's drumming is a bit over-exuberant for the rest of the band. But the man has a lot of style.

The other point of the evening comes when Osbourne sings a special version of 'No Woman No Cry', which he dedicates to Bob Marley with the words, "Legends don't die — they live on". It's a very positive way to end the evening.

Roz Reines

Airstrip 1

Hope And Anchor

The Hope's cellar echoes like a tiny art gallery, an age away from its former sweaty glories. Before their set Airstrip 1 chat and mingle with the miniscule crowd. What is this, a private view or a gig?

However, Airstrip 1 soon got the better of adverse surroundings and appearances. They'd come to play rock — rocking rock. OK, so rock(ism) isn't exactly opening up whole new vistas, but it's premature — like 'progressive' critics damning pop in the late '60s! — to dismiss it completely. There's residual life in the beast yet, as Airstrip 1 demonstrate with a touch, but not the accomplishment, of bright U2 and dark Comsat Angels.

Tim Cox plays lyrical yet spare romantic guitar that starts high and moves on up with complete disregard for soloing. Nigel Swanson on rhythm guitar and English urgent drone vocals is forced to keep abreast of things by a rhythm section both solid and exploratory. Drummer Mike Wickford (ex-Random Hold) and bassist John Falleti have feel — and put out feelers too.

The band might not be the Next Big Thing (and nobody else is either!), but they do creep up on you — faster than their rather sluggish debut EP on Oval. Their tightness and professionalism doesn't preclude a bit of bluster and attack, as they have a go at targets as different as McCarthyite witchhunts, arms sales and fashion.

At a time when the music scene, in spite of some interesting things on offer, is somewhat run down and vacuous, it seems ludicrous to be committed to one genre, a specific style. If white rock gets itself a new edge and ditches some of its phallocratic posturings, then I'm a taker — one night a week. At least Airstrip 1 come in a package complete with its own warning: 'Dancing While London Burns' goes one song title. Are they that concerned, though? After the fire and below the rubble, there's. . .rock.

Paul Tickell

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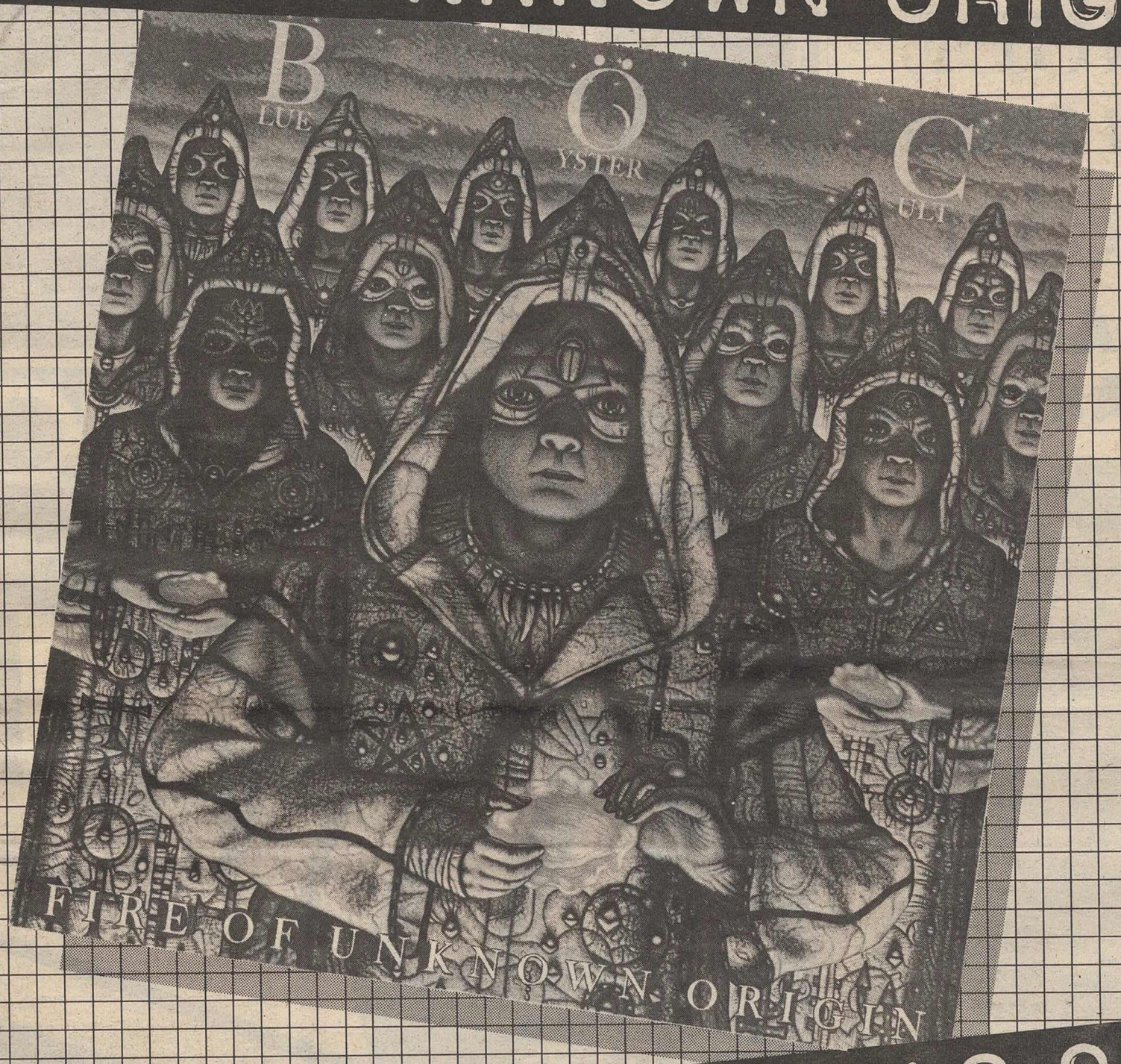

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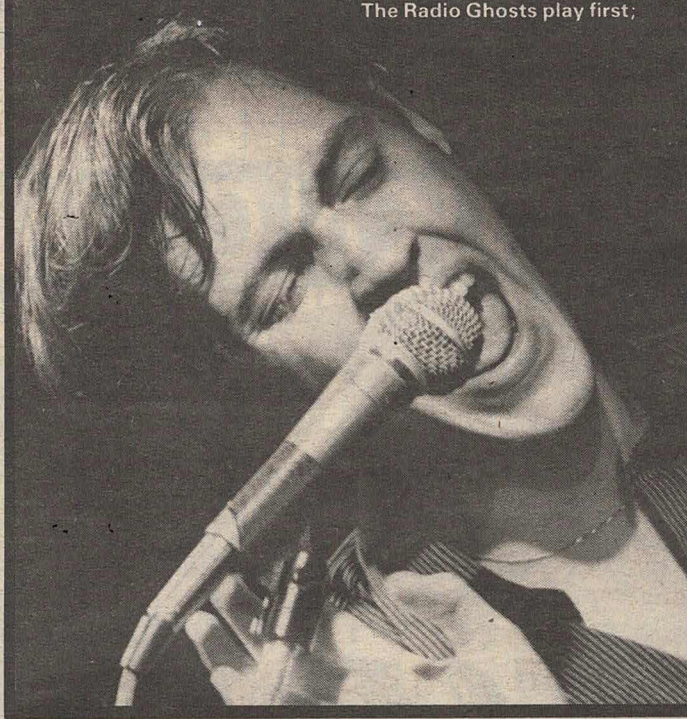
Restricted Code

Edinburgh

SHINE HARSH tungsten on a dark, shady mystery — very unglamorous.

The Nite Club at sunset is weak and quiet without its usual pan-stick patrons. There's about a 100 little dramas and scenarios going on (I'm acutely aware of all of them) and there are three groups playing (I'll be insane).

Indignantly wondering why all the fuss passed them by, The Radio Ghosts play first; they are humourless and dreadful. Whatever happened to those early, tender brooding melodies? Sad singer Martin looks as though he'll burst into tears any minute, and all that bitterness and hate — yet they're not at all disturbing. Outrageous Veronica dances wildly and steals the show (as is her wont).



(Where is everyone tonight?)

The Bluebells, next on, are alive and laughing and a mess. Some girls start screaming during guitarist (and aspiring hearthrob) Russell's rendition of 'I'm Set Free' — which has the DJ shouting "It's Bluebellmania!" and then he plays 'Charm', which is heaven in this disco haze.

Comfortable in smart suits and not a bit dull, Restricted Code take a while to loosen up, exercising over the first couple of songs.

Frank Quadrelli stands hunched, intent, playing staccato guitar during 'Day After Day', while Tom leaves his guitar down to really start singing and swinging. The set s short and familiar, but arged — this is a different up now: more confident, strong and full (they've grown up). There's no longer any trace of that initial, faint, mistrust and embarrassment (of a voice with power) as Tom savours the slow, moody vocals of a love song.

The last song, Michael Jackson's 'Shake Your Body Down', is loose and running all over the place. The stage spills over with eager noise makers as the group jump about and dance away ... Back; they start to make apologies for the new funkier sound and Tom tries out a rap..

And lord, before I know what's happenin'
I find myself caught up in this rappin'
Well funk is hip, and funk is cool
And everybody's a dancin' fool
But Tom, Frank and the rest of you guys
Play what you like, don't apologise
Jump head, first, on this bandwagon
Don't hesitate for you can rely on
Your own style to make the rub
And we'll all enrol in the Tom (Tom) club ...

(I fell sound asleep travelling home).

Kirsty McNeill

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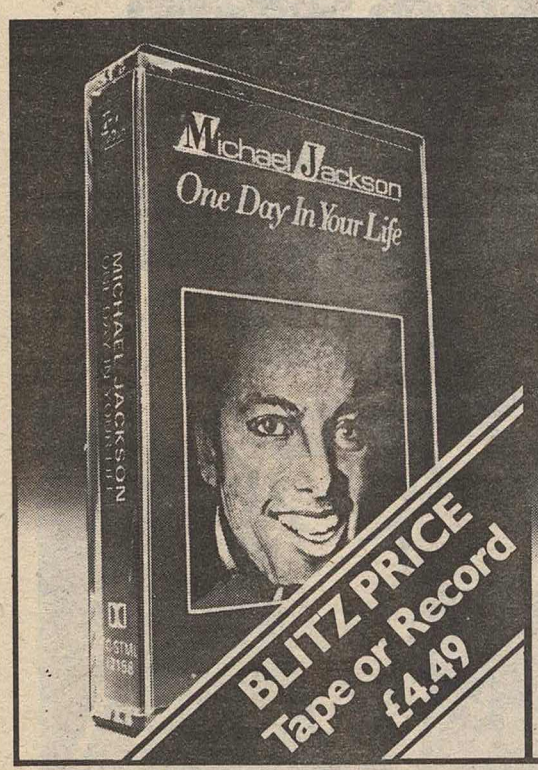

Michael Jackson
One Day in Your Life

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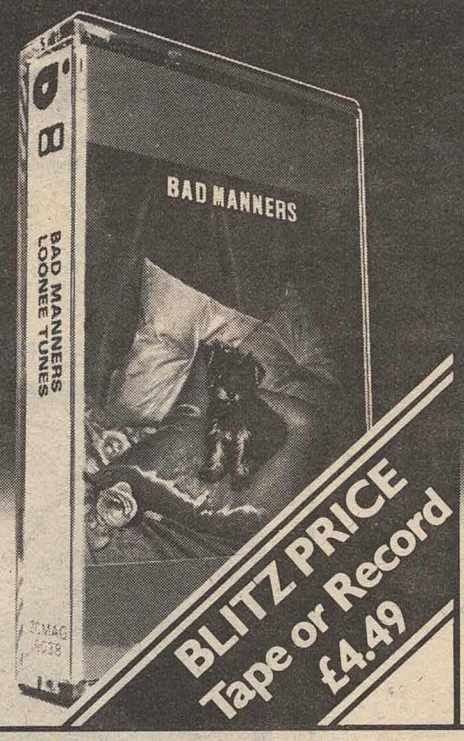

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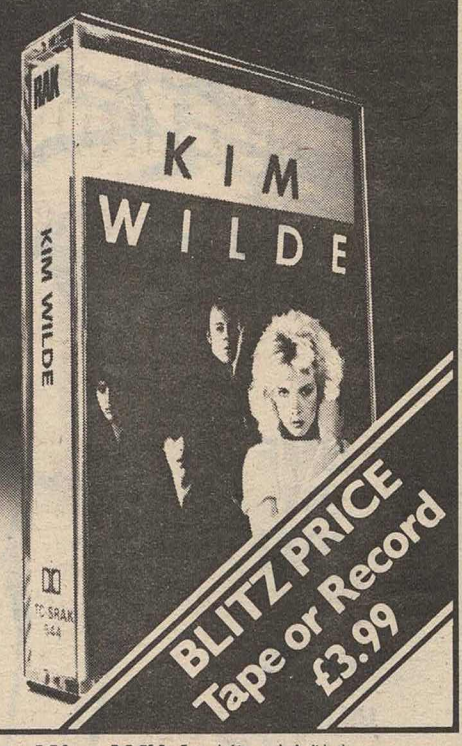

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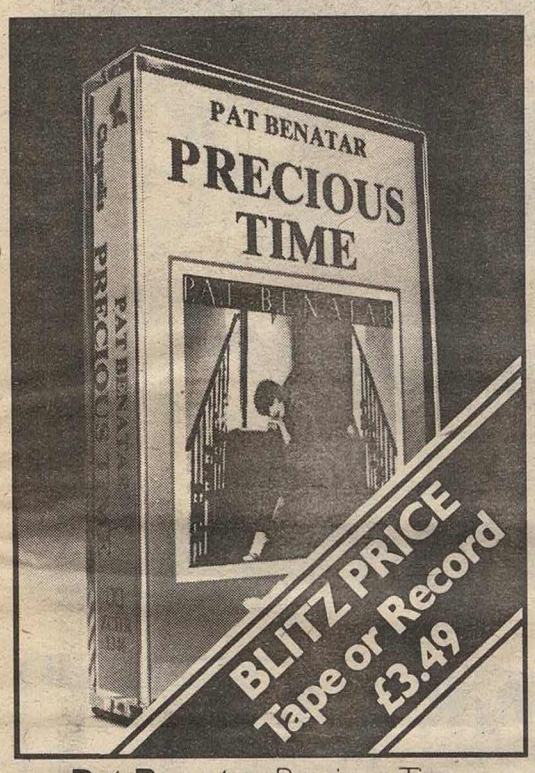

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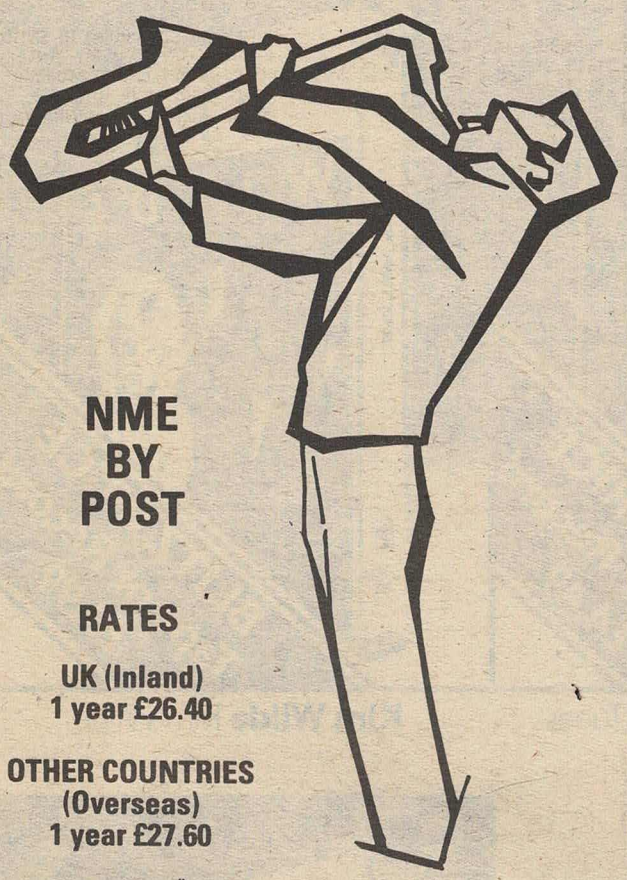

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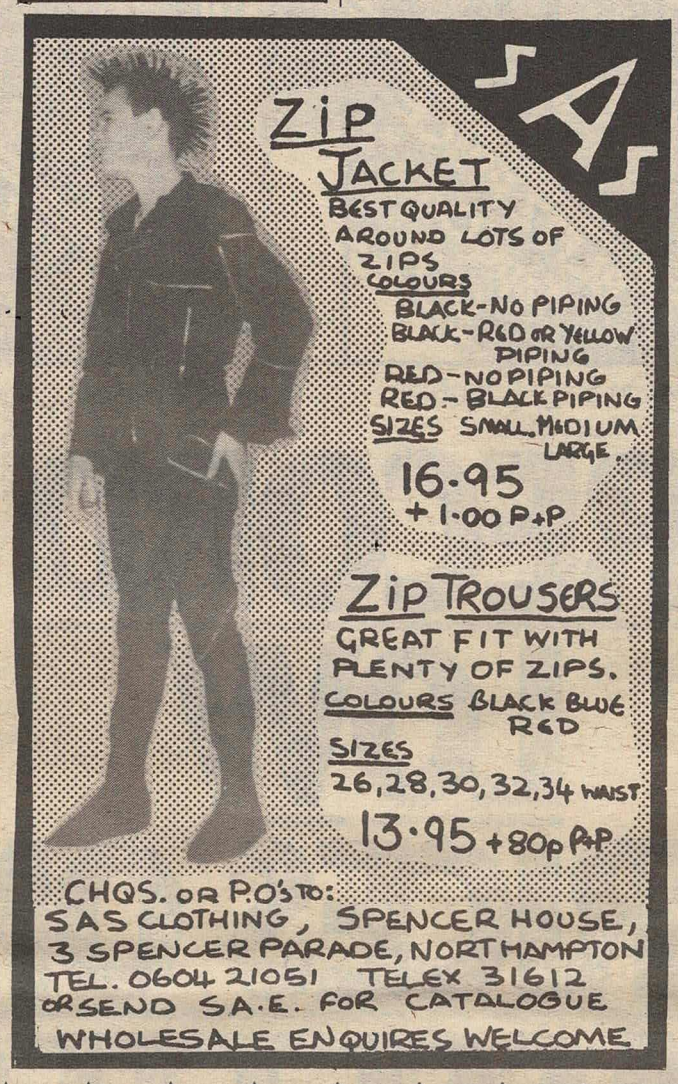

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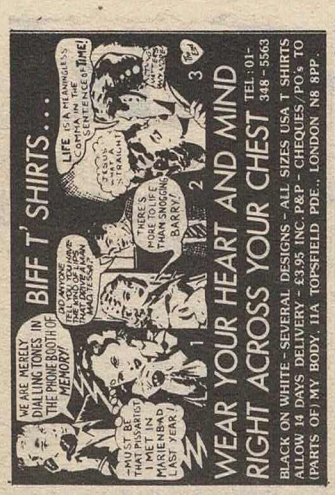
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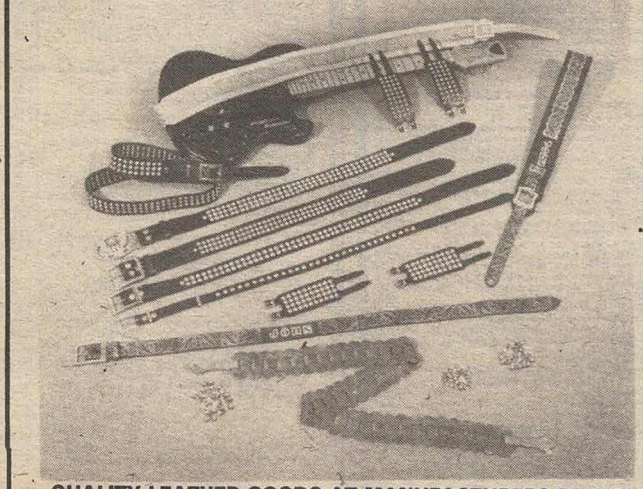

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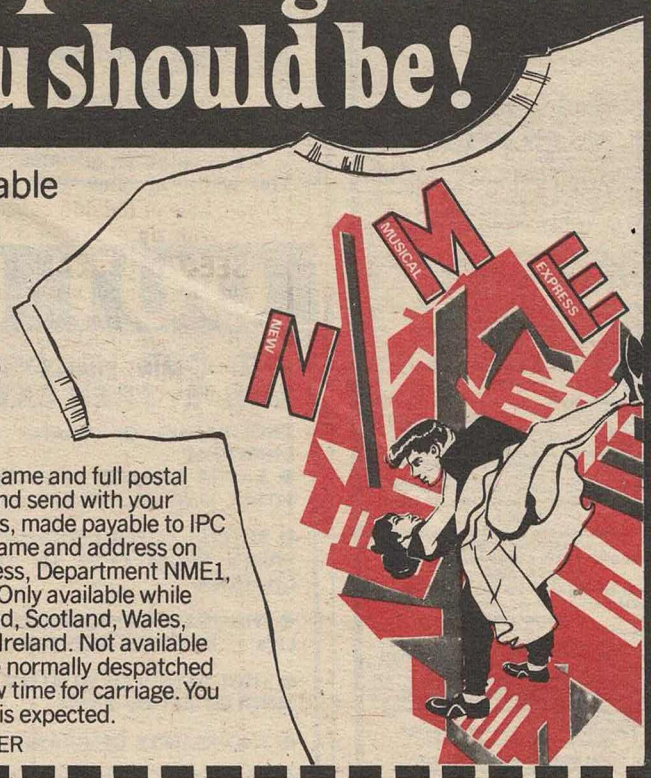

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HOW DO WE DO IT??

It can't be our spacious, gleaming showrooms. It can't be our pinstriped glassy-eyed parrots on massive commission rates. It can't be our huge profit margins. It must be things you wouldn't expect from a store with "surplus" in its name. Like a FULL 12-MONTH GUARANTEE on anything new — be it ex demonstration (our speciality), ex service, or surplus. Like an in-house service department. Like genuine after-sales service. Compare our prices with our competitors, compare our service!

A SELECTION OF OUR EX DEMO & SURPLUS STOCKS

ROTEL RD500:** Cass Deck with Metal/Dolby. Only **£69
ROTEL RD550: As above PLUS Logic Touch Controls. Sp, Off. **£85**
ROTEL RD1001: Cass Deck with Metal/Logic/Dolby/variable bias. **£95**
JVC KD-A33:** Cass Deck with Metal/Logic/ANRS/Super ANRS/with FREE REMOTE! **£109
TEAC A-300: 3 Head Cass Deck with Dolby/Off tape monitoring. Only **£99!**
***TOSHIBA PC-X12:** Cass Deck with Metal/Dolby. Sp. Off. **£59!** (New, sealed)*
TENSAI TD861: Belt drive turntable: 33/45rpm. Semi Automatic. **£29**
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GARRARD DD400: Direct drive turntable: 33/45rpm. Auto-off. SHIRE CARTRIDGE. **£55**
MARANTZ TT4000: Direct drive turntable. Quartz locked. Low mass arm. **£65**
TENSAI TA2030: 30WPC Amplifier with tape copy, power meters, etc. **£39**
ROTEL RA300: 30WPC Amplifier; 0.05% Distortion. Monitor, etc. **£39**
TENSAI TA2350: 50WPC Amplifier. Many facilities inc. LED power meters. **£49**
TENSAI TT2030: Tuner with MW/LW/FM Stereo; tuning indicator, etc. **£39**
RICHER III: 40W Speakers. Bass/Mid/Tweeter units in custom IB enclosure. **£49pr**
TENSAI 9040: 40W System. Bass/Mid/Tweeter; our best-selling system: **£69pr**
KLH160: 45W high quality speakers. Twin drive units, dome tweeter. **£125pr.**
PORTABLES: Stereo Radio/Cassettes from £39! Rhythm machine with overdub cassette recorder, £69! Personal stereo players with phones, £29.95!
MUSIC CENTRES: Wide selection, with or without speakers, from **£69-£349.**

TAPES AT DISCOUNT PRICES

3 × TDK D C90	£2.75	SONY CHF C60	55p each
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2 × TDK SA C90	£2.95	BASF Chrome 2 C90 × 2	£2.80
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All equipment FULLY GUARANTEED 12 months

THE HI-FI SURPLUS STORE,
62-64 WEYMOUTH ST, LONDON W1
(01) 486-9981
Open Mon-Fri 9.30-6.00 and Sat 9.30-4.30

RECORD & TAPE EXCHANGE

LPs, Tapes, Videocassettes, Rarities Wanted

We pay 1p — £2.50 (or more) CASH or EXCHANGE VALUE for LPs, tapes, singles, videocassettes, rarities, ALL accepted in ANY condition — absolutely NONE refused!!

Bring ANY quantity to one of our shops at

38 NOTTING HILL GATE, LONDON, W11. (727 3539)
28 PEMBRIDGE RD, NOTTING HILL GATE, W11. (727 3538)
90 GOLDHAWK RD, SHEPHERDS BUSH, W12. (749 2930)

Or SEND any quantity by post with SAE for cash to Record & Tape Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W11. (Our price must be accepted — SAE for estimate if required).

All shops open daily 10am — 8pm for 1000's of cheap used records/tapes — new releases, deletions, dealers' bargains etc. RARITIES are bought, sold, exchanged UPSTAIRS at 38 Notting Hill Gate W11.

Quality Cassettes, Reels & Video

CASSETTES	C60	C90	C120
AGFA Low Noise Special	£0.49	£0.69	£0.92
AGFA Ferrocolor	£0.64	£0.87	—
AGFA Superferro	£0.90	*£1.19	—
AGFA Stereochrom	£1.10	£1.27	£1.77
BASF LH	*£0.56	*£0.75	£1.28
BASF Ferro Super	£0.88	£1.20	£1.51
BASF Ferro Super LHI	£0.94	£1.29	—
BASF Chrome 2	*£0.91	*£1.20	—
HITACHI Low Noise	£0.61	£0.84	£1.27
HITACHI UD	£1.00	*£1.15	£1.62
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HITACHI UDEX (XL2)	*£1.26	*£1.55	—
MEMOREX Normal Bias	£0.75	£0.79	—
MEMOREX MrX1 (new)	£1.01	£1.09	£1.52
MEMOREX chrome 2 (new)	£1.15	£1.29	—
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OSAWA Low Noise	*£0.60	*£0.73	—
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OSAWA Ferrochrome	*£1.06	*£1.45	—
OSAWA Chrome	*£1.06	*£1.45	—
OSAWA Metal	*£2.55	—	—
SONY CHF	£0.58	£0.78	£1.07
SONY BHF	£0.79	£0.99	£1.18
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SONY CD-Alpha	£1.25	£1.62	—
SONY Ferrochrome	£1.33	£1.77	—
SONY Metal	£3.00	£4.00	—
TDK Dynamic	£0.68	*£0.89	£1.30
TDK Acoustic Dynamic	£1.05	*£1.29	£1.95
TDK Optimum Dynamic	*£1.06	*£1.54	—
TDK Super Avilyn	£1.23	*£1.60	—
TDK SAX	—	£2.20	—
TDK Metal	*£1.98	*£2.88	—

*SPECIAL OFFERS WHILE STOCKS LAST
Goods are offered until 25.7.81 subject to availability
V.A.T. at 15% is included in the above prices

POSTAGE AND PACKING FOR UK
CASSETTES: 1 to 5 £0.60
6 or more £1.00
REELS & VIDEO £1.00 PER ORDER
SEND MAIL ORDER OR BRING THIS ADVERT INTO ONE OF OUR SHOPS FOR THESE SPECIAL PRICES.

REELS

AGFA LN 5" × 900'	£2.25
AGFA LN 5½" × 1200'	£2.60
AGFA LN 7" × 1800'	*£3.59
AGFA LN 5" × 1200'	£2.70
AGFA LN 5½" × 1800'	£3.75
AGFA LN 7" × 2400'	*£4.44
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AGFA PEM368 7" × 1800' (Metal)	£5.25
AGFA PEM368 10½" × 3600' Cine	*£9.74
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AMPEX 20/20 + 7" × 1800'	£4.40
AMPEX 20/20 + 10½" × 3600'	£11.95
AMPEX Grand Master 7" × 1800'	£5.25
AMPEX Grand Master 10½" × 3600' NAB	£13.75
BASF LH 7" × 1800'	£4.45
BASF LH 7" × 2400'	£5.80
SONY ULH 7" × 1800' Back Coated	*£4.40
TDK LX35/90 7" × 1800'	£3.60
TDK LX35/180 10½" × 3600' NAB	*£9.60
TDK LX35/90B 7" × 1800'	£3.95
TDK GX35/90B 7" × 1800'	£4.60
TDK GX35/180B 10½" × 3600' NAB	*£11.90

VIDEO CASSETTES

AGFA (VCR)		L500 2hr 10m	£5.90
LVC100	£9.50	L750 3hr 15m	£7.55
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BASF (BETA)		VCC480 8hr	£18.60
L250	£4.90	AGFA (VHS)	
L500	£5.75	E120	£7.60
SONY (BETA)		E180	£8.70
L250 1hr 5m	£4.70	BASF (VHS)	
L370 1hr 35m	£5.40	E90	£6.60

AS ALL VIDEOS ARE IN SHORT SUPPLY, PLEASE CHECK FOR AVAILABILITY

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OF BIRMINGHAM

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12" DURAN DURAN — Girls On Film (New Version) (P) 1.99
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12" BLONDIE Rip to shreds / X offender / In flash (British pic) 1.99
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LP CRASS Penis envy (+ wraparound poster pic) 2.25
12" HUMAN LEAGUE Dignity of Labour 1/4 (+ flexidisc)(P) 2.15
(Slightly smaller biggies in other sections)
Large 7" & 12" Single Sale List available now. Ask for your FREE COPY when ordering

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L.P. SPENCER DAVIS Autumn 66; First album (both I) each 4.49
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L.P. MONKEES Dolenz, Boyce, Jones & Hart Live concert in Japan) (lots of hits, al live + poster + lyrics) (Jap I) 7.99
7" T. REX Get it on/Hot love) (I) (P) 1.99
7" MONKEES Daydream believer/Last train to C. (I) (P) 1.99

METAL METAL METAL METAL METAL METAL

L.P. CHEAP TRICK Dream Police (Picture disc) 5.99
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7" RAINBOW I surrender; Since you've been; L.A. Connection; Kil king; All night long; Long live R&R (All pics) each 1.15
L.P. BLACKMORE Green bullfrog (I) 5.49
12" RAINBOW Diff. to cure/Can't happen here/J. lover (I) (P) 2.99
AC/DC BOX SET High voltage/Dirty deeds/Powerage (3 albums in presentation box + FREE 7" Baby please/Jailbreak/S.stripped (6.25) (I) 9.95
L.P. D. COVERDALE North winds (Jap I + lyrics) 8.95
12" AC/DC Touch too much/Live wire/Shot down (good pic) (I) 2.50
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CASSETTE Lead weight (Neat Records compilation) (11 tracks) 3.49
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7" I. GILLAN Smoke on water (Jap I + lyrics) (back in) (P) 2.50
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12" IRON MAIDEN Twighlight zone/Wrathchild (I)(P) 2.99
12" PAT TRAVERS Snortin' whiskey (5 track e.p.) (P) 1.99
LP JON LORD Windows (Coverdale on vocals)(I) 4.99
LP PAICE, ASHTON, LORD Malice in wonderland 2.99
7" JUDAS PRIEST Exciter/Dissident (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.50
7" RAINBOW I surrender; All night long; Since you've been gone (all Jap I + lyrics + pic) each 2.50
LP DEEP PURPLE When we rock we rock (I) 4.49
7" AC/DC Shook me all night long(diff p to Brit)(I) 1.99
7" MOTORHEAD Flexidisc Train kept a rolling (blue vinyl) (+ magazine) 60p(+50p P&P UK)
7" BILL NELSON Youth of nation +3 (dble 7" gatefold)(P) 1.49
7" SAXON Heavy metal thunder; Motorcycle man; Suzy hold on (All Jap I + lyrics) (P) ..... each 2.50
7" IRON MAIDEN Wrathchild / G. Khan (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.50
12" JUDAS PRIEST The ripper / Never satisfied / Victim (7.45) (P) 1.99
7" AC/DC Hells bells/What do you want (I) (Diff. pic to others) 1.99
LP IAN GILLAN Scarabus (I) 5.49
LP GILLAN Clear air turbulance/G(I) (Deleted here) 4.99
7" IRON MAIDEN Twilight zone (clear or red vinyl) (P) ..... each 1.20
12" SAXON Strong arm of law (+ Large patch) (P); Suzy hold ..... each 1.99
12" M. SCHENKER Cry for nation/Armad (live) +"1 (P) 1.99
12" BLACK SABBATH Die young/H. & Hell (live) (P) 1.99
12" JUDAS PRIEST Living after midnight + 2 (P) 1.99
12" JUDAS PRIEST Hot Rockin'/Law (live) + 1 ..... 1.50
12" IRON MAIDEN Women in uniform/Invasion/Phantom (P) 1.99
12" IRON MAIDEN Sanctuary (4.23)/Phantom (7.12) Drifter (8.16) Women (First 3 are live) (Jap I + lyrics to all tracks) 4.99
12" IRON MAIDEN Sanctuary / Prowlers / Drifter / I've got fire (I) (Banned pic) 2.99
12" MOTORHEAD Beer drinkers e.p. (Pink vinyl) (P) 1.99
12" MOTORHEAD Golden years e.p. (live) (P) 1.99
12" MOTORHEAD Golden years e.p. (diff Pic) (I) 3.49
12" MOTORHEAD Ace of spades (Christmas pic) 1.99
12" AC/DC R&Roll ain't noise pollution (+ badge) (P) 1.15

MAGAZINES & FLEXIDISCS

ADAM & ANTS Postermags NO. 2, 3, 4 ..... 50p each
POLICE Starclub; 1981 Calendar postermag ..... 60p each
7" TOYAH Flexidisc Sphinx / And for you (Green v.) (+ mag) 60p
JAM Magazine — Extra Special (photos etc) 75p
JAM Pin Ups + story poster (opens into poster) 38p
7" BAD MANNERS Flexidisc No respect (Blue v.) (+ Flexipop mag) 60p
ADAM & ANTS Mag. Triba Rock special (Info + pics) 75p
7" SELECTER Flexidisc Ready mix (Clear v.) (+ Flexipop) 60p
7" B. RATS Flexidisc D. Loughaire (Yell. v.) (+ Flexipop) 60p
7" CRASS Flexidisc (+ Toxic Graffiti mag.) 50p
7" ADAM & ANTS Flexi A.N.T.S. (Blue v.) (+ Flexipop) 60p
7" JAM Flexidisc Pop art poem/Boys up town (remix) (Blue or Yellow vinyl) (+ Flexipop mag) 60p
7" PRETENDERS Flexidisc What You Gonna Do/Stop Your Sobbing (Demo version) (Orange vinyl) (+ flexi-pop) 60p
P&P 50p any quantity. Overseas £1.

BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE

12" BLONDIE Denis/Contract red sq./Kung fu girls (P) 1.99
12" BLONDIE Presence dear; S. Girl; Atomic (All pic) ..... each 1.99
7" BLONDIE Call me (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 1.99
BLONDIE U.S. PROMO CALENDAR (P&P as for 12") 1.50
12" BLONDIE Call me (Voc in Eng + Inst) (I) (P) 2.50
12" BLONDIE Heart of glass (Voc & inst) (re-issue) (P) 1.99
12" BLONDIE Heart (Voc & inst) (+ rifle range) (orig) (P) 3.50
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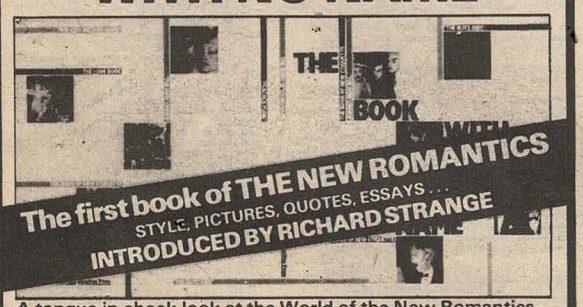

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THE PREMATURE BURIAL

FROM PAGE 33

creating the minor confrontations needed to fuel his self-justification. In Cardiff we attempted to enter two pubs and were abruptly turned away. Having been with The Exploited for two days I was accustomed to them, so I was momentarily surprised. Nevertheless such incidents are only hollow victories in which mainstream society's intolerance of people who choose to look different is proven. Yet having chosen the role of outsider, why be surprised or hurt when he's treated as such?

"But who wants to get picked on?" responds Wattie, in his broad Edinburgh accent. "People are always scared of something different, they always pick on the minority. I went to a Job Centre and the guys there told me not to bother goin' for an interview because of the way I dress, An' that's a guy whose job it is to find people jobs and he tells me not to bother goin'!"

Thus the war goes on. The interview is conducted, incidentally, in a motorway cafe, where the staff fall over themselves to be nice to these odd looking folk. Of course, it is no more or less than one should expect, but realistically, one knows that such all embracing tolerance is a rarity. Wattie wants to inflame the situation rather than calm it — under the pretence that he is acting naturally.

"We just wanna live our ain life without people tellin' us what to do," he asserts. Unfortunately he refuses to recognise that his idea of his *"ain life"* conflicts with others. His sympathies only extend as far as others within his peer group of punks.

"I hate a lot of people — most of who aren't punks," he broadly challenges. How about your Dad?

"Me Dad's alright. He's okay in fact."

What makes him any different from anybody else's Dad?

"I never met everybody else's dad."

So how come you hate all these people you don't know?

"I just hate them, I dunno why. They just smell, they lie."

Hhm, tolerant. His hatred fortunately doesn't manifest itself in violence.

"I like to beat their ego, humiliate them, I like embarrasing people," he says.

"But I hate folk pickin' on anybody. I wouldna pick on anybody, I wouldna fuckin' do anybody. I don't like a group of folk kicking fuck outa somebody. If you have a fight one against one, that's different, and I didna mean attacking people for no reason. That's what happens to punks. That's how I look at punks — punks against the rest of society, trying to prove you can beat the system, that you didna have to do what people tell you. Just get on an' live your ain life."

Which is roughly where his idea of individualism diverges form the Oi! line of mob rule.

"Oi! is different, Oi! is a skinhead movement — music for skinheads. Some Oi! bands are alright, but most of them sing about violence, glorifying it. Well, we're a punk band and we didna want to get labelled with them."

Reading back the transcript, Wattie's arguments are a mass of contradictions. On the one hand he says he hates violence and on the other he has a strong craving for war. He professes hatred of authority even though he is quite willing to fight these wars of theirs.

"I didna look at it like that," he admits.

He complains he's hard done by, yet he's selling 20,000 records. That he hasn't seen any of the money, claiming to be ripped off, only goes to show how the establishment is unjust.

As Wattie would have it, his grudge against society is deep-rooted.

"It all depends on how you were brought up, dunnit?" he queries. "Ma divorced when I was about 10, I was in a home when I was about 12. I left school at 15, worked as a butcher for awhile and left there to join the army to stay out of trouble. I came outa there and couldna get a job for about a year until I joined this band. Punk is something that really changed my life."

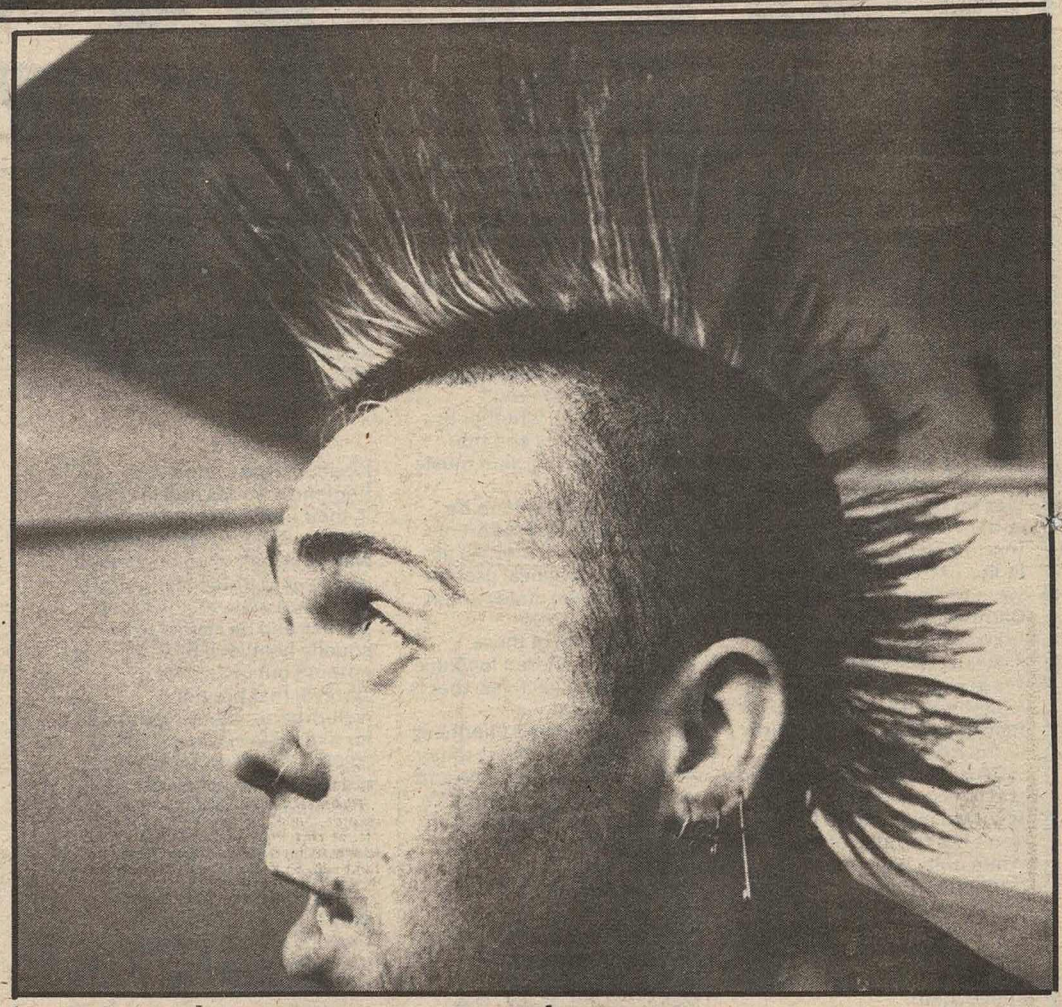
Do you feel betrayed by '77 punk?

"Aye, by The Clash and that. I still like The Damned though. I like what they do, they're only having a laugh. They take the piss outa of everybody, which is what I like to do. They just do what they want, it's total chaos, disorder an' that."

What with all this talk about disorder, it is surprising that The Exploited, and Wattie in particular, have remained unaffected by it all.

"I think it's a laugh, it's dead funny," he will concede adding that it took something as violent and unexpected as this to ram home to the establishment the profound dissatisfaction felt by today's dispossessed.

By the time the Apocalypse Now tour ended in Cardiff last Wednesday, the full implications of the rioting had not seeped through the cocooned unreality that most tours find themselves wrapped up in. If there was any heavy irony involved in listening to a group urging the breakdown of social order when it had already happened outside, it did not show. Suddenly, the prophesies of early punk were beginning to fulfil themselves.



Just in time for a Royal celebration too. So what have the new punks got to add? Do they really have any purpose outside choosing to live as outsiders? Wattie? Has punk outlived its usefulness?

"Punk's not dead," reasserts Wattie, garrulously. "It cannae die, not until the government changes, until there are better living conditions. It will never die — I look at it as the reality of everyday living. As you said, it has been said before, but we're doing it because it is what is happening now.

"It was a fashion before, but punk today is the backlash of reality, a backlash against Government and the conditions people are living in."

PUNK IS NOT DEAD, then, it is the living dead. It gains its power and momentum by blindly rushing into conflict, drawing only on the half knowledge and emotions of its own situation. New punk is obstinate, obdurate, stupid, angry, crass — it often makes claims that defy reason or plain common sense.

That said it is probably closer now than ever before to its original premises.

Rid of the artists and dilletantes sucked into '77's proposed chaos, it is a lot greyer and uglier, a lot less compromised. At last it is made by and for the people who (supposedly) spawned it. It is not The Exploited's fault that we had heard it all before they got to have their turn. It is their fault though, that their music lacks the compassion and instinctive understanding that has always fired the best punk music.

I would sympathise but they too readily console themselves by posing as martyrs, as God's little victims.

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ACROSS

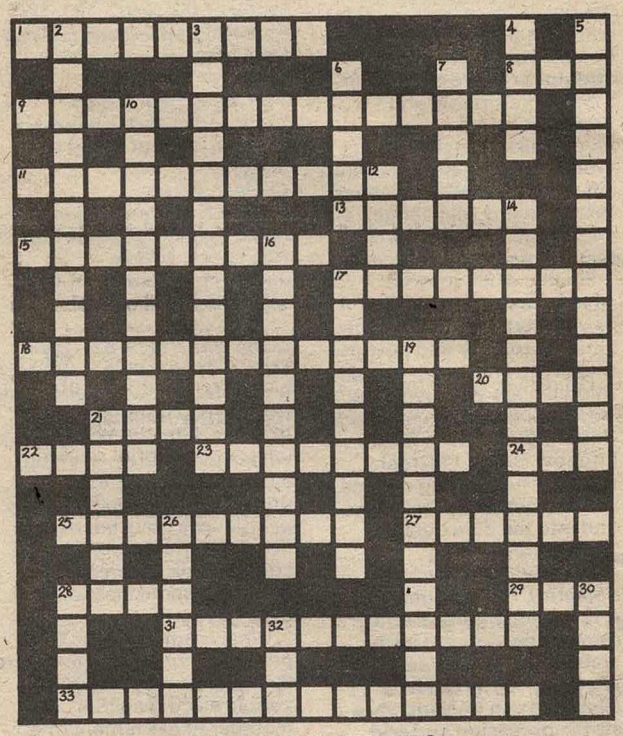
1 Rappin' rekkord (5,4)
8 Lose head digging up the hole, crypticly speaking (1,1,1)
9 *Not* Futura (7,8)
11 Woody Allen's co-star in *Annie Hall* (5,6)
13 Wilson brother
15 Dennis Morris's band as was (8,1)
17 Fifties term for records: or group of same era
18 Tie-dyed troubadour ex of Lovin' Spoonful (4,9)
20 See 32
21 Is she the result of me following Jon?
22 'Bang A Gong' was their real US success (1,3)
23 The cast rose and reformed in R&B mode
24 Otway and Barrett, for instance
25 Moddy combo (3,6)
27 Rolling Stones first hit (4,2
28 & 4 His old pirate radio show was known as 'The Perfumed Garden'
29 Disco toast?
31 Prolific producer who's worked with Sex Pistols and Roxy Music (5,6)
33 Bowie single from 'Low' (5,3,6)

DOWN

2 'Body Talk' outfit
3 He was part of Stiffs

Greatest Stiffs package with Dury, Costello and Lowe (9,4)

4 See 28 across
5 Long playing home of Rockabilly Guy (8,3,2)
6 & 14 Pioneers (sic) of rock's early '70s flirtation with jazz (sic) (5,5,3,5)
7 See 30
10 Currently fronting Eurythmics (5,6)
12 Innes maybe
14 See 6
16 In popular mythology (i.e. *Carry On* films), they're Swedish, blonde and break up homes (3,2,5)
17 On Rolling Stones Records and Tapes (5,4)
19 Those qualities about EC that we feel so drawn to!
21 Tull bozo
26 . . . or can't can't as the case may be (3,3)
28 S. Speilberg blockbuster, parts one and two
30 & 7 Oils up man (anag. 2 words)
32 & 20 Former mighty mouth of S. Affair



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Defunkt; 4 Bob B. Soxx; 8 'One Day In Your Life'; 10 Davey Payne; 13 Robert (Plant); 14 'Malpractice'; 16 'One (Step Beyond); 17 Emmylou; 19 (Pete) Wylie; 20 Rick; 21 RCA; 23 Russell Mael; 26 Ten; 27 The Long Riders; 30 Amp; 32 (Robert) Plant; 33 Lol Creme.

DOWN: 1 'Doors Of Your Heart'; 2 Freddie Mercury; 3 'This Year's Model'; 5 Bill; 6 'Off The Wall'; 7 Dylan; 9 Alvin Lee; 11 Eric (Stewart); 12 '(One) Step Beyond'; 15 Cale; 18 Uriah Heep; 19 Wailers; 22 (Eric) Stewart; 24 Simon; 25 'Lucille'; 28 Hall; 29 (Marvin) Gaye; 31 Pete (Wylie).

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WHEN I read the disgusting article at the Leeds Carnival Against Racism I was appalled.

The carnival brought black and white people together in harmony in a dance through Leeds (sorry if it was too far for you to walk Gavin). You may not have noticed that nearly all the audience walked from Woodhouse to Potter Newton Park. They weren't just there to see their favourite group for free.

If the only good comments you could make were sexist comments about Rhoda Dakar and Lesley Woods you know where you can go, mate.

If you had been in Leeds on the couple of days after the carnival you would see why it was no flop. For the next couple of days everyone (excluding the press) from old ladies to five year old kids were talking about the Carnival, which was the reawakening of the fight to kick the racists out of Leeds. We are planning mass leafleting, the cleaning up of racist graffitti and the rebirth of the RAR club.

RAR/ANL can work in Leeds and it has got more people involved in the fight. If you don't like the idea of black and white unity why not say it right out instead of disguising it in your jungle of big intellectual words. In future don't bother reviewing RAR carnivals if you're going to abuse them.

Rebecca, Leeds

Leeds had more local significance than I realised but as a national carnival its organization was still lacking. Sure it's better to be protesting than sitting on your arse but it's only by criticising and arguing that the most effective methods will be found. My comments on Lesley and Rhoda were about their sex (just like their songs) *not* sexist. RAR carnivals maybe worthwhile, enjoyable and productive but they aren't sacrosanct. — GM.

The way I see it the current spate of 'race riots' are just like any other war, utterly pointless. Working class people (black, white or guys that were daft enough to join the police force because they were *Starsky and Hutch* fans) go out into the streets and attempt to injure each other.

The comfortable and protected middle class (people like Thatcher, Webster, Redgrave and trendy left-wing journalists) sit back, safe from any real danger, and encourage the working class to break each others' heads.

Finally, when they've crippled each other and finished burning down each others' property and houses, one of the above mentioned middle-class will reveal the true nature of the conflict and declare themselves Grand Imperial Fuhrer of Great Britain. The working classes will be sent to the factories and into the dole queues 'where they belong'.

Barney (the conscientious objector), Portsmouth.

A few good points, Barney. Answering violence with violence never solves anything. In the present climate it can only increase state oppression and add injury to the meagre lot of those who suffer most from same — G.M.

In relation to Brixton, Southall, Bristol and Liverpool, don't say you weren't warned! Two years ago Tom Robinson and his mob said it all: Power In The Darkness.

Pog the mod (who's not a member of any political group, just common sense).

More like desperation than power in the darkness, surely. — G.M.

Ian Penman's article depressed me. It was a literary shrug of indifference. Unfortunately Ray Lowry, by heading his article 'Titanic Refloated' left himself wide open to criticism — particularly by addressing it in the form of an appeal, but at least he seems to care.

Penman makes sure he establishes his salt-of-the-earth credentials at the beginning of the article. So what? I've lived in soul music since I was 12. Rock music meant nothing to me until I first heard the Sex Pistols. They had the energy and desire that I had only found in black music. All music that had any meaning was capable of touching the collective soul of young people. It was music that threatened the "We know what is good for you" establishment, whether by attitude or lyrics and that included Presley, soul music and punk.

Ray Lowry seems to be searching for some sort of unity or theme amongst all the various political groups which Penman states are in existence. It is the fragmentation of these bodies, with shared feelings but divided objectives, that is so depressing — a fragmentation and blindness mirrored in pop music today. At least Lowry has some sort of vision whereas Penman's idea of music is only a short step away from Tony Blackburn's.

Glyn Davies, Northampton.

Welcome To The Consumer's working week, Cornish version.
McEnroe and Dexys. The Undertones and Connors.
Billie Holliday (ravaged and ravaging).
Nighttime! (Dunk/Fazz/Jisco).
Shergar and Borg (Neat but yawn).
Renata Tomarova (Wow!!).
Selina Scott and Dan Maskell (zzzzz . . .)
John Coltrane's Blue Train (RED HOT).
Elizabeth Taylor (growing old clumsily).

The Nolans are coming!!
But so is BBC's *Pop Quiz*.
AAAARRGHH!!
Cheers Pops, yours with a pasty and a pint.

Tim Non-Emmett, Camelford, Cornwall.

P.S. Morley and Penman are OK. Who is Ray Lowry?

Cornish consuming, phewee! Letter of the week, 12 inch bottle of Pop — I and Golden Soul finger winner, etc. — G.M.

You mean Paul Morley produced all those hilarious reviews without trying to be funny?

O. Dear, Wales.

If Josef K abbreviated their name would it become Joe K?

Bob Lucas, Middx.

Joe K? Fine, thanks, — the schizoid-punning G.M.

In the *NME* (11/7/81) Gavin Martin declares his inability to understand how anyone could want to pay homage to the IRA. It is difficult for anyone who is not N. Irish, working class and Catholic to understand the reactions of a people who have been ruled in an apartheid state by a combination of force and gerrymandered elections for over 50 years.

What is surprising is GM's proud determination to ignore the reasons why 30,000 people elected an IRA member to parliament (many more than voted in Thatcher as an MP). Such arrogance breeds on ignorance.

What is more surprising is that as a 'liberal' journalist GM is not discomforted by the respect the rest of the world's press has for the IRA. Even conservative papers in Europe and America recognize that Northern Ireland is England's Vietnam. In a recent *Sunday Times* survey of the world's press reaction to the hunger strike, only one national paper — a Turkish fascist daily — avowed total support for Thatcher's handling of the hunger strike.

The rest of the world cannot understand why Britain (that bastion of democracy) is fighting Western Europe's last colonial war, nor why England's Liberals and Socialists are united with England's Tories and fascists in their inability to recognize that the IRA are fighting that war on behalf of an oppressed people and Britain cannot win.

GM has an aversion to left politics and he seems to be equally hostile to RAR, voicing nothing but insults for a carnival that provided well-organized entertainment for a multi-racial audience of 20,000. Very demoralising for the few hundred fascists who marched elsewhere in Leeds that day and who, until recently, had a large base in schools in the area.

The Specials decided to only play gigs for specific reasons to rid themselves of their Nazi following: two racist murders in their hometown left them with little choice. Now more than ever people need to take sides. Where do you stand Gavin? Are the kids in Brixton, Southall and Toxteth just bloodthirsty terrorists too? People who sit on the fence get shot by both sides.

Martin Culverwell (Au Pairs manager).

I think it's rather offensive of you to suggest that it's only "working class Catholics" who understand a destructive response to 500 years of repression and 50 years of oppression. You seem to think the only way of showing opposition to British activity in Ireland is by supporting the IRA.

Y'see, Martin, there *is* a difference between taking part in an organised democratic process as a form of protest, and using a festival to make a short, out of context and unexplained reference to the hunger strike, merely a part of that process. The reasoning and motivation which brought people to vote for Bobby Sands is more complicated than you suggest.

They weren't necessarily paying homage to the IRA, they could have been (a) trying to save Sands' life; (b) showing disapproval for the MPs who have served Fermanagh and South Tyrone for the last 15 years; (c) Showing a preference for political rather than paramilitary activity.

And I'm sure that isn't even half the reasons. You seem to think that there is one set of rules and they apply to any situation. To call Ireland "England's Vietnam", f'rinstance, shows an appalling ignorance of the country's politics and its long-bloodied history. I am not familiar with foreign press coverage of N.I. but if you're going by the *Sunday Times* survey . . . wrong again! Opposition to Thatcher's handling of the hunger strike doesn't mean you're supporting the IRA. If the Provos are genuinely being afforded the quality of 'respect' by the foreign press then I find it as discomforting as Thatcher's handling of the hunger strike. The Specials try harder than most and I [illegible] their decisions. But don't be hysterical, of course the kids at Brixton, Southall and Toxteth aren't bloodthirsty terrorists'.

But I think you would rather stir up mindless violence in young people than go out and fight a few battles of your own, in the light of the typically naive and inflammatory slogan with which you end your letter. — G.M.

Once again I write from me to you (har! har!) with effect to old Ghana mega book namely *Where Is Beatles Band Book*. I hear yawn and fall down over from young pop picker but no! Here is new book which I make soon — come to United Kingdoms (with Queen — har!) which is *Where Is Sex Pistols Band Book?*

Sex Pistols band have lead singer Paul Cook who so named due to his teeth. When rhythm guitar player Jimmy Rotten die in car crash with Glen Tilbrook (who like Beatles band), Crook (Har, har — I make play on words, no?) and Jones make new group called Public Mirage who are Psychedelia in Liverpool such as Quarrymen, as old timer say.

I almost forget! Bill Gumby is famous man who is guest of Sex Pistols band on TV pop show *Never Care For Bollock*. Har!

See Ringo Spar solo disc 'Too Virgin'! I make conceptual link with George Harrington testicle on cover of platter!

Goodbye, Samuel K.B. Anyong.

You're fooling no-one Sam, shifty eyes! broken English? lack of south? you *must* be from Rotherhithe. Baker, take your 'friend' home. — G.M.

St Paul's, Brixton and Southall. When's it going to end?

Disheartened, Swansea.

About 12.30 at Morden, mate, last stop, last train on the northern line. — G.M.

NEW LIFE FOR GHOST TOWNS

Following the Leeds: GAVIN MARTIN

Gasbag apologies for this pun and hopes it does not cause distress to readers of nervous disposition.

Pic: David Corio

Jerry Dammers

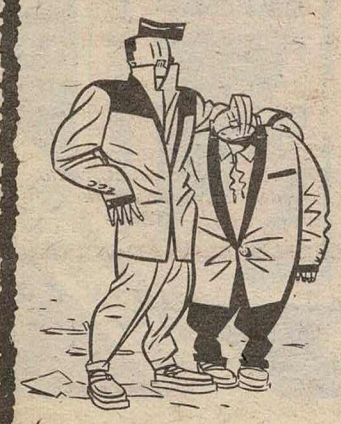
SEAN & YOKO ONO AT HOME, NEW YORK, JUNE 1981

PHOTOGRAPH: BOB GRUEN

T-ZERS

ERROL HERE, to finish you off. I smell burning, but it's probably nothing important — London or my de-luxe pizza . . .

Let's start off the finish with praise for praise's sake: a clutch of OBEs and a box load of iced menthol mints to the all of a sudden extra special **Specials** who've timed it just right with 'Ghost Town' — 'God Save The Queen' for these times — and who've delivered three crunching spots to *Top Of The Pops*. A great video show and two romps in the studio and wasn't it just the thing to round off the 9 millionth edition of the top pop show? . . . Such manic gaiety . . . **Lynval Golding**, the guitarist now blessed with an appealing **Linx** type cosy of hair who is an incredible 28, told the *Sunday Times* this week how surprised he was 'Ghost Town' reached number one: "We've got heavier and the kids bother to listen." . . . The Specials think the cause of all the trouble is the "government leaving the youth on the shelf". Little ol' me just reckons it's a chronic lack of good malt whiskeys in the pubs of the inner cities, whilst some dodgy professor swears by the amount of lead in the atmosphere . . . The Tory MP for Harrow West is obviously angling for a knighthood when he suggests the reason for the rip in society is **John McEnroe's** flaunting of authority at Wimbledon. McEnroe's showed us the way!!!! In keeping with his position as trouble maker John had a skinhead cut: a number two. . .



There are also those who blame it all on **Ray Lowry's** call for demonstrativeness a few weeks back, and the *Daily Mail* for once quite reasonably points the sick finger of blame at a favourite joke book of mine, *Sounds*, renamed for ever "The Skinhead Bible Of Hate" . . . The *Mail* fumed over The Bible Of Hate's extremist propaganda and that was even before it got to old pal **Gaz Bushole**. Gaz, the old punch bag, despite his current worries, writes a chatty little note to me . . . "If you had any idea of working class reality, and if you hadn't championed **Pursey** at his crassest and if *NME* pulled up **New Order** or **ACR** for flirting with fascism and if you'd been to any oi gigs it might be worth listening to what you've got to say: As it is, let's face it you're old, middle class, out of touch and worse than that, boring. I mean is it really worth you carrying on?" Gee, Gaz, as reasonable as ever. It's worth me carrying on: I've got a private plane ready to whisk me off as soon as I'm threatened . . . As for you, Gaz, you're just a carry on soon to be carried off gibbering even more incomprehensively. I'll send flowers to the hospital, and a nice Chablis . . .

THAT REMINDS ME, someone mix me a drink . . . I'm still shaking after Saturday's escapade. I went up to Birmingham, to sign copies of my last column and found myself in the middle of a Rasta / skinhead charge up New Street. Of course I joined in, looting a chocolate milk shake, but I felt so guilty I went back an hour later to pay for it. I was in Birmingham to see my beautiful friends **Duran Duran** play a triumphant show in their home town Odeon. I have never seen a group surrounded by so many little girls . . .

Ian Devine, guitarist with **Ludus**, had a spot of bother at Thursday's fracas in Manchester's Moss Side. The poor boy was arrested and has been charged with behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace. Wasn't he just walking the dog? The trial's in August, but he's just one in a million after all, so we can't really send our prayers can we . . .

Gosh, I feel so working class talking about all this. Hasn't anything nice happened . . . Well, **George**, who is replacing the **Jobson** in this space as the face to get mentioned every two weeks, has found a new butch kid to chase after, having used up **Kirk** of **Theatre Of Hate**. He's after **Billy** the guitarist with haven't beens **Lonesome No More**. Billy's not sure whether George is a boy or a girl, but he's showing interest . . . And it was an oh happy day at the Venue on Sunday where **The Staple Singers** returned to Britain specifically to cheer us up. Once I'd supped a few cocktails I never stopped grinning, and it was even better when sexy **David Grant** of **Linx**, nervous but still all of a grace, duetted with **Mavis Staples** on 'Come Go With Me'. To remind us the best pleasure cannot be measured **Mighty Clouds Of Joy** joined in and it's been said that what ensued was a masterly display of vocal prowess. I just grinned, the best things just happen . . .

Funnily enough, since it was reported **Kid Jensen** was returning to this happy land my Kid Jensen Radio One pen, which I thought had run out of ink, started writing again. See, you can find the happy news if you look for it . . .

Staying in the fantasy land of One, **Peel** tells me that when he was recording his Thursday night show last Wednesday **Margaret Thatcher** was in the next studio. He was thinking all the while that the most important thing he could ever do, more than even giving **Pink Floyd** or **Adam** their first ever radio break, would be to rush in and thump her one . . . He was also a little confused that last Wednesday **The 4-Skins**, a pop group, were recording a session for his show . . .

Mike Read has 15,000 singles. I've got twelve, but they're all hipper than his . . .

WHAT'S IMMORAL, illegal and leads to adultery? The answer, according to the Mayor of Washington State and a few friends, is dancing. They say that dancing encourages bed hopping. "It's easy to lust when you're dancing in the dark with a woman." I've always blamed a dozen whiskey and gingers . . . **Debbie Linden** — think of the Page Threes of the world, *Cowboys, Are You Being Served* — recently had a breakdown due to over-work. Now, because it's ever so easy, she wants to be a pop singer, and her first single 'Sorry, Disconnected' is out soon. "I want to become the sex symbol of the rock scene," she coos, as if there's only room for one sex symbol at a time . . .

A moustachioed radio goon called **Gordon Astley** is to replace **Chris Tarrant** for the Autumn series of *Tiswas*. Remember that? . . .

Remember New York, the place to be now the walls are closing in? Over there **Topper Headon** (of **The Clash**, who should be over here now of all times) is producing the next two **Bush Tetras** singles. The Tetras opened for The Clash a couple of times during their current run, as did **Funkapolitan** . . . **August Darnell** saw Funkapolitan, and he's producing them. Cosy, isn't it? Let's hope it lives up to the promise. While we're in New York, I'll have a long wide bourbon . . .

Funkapolitan are now back in this country, playing arts balls and debby bashes as usual. Last seen they were all off to a teenage orgy at London's Elephant And Castle. Orgies — so passe, and they always remind me of **Iggy Pop** . . .

A magazine I used to read, *Playboy*, is trying to tell the world that **Ginger Baker** has joined **PiL**. I've read this somewhere before . . .

Apparently **Syd Barratt** is not **Nash The Slash**. It's **Richard Jobson**. (Damn, I wasn't going to mention him again.) . . .

Simple Minds' next release — this is very complicated — is a double LP that, after the requisite limited edition has run out, will be available as two separate single LPs. Such an old fashioned gimmick (someone tells me that **Cream** once did this) for a new fashioned group . . .

Can someone tell me who **Cream** were? Thinking simply of the Simply divine Minds, they look set to be the biggest attraction of them all at **Richard Strange's** *Time Out* Benefit at the Sundown here in London on the 28th. . .

If you tried to pick up **Thereze Bazar** of **Dollar** she would say to you "I can't take you home because my teddy bear gets jealous." . . . There was no one famous to see **Iggy Pop** at the Rainbow on Saturday, except for my friends . . . **Elvis Costello** is set for next season's *South Bank* show, after a period of discussion. According to **Melvyn Bragg** the programme will feature more people in pop and related thingies, possibly including me, that's Errol himself, interviewing a panel of **Gaz Bushole, Lesley Woods** and **James Anderton** . . . Errol here, fiddling while something burns . . .

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